

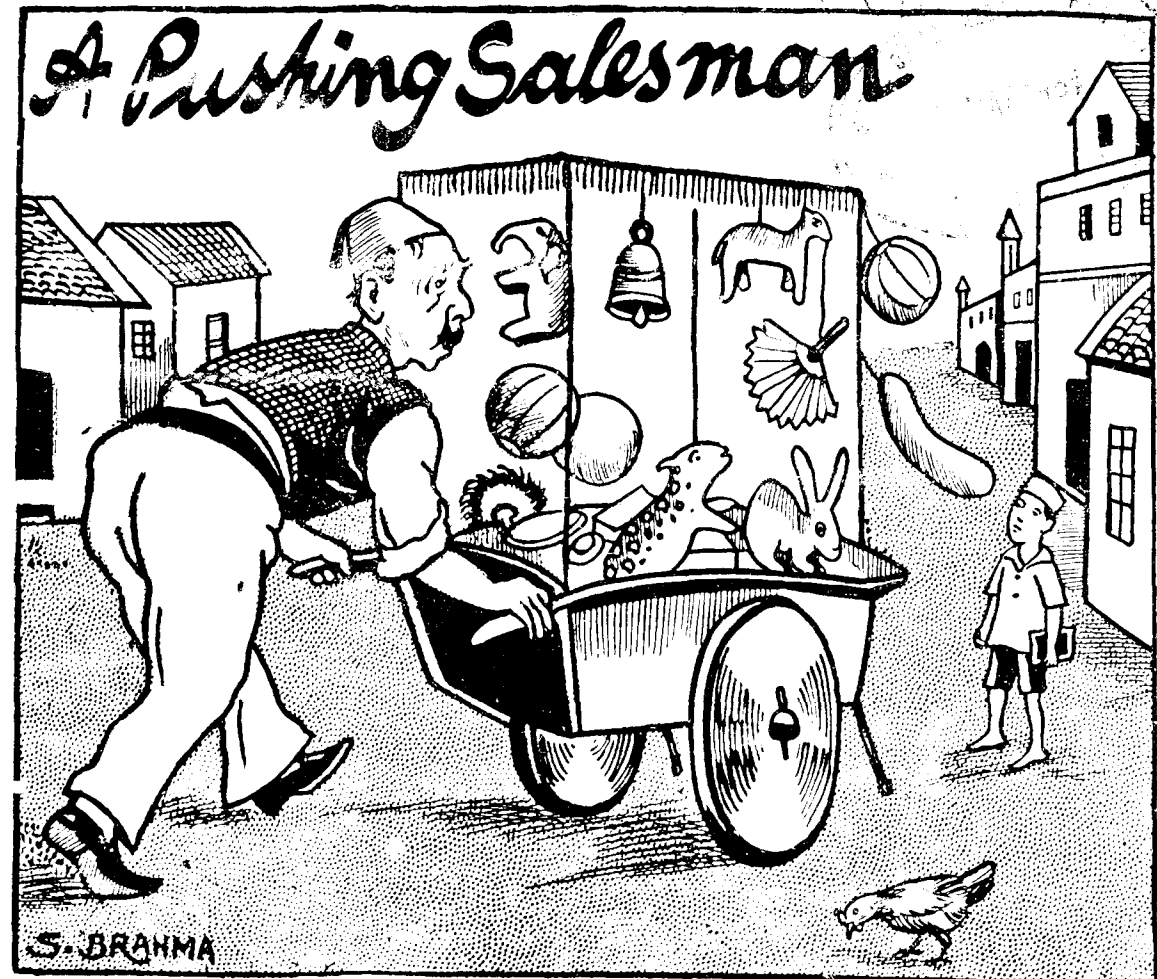
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VOL. I

MADRAS, 20TH FEBRUARY, 1934.

No. 14



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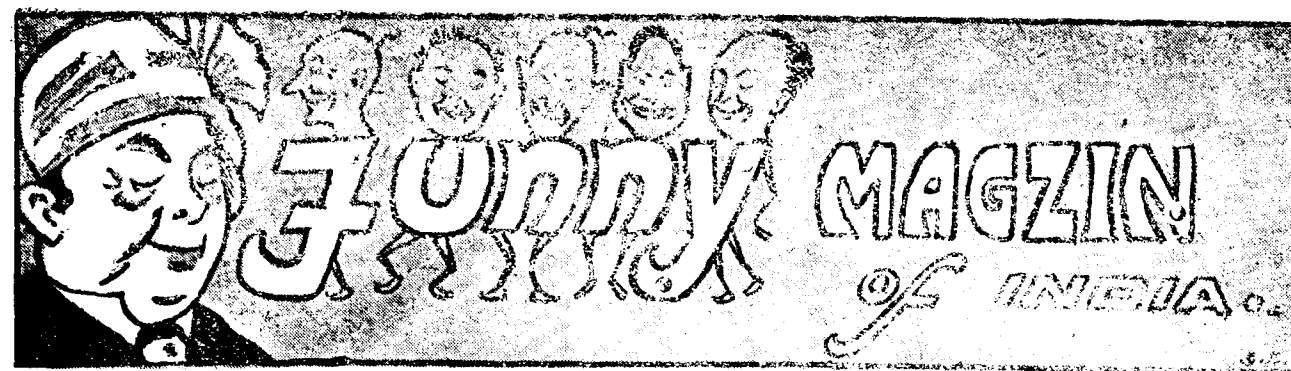
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- (1) Articles of a humorous nature, written originally by the Contributor, may be sent: Copied Articles, slightly garbled ones or Articles on Serious Topics, are not required.
- (2) The manuscripts must be either typed or legibly written on one side of paper with plenty of space between lines for editorial corrections and some margin on the left.
- (3) All manuscripts should bear the name and address of the contributor written in a prominent place to enable us to return them in case they are not found suitable.
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PUBLISHED ON THE 5th & 20th OF EVERY MONTH.

Vol I.

MADRAS, 20th FEBRUARY, 1934.

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"We do not want trailers in cinema theatres"—A Cinema Fan.

Political suspects, absconding criminals, and delinquent husbands agree.

"Do you give orders or merely take them?" asks an advertisement of a correspondence college.

We refuse to give away domestic secrets.

"Let us advice you with regard to your policies" says an Insurance company.

But ours are being dictated by persons over whom we have the least control.

"Open a credit account with smart wear"—Advt.

Gladly, so long as we have not to pay for it.

"In a year I shall be good for £10,000" proclaims a friend.

Who wouldn't be for a sum like that?

"In ten years of married life we've had only one quarrel"—A Wife.

No still going on, I hope.

"Mr. Bernard Shaw seems to have a bone to pick with everyone?"

Nonsense, he is a vegetarian.

"Rough weather during a dance at sea livens things up," says a writer. It soon sets the ball rolling.

FOAM AND FROTH

"What is the penalty for Bigamy?"
Two mothers-in-law.

"I never feel smaller in my life"
—An Egoist.

Just wait until you get really blown up.

A naturalist declares that an insect does not derive any pleasure from stinging a person. It just shows the difference between an insect and a lawyer.

A South London boy can tie one of his fingers in a knot. And yet many a grown man with plenty of time to spare, eight fingers, two thumbs and a mirror fails to produce a satisfactory bow-tie.

"Why aren't weather fore-casters more accurate?" asks a writer. Possibly because they are allowed only one guess at a time.

Burglars who entered a London house during the afternoon ransacked every room and left everything in a state of hopeless confusion. The householder who returned later mildly remarked that he had no idea his wife had planned such an early spring-cleaning.

"What do you think about Rose marrying the son of an Arabian sheik?"

"I think she's wasted on the desert heir!"

"I can't think why they make so much fuss about Miss Smith's voice. Miss Jones has a much richer voice."

"Yes, but Miss Smith has a much richer father."

In an Indians college town a student called at a boarding house to inquire about rooms.

"And what do you charge for your rooms?" he asked.

"Five dollars up," was the reply.

"Yes but I'm a student," he said, thinking the price a little high.

"That being the case, the price is five dollars down," replied the landlady, who had had experience.

Post Office Assistant: "We can't pay you this £5 money order unless you bring somebody to identify you."

Stranger: "That's hard luck! There's only one man in this town who can identify me, and I owe him him £5."

Politician: "The people won't elect me because of my youth."

Reporter: "But you are fifty years old and your youth is spent."

Politician: "That's just the trouble. They found out how I spent it."

"Does my practising make you nervy?" asked the man who was learning to play a saxophone.

"It did when I first heard the neighbours discussing it," replied the man next door, "but now I don't care what happens to you."



EDITOR'S TITTLE-TATTLE.

HULLO READERS!

There seems to have been a lot of crimes recently committed in the imagination of our ingenious contributors. The result has been a rush of detective stories in this issue. I have



had to hold over some of them lest our police department should get jealous over the abilities of our amateur sleuths. With this tactful idea in mind, I have even gone to the extent of selecting two stories which have police officials as heroes.

I have been bombarded with questions by indignant readers who demand why

Wrangler does not write letters now-a-days. The fact is Wrangler is abroad. He will resume his open letters as soon as he comes back which will be very soon.

In this issue I am publishing two more letters selected from among those sent for the Competition. These, though they did not get the prize, are highly commended.

"Cricket Catches"—a highly amusing article explaining technicalities had to be stopped from the last issue at the last moment, as the result of the Third Test was at that time rather unsettled. Now that our Test Team needs a severe lesson, the article appears elsewhere in this issue.

Rather unfortunate, that we should have been defeated in the final Test. The effect has been very demoralising.

"Bumper" and "Stumps," our special sporting correspondents are feeling the defeat so much that we have been denied their brilliant reports this time.

As a matter of fact I don't think that the situation is so bad as all that. Yes, I prophesied victory for India in the third Test. But I did not take into account an invalid Nissar, and an injured Naommal. If only Nissar had played—but why talk of would-have-beens now? Anyhow we can have some proud recollections of the third Test, what with the scintillating display of Amar Singh and the Yuvarajah of Patiala. After all, I am inclined to think with Browning that the pleasure of having played is the prize the defeated get. But India cannot afford to forget this; so much so, that, I hope, we would be able to surprise England next time with a handful of cyclone bowlers.

Bless my soul! What have I done? I started to write the "Editorial Chat", and now I find myself developing into a first class sporting reporter. I will stop here and let you roam about the pleasant pastures of other pages inside this green meadow.

By the way, I forgot to inform you that I am preparing to give you a big surprise. Can you guess it? No, please don't, lest you should spoil the surprise. The fact is, the forthcoming summer holidays have set me thinking. I fished about for an idea with which to entertain our readers during the long vacation which when it ends, does so rather too soon. The result is, I have decided to bring out a special Summer Holiday Number. The writers who will contribute to this Number are well-known authors. Need I say more? Wait till I give you details in due course.

BHAI FUNZIN.

Golden Words of

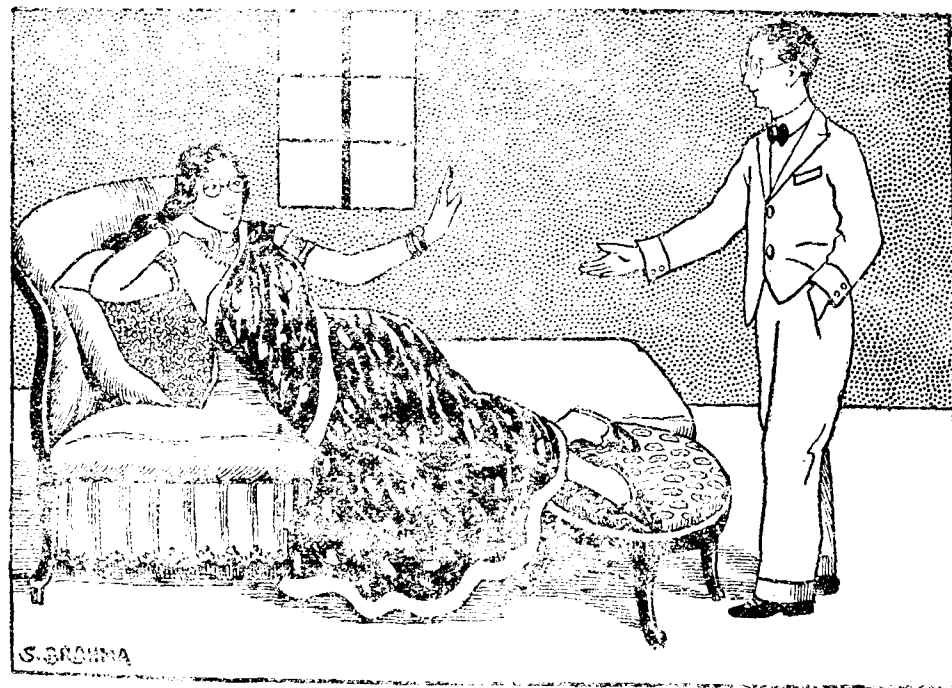
THE GREATEST SPORTSMAN:

Reply of Major C. K. NAIDU at an Entertainment given in his honour by the Naidu Community of Madras City.

"For me there is only one community and I define it as sporting community. (Laughter.) I do not say that in India there are a variety of communities. The sporting community combines in itself English, Indians, and Australians."

"I must have been very lucky to have been able to come to Madras for cricket alone. Cricket, as you know, was really a game of chance and nobody could tell what one could make. I have scored centuries and been lucky in Madras before. India has got far better cricketers than myself, there were far better skippers than I, but unfortunately they were not as lucky as myself."

"My advice to young men is that cricket must be played not for win or defeat. My young friends play cricket and play it with determination. Do not look at the score board every ten minutes. If you play cricket in the right sense, you will lead your lives in the correct manner. Play the game straight and do not try to win by other means. Try to lose in a sporting manner and let your opponents win. In my little experience I have come to the conclusion that if Indians could play any game better, it is cricket. The time is not far off when we can send 11 Ranjis, 11 Duleeps and 11 Fataudis. (A voice: Why not 11 Naidus like you?) and 33 is not necessary for a team. (Cheers) This is a red letter day in my life and on behalf of my team and myself I thank you once again for the reception."



EVEN ROSES : : : : HAVE THORNS

— BY VISHAYA G. T. L. —

MISS Jagadhiothi Bai—or Miss Jothi, as she was known to the Film-world and the film fans—was a film star and at the height of fame. She rose to fame in a night and stuck on at the top like a leech, unrivalled, unexcelled and undisturbed. She had starred in many super-films which made a name for her and took the country by storm and played against many leading actors of the day. Her acting was superb, she sang like a nightingale and danced like a celestial nymph. The directors raced for her, to get her to act in their productions and her audience went crazy over her.

An angelic and ethereal creature she was and looked a twin of Psyche. Many fell head over ears in love with her before they were aware of it, and princes ready to, lay down their hearts, wealth and power at her feet. But she was adamant in her determined refusals to all proposals, which surprised the world.

Could any of the Hollywood girls have been so stupid, the world, ever

concerned in other's affairs, argued. Despite the swarm of lovers and the continuous battery of love-fire directed at her, she managed to keep her head cool, her heart whole and all of them at a distance.

Her fame was not a seven days wonder and seemed to have come to stay. Publicity stunts, in all forms and keenness was in evidence and even the newspaper world ran mad over it. From the quarter anna dailies to the costly weeklies all were profuse in their eulogies and exhausted their stock of superlatives and adjectives and it was made to appear that Lord Indra had condescended to spare one of his troupe of celestial dancers to give the poor humans a chance. (Even Bhai Fanzin caught the infection!)

Though a far away village-mine, rich only in its folk-love and its superstitions-caught the infection and the fever raged mercilessly. The thermometer registered 103 degrees of eagerness and anticipation of a pleasurable

thrill. An electric charge of blissful pleasure permeated the village.

Those sour and grumbling fogies—the supposed wise-acres of the land by virtue of their earlier advent into the planet of ours—shunned it like the plague, were loud in their protests and displayed such open aversion to 'such silly trash which tended to ruin the country and drain the mentality of its people' when forced to accept invitations to a 'SHOW' at the importunities of friends or to repay the debt of obligations as the recipients of complimentary tickets, they attended, it proved their undoing, and like 'those who came to scoff, remained to pray' they had to unconditionally admit they were stupidly prejudiced and wrong in their opinion, to their own discomfiture.

She danced daintily and danced her way into the hearts of her audience. I was held spell-bound with speechless wonder at the glorious figure of loveliness, delicate and fragrant as a fresh-plucked flower sweeter and lovelier still in the blazing footlights of the stage. I drank in the sweetness of the apparition and surrendered to the demulcent influence of a sensuous feeling that was quietly stealing over me and resolved then and there that I shall make her mine if she would have me or else remain a bachelor to death.

Immaculately dressed in the pink of fashion, even to the tips of my patents,

I made my way to her house. I was handsome enough for any girl to have set her cap at me, especially being rich in the worldly goods. I was buoyed with a spirit of self-confidence, in the expectation of a successful sequel to my love adventures. There is a pleasure in the chase of the romance and more pleasure awaits in the thrill of victory.

Arrived, I was ushered in to the hall, where my angel, reclining on a low settee was deeply engrossed in a book. Her head, with its streaming curls, was nestling in the softness of a velvet cushion and her dainty feet rested on a low stool. She looked more charming in this attitude—a figure chiselled in pure marble—in the domestic atmosphere and her beauty was enhanced by the pale green sari with the low-cut glossy velvet jacket, she wore, unencumbered by any of those costly gew-gaws except for a thin circlet of gold adorning her delicate hands and a costly string of pearls, with a pendant, which seemed to spit fire in its sparkling diamonds. At the sound of my footsteps she got up, with a smile that parted her lips in incomparable sweetness, and extended a hand of welcome, at the mere touch of which a flash of indescribable thrill pierced through me.

I did not beat about the bush, in silly formalities but directly tacked down to the business on hand, and laid down my heart, my wealth and my all at her feet, praying for her hand in exchange for all this. Blushing charmingly, with a sense of feminine delicacy, she sweetly declined to exchange her blessed singleness for all the wealth in the world, thanking me at the same time for the honour. She was deeply moved at my becoming generosity and ardent love for her but regretted her inability to accept the offer. She had remained single and preferred to remain so.

My curiosity was piqued and on my compulsion she unfolded to me the mystery of her past history and life, a tale of woe and abject misery, in the extreme. Her life had been a series of ups and downs, and society which presumes to sit in judgment and fawns at the feet of mammon, would not lend a helping hand to the wail.

SOCIETY, which lays down the law, is elastic in its own interests and grossly partial, favors the rich and condemns the needy. How many have taken to crime and other ignominious ways for want of a little help, to put

them on their feet? The hand that could save so many souls from perdition stretches not to pluck them from the devil—because their own morality and all that is good and divine in them is killed.

Her parents, poor as church mice, in their avariciousness, married her to a wealthy landlord, who was fit to be her grandfather, with one foot in the grave. Soon after marriage the husband took his leave of the world making his exit to, the higher regions and her parents too followed suit, leaving her mistress of boundless wealth, but helpless and prey to the vices of this wicked world. Yet in the full bloom of youth, the victim of a luckless marriage and with no one interested in her, to advise her in the ways of the world and in the impulse of passion, which is an unforgiving tyrant, she slipped—a most heinous and unpardonable act in the eyes of the world.

She was ostracised by society, and as an outcast doors were closed to her. A wail, young and penniless having lost every penny of her wealth in an unfortunate litigation of a losing suit for her husband's property, starvation staring her in the face, with an added responsibility of the fruits of her *Amor de impropre*—a chubby little child—she had to fend for herself and became a street singer. God's ways are just but mysterious and in his Mercy, He snatched away the young one for himself; and having lost the one for which only she desired to drag on her existence, distraught with grief and in dire straits, she determined on self-immolation.

At this critical juncture, like a harbinger of good, the wealthy director of the local 'Touring Artistes' came to her timely rescue. Being a connoisseur himself and having an eye for profitable speculation, he realised there was wealth in the attempt and saved her from the scum. Fortune smiled on her and her luck took a turn for good and better. With the change in life and the polish of a training roses appeared on her cheeks and she bloomed out in all her beauty and broke out from a lowly street singer into a talented artiste. Rung by rung she rose in the ladder of fame and popularity, thrilling the world with her pleasing voice full of sweet cadence.

I was moved deeply at the tale of woe and shuddered at the thought of the abominable callousness of society.

Parents, slaves to the mandates of duty and blind to the laws of nature, without the serious consideration for the disparity in ages and the consequent evil of early widowhood fancy they lose their nature as human beings and are no longer subject to the impulse of passion. In their moral torpidity, and sad want of reflection, void of pity and compassion and considering the mere forms as the highest of duties and satisfied that their responsibilities cease with materially providing for their offsprings, consign the innocent victims to a living death. They indirectly connive at the Act.

In constant dread of a disclosure of this secret, she was fettered down, without choice, to maintain singleness. Though rich she was unhappy and now I shared her secret? I insisted on her love.

It is needless to tell you the rest but after the lapse of a few days I was made the happiest man. 'All that glitters is not gold,' a smiling exterior may hide a bleeding heart from the eyes of the world or youth may have passed through more misery than the world wots of.

"Yes, probably your income would be enough to keep us both, if only you hadn't such expensive habits."

"What expensive habits have I got?"

"Well, me, for example."

Twins had invaded a household where there was already a small son. The vicar, calling to offer his felicitations to the allegedly happy parent, was greeted by the small son.

"Well, my dear boy, has your father decided on names for the twins?"

"I think so, sir. I heard him say 'Damn and Blast.'"

Two men in a car went past the automatic signals and were stopped by a constable.

"I'm sorry," said the driver, quick-wittedly. "but I happen to be a doctor, and I'm taking a patient to the asylum in a hurry."

The officer was suspicious, and looked penetratingly at the passenger. But the latter was also quick-witted, and, looking up at the constable with a seraphic smile, whispered: "Kiss me, sergeant!"

They got away with it.

The Sporting Four

A FEDERATION OF FOUR

Enthusiastic Sport Fans

— BY "ORBY" —

(The Spirit of Sports is All absorbing, as somebody said. If only you wish to find out the truth of it, you cannot do better than watch the Sporting Four and how they absorbed the good things about them—Ed.)

Ramji, Jagan, Gope and Karun were the Four: the Test match was the great event.

Absolutely!

The first time in India that the great bats of India get such a chance—no matter about winning the Test—to show what India can put up in the field and how her men could render an account of themselves.

Great events need plenty of mounting up: you have to rise to the occasion.

The Four did.

They met in serious mood and discussed the possibilities. Ramji had his favourites, so did Gope, so did Jagan and Karun too. Major Naidu and Amar Sing were the favourites of all of them; the rest coming in each for his own share also Patiala and Dila-war.

"But the point is, how are we going to tackle the four days?" asked Ramji.

"Why, we get the tickets and get in, just as others do," answered the rest.

"Of course, we do. But a game—an exciting game—like cricket is not made up of mere tickets," laughed Ramji.

"Surely, you do need the best talent—that needs no saying, Ram," retorted Jagan.

"And something more too, if the game is not to lose interest," added Ramji.

"You mean a suitable place to see the game?" asked Karun.

"Yes, that and something besides," added Ramji.

"Ramji, none of your conundrums. Come out with your mystic something," demanded Gope.

"I mean something to put in to give the spirit to watch our own best bats," came out Ramji. "It is our lunch, after all," shouted the rest.

"Surely that is nothing so much of a chat as you gentlemen think," remarked Ramji in a serious tone.

"Can't we manage that in the grounds itself?"

"No, you can't make a greater mistake than that. Why, last time at that great match our Team lost it because our....."

"because of our poor lunch, is it?" asked Karun, and laughed for all he was worth.

"Certainly, Karun; that is exactly my point. Fill the fellows with decent things and let them back up as lustily as they can: and be sure, that will pull our men through to victory in a straight march," assured Ramji.

"Which means that one of us brings us something good for the days, is that it?" asked Gope.

"Far from it. Each brings in what he thinks best for the game: that is the idea."

Ramji, Jagan, Gope and Karun, each came carrying his own share for the success of the day.

Two hours of splendid lung work the Four did: Gope was

the first to feel the effects of vigorous backing.

"Look here, Gope, You have almost spent yourself out. No, you can't go on like that. Here is something, Gope, for your lungs," and Jagan was the first open out his huge box.

Out he pulled a few flasks of iced drinks of fruits crushed which went to wash some very light biscuits—home made and foreign—not heavy, not at all heavy, but just decent enough to carry on till the Lunch—the Lunch hour so sacredly observed by the whole Sport World, no matter at the Line or the Pole.

The Lunch time did come. The vast host did move from its place to the stalls.

The great general might well have said, "An army moves for its belly;" for, that is what even the most sport-minded army will do.

But not the Four.

Ramji and company stood their ground. Men may rush; men may push; men may crush; men may curse; but the Four sat where they were.

The Four did not move to the Lunch stalls though the whole crowd practically made a dash for the stalls.

Where Sport was, there their souls were pinned.

It was now Gope's turn. "You know my aunt, the badminton champion of her days," went on Gope, as he undid his delicious burden, "Gope, she says, take these *bhajjies* with you; here they are of potato, gourd, brinjals and plantain: you know these vegetables lurking in; nothing to beat

them when you have plenty of shouting to do." And Gope handed round what his sport-loving Auntie had prepared for the Four.

Gope's aunt was loved and held in the highest esteem by Gope's friends quite as much as by Gope himself; no wonder that as each packet was opened out, the contents vanished with that reverence which every one of them was eager to show to that good lady's valuable advice.

"Karun, what has Mother given us?" we next asked.

Karun was a lad of a world a bit away from the one on which he treads. He is no more bound to this planet than any of the fleeting comets that visit us.

"I have no idea, boys, but Mother told me that it was something good; why not find out what it is?" and Karun opened out the loving Mother's neat packets.

Came almond *halva*, followed by *kesari*, some fine Madeira cake, coronet like, which fell out into sharp angled segments the moment they had the liberty to do so; Bombay sweets which please, fill, draw in more, but do not satiate.

The result of it being a number of greasy sheets of paper beneath our seats.

Ramji's came up last: "Don't get frightened, chaps: ah, here is your fowls of the air, stuffed too, why they are laying—" Peals of laughter as each took up his share of the fowl when out rolled a clean white egg.

One, two, three; each fowl laid the eggs right in their hands.

"Splendid," was the verdict. Eggs went the way of *bhajjies*, halwa, cakes: cutlets was a specialty with Ramji's home.

The truth is neither is Ramji's father nor mother tired of forcing down dozens of these cutlets into Ramji's friends, nor were they tired of them.

And sausages too—

Why not? Are Indians banned from sausages? Ramji is not the fellow to brook such racial discrimination no matter what Sec. 124-A I.P.C. might say on the subject of promoting racial prejudice or prepossession for sausages.

Puffs—mutton stuffed puffs—an affair by itself—a bit hot—but that didn't matter.

A good pull at the thermo flasks—iced crush, water—hot tea, to wash down the fare of the sporting Four.

Tired as any sportsman must be after such unsparing toil, so absorbing of all the good things—the Four snored away slumbers for the success of true sporting.

The Test match ended; the stumps disappeared; the crowds melted;

The cold winds of the evening woke the Four and sent them home.

Two rounds a day are quite enough, according to a golf professional. Particularly if both of them are on you.

A suburban resident recently had a heavy garden roller stolen from his tool-shed. We understand that he didn't report the matter to the police owing to the probability of their recovering the thing for him.

A leaf from a Professor's Life.

(IMP.)

WITH all the extant editions of Antony and Cleopatra laid open and other available Shakesperian criticisms rowed up in the table-rack itself, Prof. Cloten, M. A., was looking at them and was writing on endlessly in his loose-sheet file, burning the midnight electric-current. He is a Professor of English in the Madras University and as it goes with almost all his colleagues in the aforesaid University, here is, to quote Pope's lines.

"A Bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head."

The clock told eleven and Lady Teazel, his wife, dashed in. "What! not yet finished?" she shrieked. "Won't you go to bed? What the devil are you copying still? Damn your notes.....I will.....I will" and she pounced upon his file, tore it into hundred thousand pieces and stamped them underneath her foot. The pen-worn hand of the poor professor could not check the hideous rashness of hers, as he called it afterwards. "No crying over spilt milk" he muttered to himself and trailed behind her to the bed, "like a beaten dog." He lay there like a block-head with eyes open and arms folded lamenting the loss of his notes and utterly insensible to Lady Teazel's wifely blandishments. "This is not the time to play with mamnets and to tilt with lips" he broke out in bitter chagrin, got up and sat down in the fashion of the shopkeeper who sold for credit and became bankrupt. Lady Teazel, finding all her Love's Labours Lost, resigned him to himself and adopted the policy of masterly inactivity. Half an hour elapsed and there were no signs of reconciliation.

With an exordium of "Deeply-regret-for-my-conduct," Lady Teazel began. "Dear my Lord, after all what do you do in the college? Aren't you a professor there? Have you not to lecture in the class?" The professor thought it fit to explain himself. "Yes, my sweet-heart. I do lecture and....." Lady Teazel cut in. "As you say, if

you do lecture only, why should you write it down?—waste pen ink and paper—wake up till twelve and one—wear out the valuable time and the invaluable energy. Or is it that you can talk only through the file? I don't quite catch you." The Professor was amazed at the unpremeditated outpourings of that unlettered small knowing soul, as he deemed her, and replied rather laconically. "That is the notes to be dictated to the boys."

The mere mention of "the notes" was to Lady Teazel as a red rag to a bull. "Tut" she cried impatiently "I hate that very word. What do you mean by it?" Concentrating her full force upon *mean*. "They are criticisms my Dear; written by Professors of Oxford, Cambridge and other big Universities." "Pshaw" she exclaimed or rather returned, "aren't you ashamed to steal from them, who are after all Professors like you? can't you criticise as they do? Is it simply for copying what they have written, that you are paid Rupees Six Hundred and Seven Hundred! Even if you are incapable of producing original criticism like them, you can as well study their books carefully and put the substance as it were in a nutshell. But this writing business, as I find, is horrible. Poor fellows!...Girls too are studying in your College. Don't they? How can their tender hands be hardened to the Eternal dictation of your damned notes?" and she shed a sympathetic tear.

The Professor was thrown in a pretty sad plight. Ha, my better half, I will tell you the whole truth. Our own lectures will grow soon boring to the students, since they will be only "sound and fury but signifying nothing." Once when they are bored, we are undone. The class will turn into a regular pandemonium. Simply to avert that catastrophe, we pin them down to Notes. I can't help it. As regards your other alternative, to study the books carefully, that is impossible. It involves a lot of intellectual labour and much racking of the brain, you should know, and that is left to ideal professors and not to idle men like us. Moreover, if I am to follow your

advice, where am I to find time for attending public meetings, mugging up for public lectures etc. etc. to get name and fame? I hope, my situation is now quite clear to you.

"There is neither honesty nor manhood, nor good fellowship in thee" Lady Teazel exclaimed innocently and continued, "The short and long of your sermon therefore, is that you won't leave off your nasty business. All right. I don't care for it. But, one thing. Between you and me, we ought to come to an agreement. I can't spend such another night though it were to buy a world of happy days." "What is that?" the Professor asked eagerly. "It is as easy as lying. Henceforward, only after having mesmerised me into my golden slumbers, you should take to your dreadful preparation of your damned notes. Do you understand?" "Yes, all right" assented Mr. Cloten immediately.

A London woman complains that when traffic passes, the dishes are shaken off her shelves. She has been inundated with requests from newly-married couples to store their wedding-presents.

"I cannot imagine a more scandalous imposition than income tax," says a business man. We sincerely hope that nobody else can.

In a Hollywood divorce court a man said that everytime he opened his mouth his wife jumped down his throat. No, it wasn't Joe E. Brown.

We cannot help feeling that the donor to charity who insisted on remaining anonymous rather overdid it when he omitted to sign the cheque.

In a Prague museum there is a room devoted to a collection of dress-fastening devices of all kinds and ages. The stuffed specimen of a peevish husband is said to be very fine.

An American is at work on a three-volume novel which he is thinking of calling "The Torrent." We cannot imagine many reviewers wading through it.



The M.C.C. won the game in the Cricket Test match: the Indian Eleven won the glory—considering the many pieces of ill-luck that dogged the Indians.

Mr. Jardine, the English Captain, played cricket; Major Naidu, the Indian Captain, played the game.

Mr. Tarrant, a former umpire of the Test Matches, gives an estimate of Mr. Jardine, which had better be contradicted—in Jardine's own interest.

Madras has lost the Test; but India has found its great Champions.

Sir Md. Oosman, the Governor-Elect, has given up his ordinary diet: he now lives only on Lunches—thanks to his admirers.

Pandit Jawahar Lal has been arrested and offered bail which he refused to avail of. Surely, you can't blame the Govt. for that.

Mr. A. W. Hutton is known in Madras as the Poor Man's Friend.

Yes, he illumines their homes with good kerosine, we are sure.

Prince's Protection Bill—from whom are they to be protected? Considering the perils they are exposed to in Foreign and Indian cities—they do need protection of the kind Lord Curzon intended.

Good even in Earthquakes! Sir A. Knox, M.P. wants the Reforms to be delayed on account of the heavy expenses that the Earthquakes have caused: is it the dying man catching at quakes?

Mr. M. C. Raja threatens that his community is ready to meet physical force with physical force. Yet, he assures us that his people are peaceful and law-abiding: is it physical force law?

If Mr. M. C. Raja quotes Vedas and Puranas even before Temple Entry is legalized, there is no saying what

will happen after the Bill is passed.

Yet another grateful friend of India! Mr. J. C. French, a retired Member of the Civil Service, declares that fifty years of experience in the electoral system of municipalities, has convinced him of the failure thereof; hence it is unlikely to succeed in the Assembly, he says.

Serious rioting in Vienna and Paris: What about "electoral" system in them? Will Mr. French withdraw the system from them?

Madras Corporation Councillors wept, sang poetry, thundered, brought in verdict of censure against Gods for the Quake: looked as if each would give away all he had!

Good luck! Our Corporators did not lose their head or give away their all; they gave away Rs. 1000 of Corporation money—nevermind what the Corporation money is for.

Who are the best donors for the Quake charity? somebody asks. Certainly, it is those only that gave their mite—their own mite—and yet dared not fix their loud names to their gifts!

Can the wife search the pockets of her husband? She can, says an American Judge, for suspicious letters. That means the money purse is safe, we suppose.

Looks dangerous to be a successful water-diviner in Morocco: You might be sent to Sahara to make yourself useful.

THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING POTATOES

— BY "PAGSER" —

As a result of the publication of the 'College Bomb' case I have received hundreds of letters from all parts of the world begging me to enlighten them more as to the activities and whereabouts of Subbu the great Detective. All of them declare in effect that Subbu is the greatest detective to date far greater even than Sherlock Holmes. There is no truth however in the rumour that Sir A Conan Doyle has sent me a message from the other world asking me to continue the further adventures of Holmes under the name of Subbu.

As a great deal of controversy seems to centre round this question, I think it only fair to narrate the circumstances under which I made the acquaintance of Subbu.

It was like this. The optimist I am, I sat for the public Services Commission Examination and passed it in spite of writing that frogs were a kind of fish to be found in my village. I am often apt to forget the fact of my passing the examination; for, the Commission after sending me a communication saying that I should await my chance till my 25th year, evidently thought better of it and settled down to do nothing for me till I celebrated my quarter-of-

a century existence in this good world. But this is not my auto-biography. The star is Subbu, not me.

As I was saying, it was at the examination hall that I came across Subbu. After I came out I accosted Subbu, then a perfect stranger and enquired whether I was right in classifying frogs under fishes.

"You should have added your name also to the list," replied Subbu.

"But I am not a fish," I said stiffly.

"How do you know?" retorted Subbu.

"How did you answer?" I asked adroitly changing the topic of talk.

"You mean about that fishy question? Well I wrote that I would inform them as to the kinds of fishes in a year's time," he said, "You see, in matter of this kind you have to be accurate. There is no knowing what new kind of fish will come into existence before the examiner sees the answer. So, to be strictly truthful, I decided, the only way is practical observation."

After this edifying talk one thing led to another and we became friends. My first knowledge of Subbu's detective abilities was when he

found out the missing potatoes in our house. Prepare for a thrilling yarn.

One day my grand mother purchased ten palams of potatoes, and put them on the cupboard. The next day she discovered like Mother Hubbard of old that there was no potato. The whole house was searched in every nook and corner, but we could not even smell the missing vegetable. My mother's theory was that they might have been dragged away by bandicoots.

"Bandicoots do not climb cupboards," observed my grandmother with dignity. The grandmother in question is my mother's mother-in-law which accounts for the dignity.

"But I took them down when I placed the washed vessels on the cupboard. They were left on the floor the whole of last night. You know Paiya was playing with them," explained my mother.

"Ah! I know now. Just like you to do things that way. Imagine a woman of fifty being so negligent!" remarked my granny and went out. Again I am digressing. Surely this is no occasion to tell you about our domestic diplomatic relations. The fact remained however, that the potatoes were missing. My own theory was that the vegetables ran away rebelling against the use they were going to be put to. Has not Sir J. C. Bose said something to substantiate my theory?

When next day Subbu called we told him about this sensation quite casually. At once he became alert.

"When did you purchase the potatoes?" he asked.

"Last evening," said my granny.

"What for?"

"To get them lost perhaps." I observed 'sarcastic-like.'

"Why, to fry them for food," said my granny again.

"You will need oil for frying, won't you?" questioned Subbu again.

"Of course. We brought oil too yesterday," deposed granny.

"And you say the child was playing with the potatoes last night?"

"Yes," said my mother. I even admonished him when he scattered them and ran about. I was afraid that he would upset the oil jar."

Subbu sat for some moments lost in deep thought. After taking a cup of coffee, he asked as to the price we pay for gingelly oil.

"Is it quite good?" he asked when we told him the price.

"Of course. I will show a spoonful," said my grandma and brought a little quantity in a ladle.

"I would like to see the whole quantity," said Subbu.

Subbu was looked upon as a sort of deity in our house, the lucky devil. And I suffered by comparison. So the jar was brought and placed before him. He peered into it for some time and dipped his hands into it.

"You are spoiling the whole oil," hinted my grandmother mildly.

"Oh, excuse me. I forgot: But you get something besides

DO NOT BE A GRAMAPHONE

— BY "FELIX" —

"Mr. Speaker, Sir the house is now to decide a big problem.....the housethe house.....?"

The orator gasped his lean form shivered and his voice grew feeble. "A problem.....A problem....."

The effort was useless. The orator cast a shy and pathetic look and got down.

There was a loud applause of mockery.

"This is the consequence of cramming" whispered some noises.

That was in a Parliamentary Debate in college.

oil in your house." So saying he took out his hand and showed a potato. A further search brought out all the potatoes.

"You see, dear old clay-head," explained Subbu later to me. "When I heard that the child was playing with the potatoes and that the oil jar was near him, I knew he would have dropped them into the jar. It is a psychological fact don't you know. For instance, give a box of matches to any child and spill the sticks. The child would surely put back every stick in the box. It is this same impulse of forcing things in, that manifests itself in early boyhood when little urchins love to drop stones and things into a well or some deep pit. Freud calls this instinct..... But then I see you have fallen asleep. No use dinning technicalities into your head."

My pretence at sleep succeeded in stopping his lecture on psychoanalysis. Yet the fellow found out the missing potatoes; and I must give him his due.

Crammers are thus hooted out mercilessly. But consider for a moment whether the art (what else is cramming?) is within your capacity. To get by heart word by word, line by line, is certainly not a joke. But anyhow to forget the very first line you have crammed and to bungle on the platform before a crowded audience is funny enough!

The crammer (May his tribe increase!) is an object of delightful study in the Examination Hall. He just reads the question, pauses for a moment to recollect the beginning sentence of the answer and then starts. Ordinarily there is no stopping before the question is finished. But not seldom 'the current is off' as the phrase goes. My hero forgets a line in the middle—a line which has the cruelty to contain some big words certainly unfamiliar to him. He bites his pen, frets and fumes. But the Annotator is relentless and stubborn.

From the crammer's point of view it is an interesting but difficult task to reproduce. They have their answers at their finger's ends and they need time only to put them on paper. "Wisdom consists in repeating what better people have said," that is their motto. Once a friend of mine whose proficiency in this direction was never questioned challenged me to get by heart a certain passage from Johnson. To me any author was bad enough for cramming and Johnson on that particular passage was worse.

"Sir, it is an art which cannot be mastered so easily. But a few are born for it!" My friend ejaculated.

"His Master's voice" was the title by which Balan was known in high school and college days. He had the peculiar knack of flinging back upon our History & English teacher his own "Notes" in his examination. But there was another master of this art who discarded his teacher's 'Notes' and went in for the printed books of reputed authors. His answer was always the result of the careful collaboration of Tout, Palgrave, Smith and a host of others. His friends did not fail to honour him.

They gave him the Surname. "His Authors voice." But his teacher a rather humorous man, had his own way of recognising his merit. He wrote on his answer paper in bold letters: "DO NOT BE A GRAMAPHONE!" But is it not good to be a gramophone if you cannot be anything else at all?

Drat Those Examinations!

— BY MAAS, J. MAJID (CEYLON) —

LET me make myself clear, I don't refer to that uncomfortable tinkering of one's body by a medical man. That certainly is useful at times, but utility and comfort are entirely two different things. More often than not the utility is the doctor's, for it results for him in accumulation of knowledge irrespective of whether he cures or kills his patient.

I refer to a no less uncomfortable thing. It is the process whereby learned professors are supposed to test the knowledge of their pupils. But the methods adopted by these wiseacres indicate that after all examinations are intended, primarily, for the display of the examiners' learning and only, secondarily, to test the examinees' learning. The larger the percentage of failures, the higher rises the prestige of these savants.

But be that as it may, examinations I do not like. This remark may arouse in many readers a shrewd suspicion that I am one of the repeated failures. Even were it so, there's solace in the thought that failures are the pillars of success. And there's no knowing what dizzy heights a pillar of success may ultimately reach some day.

I shall make it quite plain why I detest examinations. First and foremost, there's the drudgery attached to the preparation for them. Day in, day out, for a number of months, persistent poring over musty volumes and cramming into the brain a multitude of details that prove useless beyond the examination are not in the least very exhilarating. Nor is it conducive to one's health, which is to be valued very highly. Nevertheless, if that was the only drudgery one has to undergo, I certainly am prepared magnanimously to waive all my objections and enlist myself in the ranks of its supporters.

But what I can never tolerate is the burning of the mid-night oil. I am told by people—not the pillars of success, mind you, but the successes themselves—that unless one keeps awake the greater part of the night drinking deep at the "Pierian Spring", the chance of a pass in the examination is very remote. That, to me as well as to all sensible fellows, is a bit too thick. If in addition to consuming the bright sunny hours of the day in the dreary companionship of books, I have to deprive myself of sleep at

night, well then examinations can go hang. I'll rather be without them.

These devotees of learning have a queer knack of citing high-falutin quotations in support of their folly.

They glibly repeat,

"Night is the time for toil
To plough the classic field"

and all such rot in spite of the fact that each night they spend with their voluminous chronicles costs them a year or more of their lives. It is impossible to ignore the fact that the high rate of mortality nowadays is mainly due to the brain-flagging, body-devastating cramming for examinations. How happy are the farmers, and how much longer they live, solely because they treat examinations with the contempt they deserve. But with the establishment of Agricultural Colleges their good days are also now numbered poor things!

The enamination-fans—I mean the book-worms—forget that I too, though I lay no pretensions to learning, can bring forward equally spicy quotations to justify my sleepful nights. Here goes my bolt:—

"Night is the time for rest,
How sweet when labours close
To gather round an aching breast
The curtain of repose."

Smart shot that! Isn't it? I have bearded the lion in his own den!

Then again I hear "*ad nauseam*" that the passing of examinations is the true test of intelligence. But I beg to differ. If the learned M. As and B. As I have come across seated at the counters of Coffee-Houses and Tea-Kiosks or driving their quills at government offices are the representatives of those who have passed the intelligence test, I prefer to remain minus such intelligence. My brain-box will not condescend to be selling tea or coffee or for ever writing "your most humble and obedient servant". I rather prefer to see the exuberant imaginings of my fertile brain converted into welcome cheques or money orders.

So much then for examinations. Drat them I say! I am happy enough watching my ship come home.

TWELFTH NIGHT

(G. S. SUBRAMANIAN, B.A.)



"Punt! you think of nothing else but punting! Pity, you are not engaged in some honest occupation" my friend put in impatiently.

"No cross, no crown" said I. "Fortune favours the brave, the prudent, the efficient and the discerning. I must almost say, courage compels opportunity, surmounts difficulty and breeds self-confidence. And I am brave" cried out I.

"Pish and pshaw!" balled out he vehemently. Do you know how the word 'brave' is spelt after all? Alas! you are talking through your hat."

"None of your lips!" retorted I. "Cross-bench mind is a rarity nowadays. You have a crow to peck with me and so, you take up the cudgels. My friend, why is it that you throw cold water upon each and every project of mine? I pity, you are in low spirits."

"Oh! Ho! then keep your spirits up by pouring spirits down. I have nothing to do with you. You got out of bed on wrong side."

"You turn up when you are not expected, and are no-where to be found when you are expected. This is the

case with you always," said I, lowering my tone.

Thus ended the day's conversation. On going home straight, the first thing, I did, was to send an advertisement to the "Daily-Gossip". It ran thus:—

"Wanted a racer of Good Breeding. Silver-king's colour preferred."

Apply with details to:—

P. B. No. 21

c/o Daily Gossip

Indian India

The World.

Scarcely a week was out, when my siesta was shattered by the ringing of the telephone.

"Who is that?" queried the soft voice of some fair unknown.

"Is that S. S. Manian?" again asked the voice as if impatient of my slow response.

"Yes! but whom have I the honour of addressing?" asked I in a low, gentleman-like manner.

"I am Mr—Mr—what should I say—the man whom you saw yesterday."

"Excuse me please. Can you be a little more forward?"

"I am—My name is—what-d'ye-call-me—is Mr. Shakespeare, the-not-the-dramatist."

"I see! What wind has blown you hither?"

"Your wind"

"What! my wind? It is Greek to me. You have come to the wrong shop"

"No, Yes. While out shopping yesterday, you asked me about how to get a good racer—not a razor, I suppose—? Do you want it now?"

"I do require. Have you got one?"

"Oh, no—I haven't got a racer myself, but I wonder why you don't want a charger instead?"

"Have you got a charger, then?"

"Oh, no! I haven't any charger, but you know Arabian chargers are very good ones."

"Well, I don't want any chargers, thank you."

So, saying I rang off the telephone angrily.

There was a gentle rap at the door.

"Yes" said I.

It was the postman. He brought a bundle of letters. I tore open one by one. It was all relating to the advertisement.

One of the correspondents was an admirer of Longfellow. He says:—

If you want a racer to buy

Better at Sahib's you do try.

I was in a great taking. I decided to pin a notice in front of my house.

"No more horses required. Demand adequately met with."

But that did not stop the flow of letters. In a week there were 1000. It was necessary to engage two typists and three despatching clerks to reply all these correspondents. But how to raise the wind for it? It was indeed a hard nut for me to crack.

A few days after, I met my old friend. He asked me whether I obtained a good racer. I narrated to him all my adventures.

"And you considered me such an old doddering fogey as to be blind to

THE CAD

— BY T. L. EDWIN —

I am afraid there are a good many people I should like to biff. Sankara Menon is one of them. He was a perfect cad and happened to possess good looks, and a fortune. This tended to emphasize his caddishness for he had more extensive opportunities of proving his claims in the direction of unpleasant behaviour. He also possessed a Baby—Austin which he used to drive at a crawling pace, on the Marina Road, and look out for a likely bit of sport. He would spot a likely damsel, exchange amorous glances with her, and end with the

happenings of every-day life, and raised Cain automatically. And what do I think of you? May the devil crack my head like a nut if I think anything of doing a shrewd turn to you. I think harm of you! I, a mere cipher, I, a mere grain of dust," said he.

"Pardon me, my friend. Not that I was unconscious of the enormity of your suggestion. But the stilted code of so-called honour forbade so logical a proceeding. No use of crying over spilt milk. Excuse, excuse," requested I.

"Now that you have been taken a peg or two down. Pull up your socks. Take the bull by the horns, and act promptly," advised he.

It never rains, but pours. There was a gentle rap at the door, in the fine eve of 12th of November. A blonde of sweet seventeen turned up.

"You are in need of a racer, eh?—",

"Yes, Miss, have you got one with you now?"

"Sorry, please. My uncle possesses one. He wants to dispose of it. I am a lover of 'dumb creation' and wants to find a good master for it. Believing you will prove a good master, I have come to you. That is all."

"It is ducced kind of you, thanks."

So saying I closed the door against the silk-worm. I thought it discreet on my part to shift to Dowden Circle at dead of night. I did so. And that is the end of it.

suggestion of a joy ride. He frequently indulged in brief and rather hectic romances with promiscuous young ladies who accepted his offer.

But some good girls refused his offer and walked away with dignity. But Sankara took these refusals with stoic indifference consoling himself that he could get another dame somewhere lower down the beach.

One afternoon when the weather was delightful Sankaran drove his Austin at crawling pace, as usual towards the aquarium, eagerly scanning the faces of young girls for a possible passenger. He was about to turn back when he saw a beautiful young Anglo-Indian girl. Now though Sankaran was short sighted and wore glasses, he saw enough to prove to him that here at last was the perfect Diana. Here was the girl without a flaw! from the nape of her snow white neck, to her rosy ankles, (which were bare after the latest fashion) she was a Greet model of whom Phidias himself might have been proud. The costume which she wore was, it appeared to him a delightful and alluring blue. It clung to her figure with such loving devotion that every gracious curve stood joyously revealed.

He threw away his cigarette with a gesture he had copied from his favourite film star, and pulled up as near as possible to the girl. But she now stood still eagerly scanning the surrounding scenery. Presently their eyes met. Now that the moment of introducing himself was so close, he felt a clammy stickiness rise round his immaculate collar. This girl seemed somewhat different. What if she repelled his advances? What if she appraised him with a cool steady stare and walked off without a word? That would make him look ridiculous. But that was impossible he thought. He would approach her with his most winning ways, he would be charming, he would be irresistible.....

Dismissing all other thoughts he approached her and said "You look tired, and seem to be expecting somebody. Has your boy friend forgotten

to keep the date? Care to come for a spin? I will drop you home."

She hesitated.

"It is very nice of you," she blurted. "As a matter of fact I was expecting a friend, but he has failed to turn up and I suppose I had better go home. Thank you very much for the offer. I live at Purasawalkum."

Sankaran bundled her into the car with indecent haste and drove off rapidly, thinking he had landed a frivolous irresponsible flapper, ready for a lask. Half way down to Purasawalkum he slowed down and said,

"Enjoying yourself eh?"

She nodded with a smile.

Shall we sit for some time in one of those cool shady places inside the zoo. I fancy we can enjoy ourselves better there.

"Oh, but it's getting late and I have to go home soon," she said.

But Sankaran was not the man to take such a refusal. He drove straight into the Park and pulled up near 'Our Ladies garden'. "Come and hope out" he grinned. The girl a little reluctantly stepped out, and he led her to a seat. "Please do not let us stay long I have to go home before eight P. M." But Sankaran did not answer. He was a pretty fast worker, and he thrust his arm round her waist and kissed her. "Please don't, how dare you? I was a fool to come" she said in a low voice. "Then why the hell did you come?" he asked her as he started the car again with an evil look.

Being a very exquisite cad he decided to take a mean vengeance on this girl who had refused to show him the attentions he craved. He drove the car fast and in less than five minutes had passed Purasawalkum.

The girl gave a cry of alarm. Here! stop! The burst out, seizing his arm. "We're gone past!"

"Have we?" Coldly inquired the cad. The car was now near Kilpauk.

"I am afraid I am going straight on. If you want I'll drop you here and you can walk home," he said with a sneer.

"All right drop me here you cad," said the girl, and Sankaran with a laugh, stopped the car, and after putting her down drove off.

This affair temporarily damped the spirits of the cad and for a few days he did not go as usual to the beach. But soon the memory of this unpleasant affair faded off from his mind, and a sunny day a week later, he again started his manoeuvres. It was about 6 P. M. and the lights had just been switched on when he came near the aquarium. To his surprise and delight he saw a well built Anglo-Indian girl standing near the very place where he had met the other girl a week before.

The girl when she saw him seemed to jump up, and winked at him. Immediately Sankaran got down and approached her "Care to come for a spin?" he asked.

"Delighted" said the coarse girl.

"Jump in," said Sankaran.

She obeyed quite promptly.

"Where shall we go?" he asked her as he started.

"Oh anywhere "Say the red Hills," suggested the girl.

Sankaran was well pleased with himself. Here he reflected was the very goods for him. A gril after his own heart. Really his luck was in again!

He drove on past Perambur and three quarters of an hour later he pulled up.

"Suppose we get down here for a bit," he suggested,

"O. K." said the girl "I'm on."

As soon as they stepped out, the girl gave him a punch that larded just where he had stored his lunch an hour earlier at 'Ramakrishnas.'

"What the—began Sankaran, but he was interrupted by a straight left which made him see stars. Sankar was dazed. He tried to close in but another well aimed biff made him kiss the dust."

"Get up you dirty cad," said the girl in a quiet ungirlish voice. Sankaran got up only to receive a punch."

"Oh God," he groaned and did not get up. Never had he received such a punch"

"Well you dirty skunk, you rotten egg! do you remember the incident which happened a week ago at Kilpauk? That was my girl. Do you get me? Now you are going to walk home, and see how you like it."

So saying the man in girl's attire gave him a card and drove off in the car which he left deserted near the first Police station on the way.

Sankaran dazed and shaken, struck a match and read the visiting card; his face paled when he read the name. "Good heavens," he muttered, "That was Parker the heavy weight Champion of Southern India!"

A GRAND DISCOVERY.

(C. S. SUBRAMANIAN, B.A.)

I do not usually sleep in the night. Not that, I have no affinity for slumber. Whenever I go to bed, an army of my natural enemies, (bugs, of course) come upon me for a fight. My hands are invited by an irresistible force for a scratching contest. The nail of my fingers is a careless fellow. He will, even without the slightest hesitation, do the 'forbidden' act. If I lie in my bed for a few minutes together, I become all smeared with blood. The long and the short is, I am a bug-spited creature.

It is while I am in the reading room that I usually lose my temper. When I go through the dry pages of Carlyle and Johnson, Burke and Ruskin, these bugs find a golden opportunity to launch a surprise attack. One day I rushed out of my library at break-neck speed and reeled my bum on a three-legged stool. All on a sudden, I rose up with a shrill yell. I looked at the stool! And lo! I found to my great consternation, a scolding array of well-equipped soldiers with all their paraphernalia held ready for a fierce onslaught.

I ran up to my friend's residence and represented deferentially all my grievances. My friend, Ram, is a staunch believer in the indisputable law of Karma.

He said: "What can we do? It is all fate. In the previous birth, you might have worked some havoc to these blood-sucking insects, who are now only making reprisals on you. Or, in the former life, you might have been a bug and troubled these poor creatures, who were then human beings. As you sow, so you will reap. That is all."

I was rather excited by the silly sally of my simple-minded chum. I was in a hole. What to do? I simply pulled through the mire of existence, regardless of my friend.

While I was one day skipping through the columns of an esteemed Daily, a paragraph leapt out and hit the ball of my eye-lids squarely. It was an advertisement.

A grand discovery!

A boon to bug-pested beings!

A new medicine!

The result in a moment!

An excellent bug-killing specific!

Apply with one rupee stamps to

c/o Heaven, residing near the Sun, MARS.

On going through the advertisement I was immersed in the ocean of joy. I thought that now at least I might be freed from bug-pest. At once I complied with the advertisement.

After a month I recieved a reply in an envelope. Therein was enclosed also two well-cut stone slabs. The reply ran thus:—

DEAR SIR,

Your letter and stamps to the value of rupee one. The remedy I propose to prescribe is as follows:

CATCH THE BUG IN YOUR HANDS. PLACE IT ON ONE SLAB AND WITH THE OTHER SLAB, CRUSH THE BUG TO DEATH.

Thanking you in anticipation,

Yours faithfully,

I was not a little agitated when I read the letter. I now realized that what my friend said was true. The law of Karma is indisputable and immutable. And Fate is only the sum of our past deeds, the harvest we are bound to reap of what we have sown before. Even the mighty Devas are bound by it and cannot escape Fate.

I was afterwards informed that the man who advertised came from England. He got nearly one lakh of rupees and sailed home with exuberant exultation in the White Star Liner called "OLYMPIC".

THE TRICK OF THE TRADE

— BY P. RANGAPRASADA ROW, M.A. —

TING! Ting! sounded the clock on the table of Gopal. Tuck! Tuck! sounded the shoes of the Postman, as he entered the private chamber of Gopal, who sat on an easy-chair, sending clouds of smoke from his cigar. The post-man handed him a letter, the contents of which sent a thrill of joy through every fibre of his body. It ran as follows:—

BELOVED SIR,

Since I saw you on the Marina, I am greatly in love with you. I sincerely hope that you will return my love, and take me under your tender care and protection. Am I not lovely, with my snowy complexion, rosy lips, soft and tender skin. If you wish to see me, go to Lily and Co., Mount Road, this evening at 6 p.m.

YOURS,

Ever affectionately,

CHANDRA.

Gopal jumped from his seat, like a monkey, whose tail was trodden over by an unwary passer-by, and looked at his clock, which showed 20 minutes to 6 p.m. drank at one draught the cup of coffee on the table near him, though its hot contents blistered his tongue, and hailing a taxi, got into it and hurried to Lily and Co., Mount Road. There, expressing a wish to see Chandra, he was introduced by a servant into a private-chamber, where he sat on a chair eagerly expecting the presence of his sweet, dear Chandra, and chewing the sweet end of his reflections.

He waited for her for half an hour, during which time, he was joined by a dozen men, engaged on the same errand. They looked at each other in confusion, knowing the purpose of each other, which was identical. At the end of the half-hour, a man with a pot-belly came into the chamber, and asked them with a smiling face what had brought them there.

"I want to see my beloved Chandra," cried each one of them, who did not expect to see there the pot-bellied apparition, but instead a charming maiden with fair, soft, tender cheeks, and vermilion lips. "Ha! Ha!" roared the man with the pot-belly. "Is that it! Damn it! She is a very modest, blushing maiden, and to avoid your sight, she has hidden herself in a box," showing them a tiny box.

"The devil take you! How can a maiden hide herself in a box," cried they in chorus.

"Hi! Hi! Hi! Ho! Ho! Ho," cried the pot-bellied man, tapping at his stomach, and slyly taking into his long, crooked nose a pinch of snuff. "Ha! Ha! Ha!" falling into a loud fit of laughter.

"Dash it! Mr. Long Nose! What means all this!" cried they angrily.

"Tush! The long and short of it, sirs! The summum bonum of it! The sum and substance of it! The epitome of it! The end of it, sirs!", he said, and again a pinch of snuff tried to force its way into his crooked nose, but owing to want of space inside, it could only partially do so. A portion of the snuff peeped through the portals of his nose at the outsiders, like two black mischievous imps.

"Hullo! man! We will make an end of you, if you do not speak the truth."

"By my grand-mother's long nose! Here she is!" he said, opening the box, and taking out a snowy white soap, marked "Chandra Soap." "Is she not lovely, sirs! She is worth only 8 As. Cheap! Dead Cheap! Humbug soaps elsewhere! Cent per cent discount allowed on a dozen of them. Eh! Ha! Take it, sirs, and kiss it often. Hurrah! Gentlemen!"

They all laughed in company with him, and bought the soap for 8 As. each.

"Iddilis! Thairvadais! Uppuma! Mysore Bonda!", cried the fat proprietor of the shop, to his servants,

squeezing himself into a little-arm-chair, for his easy-chair, unable to bear his enormous weight, squeaked and squealed like a sick rat, and showed signs of impending dissolution like the world of Noah's time.

There was a shuffling of feet, chattering of plates, a chattering of tongues, a volley of Bah's, Hu's, Pish's, Tush's fired like minute guns, and the much desired Iddilis, Bonda &c., came galloping into the chamber, like Guindy races-horses, and took their respective places on a table near Bir, the proprietor.

"Fall to it, my sirs! Attack the iddilis, thairvadais &c., gallantly, like the charge of the English at Balaclava. Iddilis to the right of you Iddilis to the left of you! Bonda to the east of you! Bonda to the west of you! Ho! Ho! Hu! Hu! Hip! Hip! Hurrah! Drink to the health of the charming Chandra!"

So saying, the fat, jolly Bir gallantly attacked the enemies on the table, made havoc among the iddilis, thairvadais, &c., tearing them to pieces, and gulping them into his enormous stomach, which soon swelled into the shape of a huge cucumber. He was soon joined by his customers, who, lagging behind, had the less heroic part of the fight catching at stray pieces of iddilis, bonda, &c., and slowly sending them down into their hungry stomachs.

"Beer!" cried Bir in a stentorian voice.

"Coffee!" cried another, "Tea!" cried several voices.

There was much hubbub, among the guests, the host, and the servants. Coffee, tea, and beer were soon placed on the table by the servants. They soon found a resting place in their stomachs, those of the guests and the host, of course. At last the guests took leave of their host, and returned home, each carrying with him his much-beloved Chandra. The host, Bir, drank pot-fuls of beer, to the health of his beauteous daughter, Chandra, and in commemoration of his artful victory.

"What part of a cow do the chops come from?"

"Don't you know?"

"Do you?"

"Haven't you ever heard of a cow licking its chops?"



Tallian Harvey and John Bobs in "My Lips Betray" to be shown at The Paragon shortly.



A scene from the famous Indian Talkie "K A R M A" featuring DEVIKA RANI, coming to ROXY shortly.



"MASKED TERROR" featuring Edna May Oliver and Bert Wheeler

OUR KINE CORNER

Coming Attractions.

ROXY

Hold 'Em Jail.

Bert Wheeler	...	Curley.
Robert Woolsey	...	Spider.
Edna May Oliver	...	Violet.
Betty Grable	...	Barbara.

The filmdom now enjoys pairs of comedians like Laurel and Hardy. Wheeler and Woolsey, Dressler and Moran. Ralph Lynn and Torn Walls. Of these the second mentioned, after their unforgettable debut in "Rio Rita" are everyday becoming more and more popular. Their performance with Racquel Torres to aid them in "So this is Africa," wanes into insignificance when compared with their "Hold 'Em Jail" in which Edna May Oliver and Betty Grable, a sixteen year old girl, appear in supporting roles. All these four do all their best to give you the fullest entertainment and amusement in this picture.

We see these two irrepressibles sent to the Jail where Wheeler and Woolsey make love to the Warden's daughter and her forbidding aunt respectively. Their riots, their getting into the football team where they win by the use of chloroform and the forceful extraction of a confession from the man who was responsible for sending them to Jail, are some of the highlights of the picture which will never fail even to amuse a mass, why a cultured audience even.

Above all these there is the clever performance of Edna May Oliver who acts as the aunt.

Karma.

After all the oft boomed and much advertised picture "Karma" featuring Miss Devika Rani and Himansu Rai is coming. The invitation extended to Mr. Himansu Rai by their Excellencies Lord and Lady Willingdon has been widely published in the papers throughout India and the impression is that this picture very well deserve the praise accorded to it by the English press. Devika Rani the female star

as the daily mail described her, is one of the most glamorous personalities you have ever seen in all talking pictures. "The beauty of her face, the grace of her gestures, and the cultured modulations of her voice are qualities that place her apart from the ordinary cinema star."

It is the story of the love of a prince and a Maharanee between whose marriage a father intervenes. Intrigues plots and counter plots, depicted with startling realism, ruffle the stream of love and bring sorrow to the lovers till finally they meet in the shadow of the valley of death. Much incident, great acting, beautiful photography, flawless technique, and faultless direction are some of the noteworthy features of the picture which invests the film with such grandeur worthy of its run in the world capital like London, Berlin, and Paris.

PARAGON.

My lips betray

This film celebrated the Hollywood debut of Lillian Harvey, the so-called Garbo of Ufa studios. She acts as charming Lili, a cabaret dancer in a Ruritanian kingdom. Because the king's chauffeur gives her a lift, she is being mistaken for His Majesty's mistress. and the rumour spreads through out the kingdom like wild fire. The king too, getting into the know of this rumour begins wooing Lili and makes her his Queen.

Lillian Harvey, pert, cosy and sweet is admirably suited to her cast and John Boles, her singing lover is very good. John Blystone the director has centred much of his attention on reaching the pictorial effects and little has he cared for the story. Blystone ought really to be congratulated on bringing the right atmosphere for the kind of Cinderella story. "Practically co-starring with the heroine is a fantastic automobile of a size and magnificence which on a real road would probably make robot traffic signals blink all

their eyes at the same times. That car is exactly right. You can't expect any relation with a world of hard facts after being introduced to it. And it actually plays a part in the story"

The film is full of colourful settings and tuneful song numbers. Though Blystone has given us only very little of John Boles's sweet voice, Yet he is dignified and romantic as the lover king. As the Ruritanian Queen mother, Irene Browne (who has won her name in Cavalcade is remarkable here El. Brendel though above the average, fails to amuse and entertain us.

CROWN.

Cast.

Crown Prince	} Master Navinchandra.
The Masked Terror.	
Dilaram	... Gohar Karnataki.
Jalim Singh	... Bhim.
Sajjan	... Master Kanti.
Queen Mother	... Shiv Rane.
"Kala-Pahad"	... Nizam.

That ambition goads a man to desire more and much more than he possesses is a truism and this is the story of Jalim Singh the vily shrewd minister of Sajjan, who plans to get control of the kingdom taking advantage of the Prince's youth. Jalim Singh plans with Kalapahad a bandit and removes the royal treasury to their mountain abode where another masked man kills Kalapahad and takes charge of his band. Then Jalim Singh gets disappointed in getting a share of the booty. All the while his daughter Dilaram was determined to marry only the man who killed Kalapahad.

Events terminate to such an extent that the masked man who has killed Kalapahad is Prince Sajjan himself, whom Dilaram marries. Jalim Singh is paid in his own coins for the double crossing.

Master Navinchandra the stunt hero, as the crown prince and masked Terror plays remarkably well with all his usual stunts, and Miss. Gohar Karnataki as Dilaram is really charming and sweet. Miss Shiv Rane the musical star, plays the Queen Mother with success.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF LIFE

— BY TORCH —

RATHER sad! Don't you think? I mean to say what!—There, young man, drop that stone. No need to get angry and use violence, you know; calm down, my dear fellow. Simply because I said 'sad', why do you jump to the conclusion that this is going to be a gloomy article? Of course the lighter side of nothing can be sad. I only meant to say that it was rather—er—unfortunate that we in India did not have a monster which fact, you shout, should make us happy instead of sad. Agreed. But still you miss my point.

My contention is, if only we had a monster like the Loch Ness one, we would not be so woefully lacking in thrills. But then you ask where is Loch Ness. This just shows to what extent geography was neglected in your earlier education. When I was in my elementary school, I could put my finger with closed eyes on—but of course, you are right. This is no time for reminiscences at all.

I will begin at the beginning for the benefit of those who have not heard of the monster. The fact is, there has been a good amount of lobby talk in Scotland (I hope it is Scotland for nowhere else do we see Lochs) about the existence of a prehistoric monster in Loch Ness. About one thousand two hundred and fifty seven people, including a good number of barbers have testified to the fact that they saw some part of the monster bobbing in and out of the water, though nobody has seen the full monster yet. It set the brains of bright fellows working overtime, and what with newspapers, radio, and other inconveniences which our modern civilization has beset us with, the news spread. So much so that even the British Parliament was stirred into activity. Questions were asked in that house of slumber, which partly explains the meaning of the headline "The Monster in Parliament" you saw on paper posters—or didn't you?

Anyway the monster was determined to break into news and the way in which the public got itself excited over the activities of the monster is a

tribute to its well-trained staff of publicity experts. One remarkable feature about this monster question was that it did not end with parliamentary interpellations like all important public questions do. On the other hand all sorts of people began to write to the papers giving suggestions as to how best to capture the monster. Big game hunters offered their services. Movie camera men are still prowling round the loch in the hope of filming this new star which beats the popularity of even Garbo. Mr. Betram Mills, the famous circus manager has announced a big cash reward for the production of the monster. Artists in Britain nowadays dream only of this Loch Ness arrival. Journals are running serial stories built around this animal. In short even disarmament and debt questions have been brushed aside in the British public mind. You don't have to take my word for this, you know. Why sir, even our good old "Hindu" broke its tradition of high brow topics and wrote an editorial on this monster-craze, though of course this topic was dismissed in a few words in favour of the Codex Sinaiticus (which is not another monster) of which more some other time.

Now that you are in full possession of the facts don't you think I was right in regretting the non-existence of a monster in our country? Think what amount of fun we would get in arguing with our friends that we did see the monster one day and that it shouted "Hullo" to us. In fact I am so sorry that I am tempted to write a letter to any paper hinting that I saw something huge floating in the sea. But that won't do. This trick has already been tried some three years back in Madras and the monster proved to be a log of wood.

Any how we cannot get away from the fact that the absence of a monster in our country constitutes another disqualification for our getting Swaraj. Apart from political prestige there would be other advantages if we really had a monster. We can for instance exhibit it for a nominal admission fee as the English are now doing with the 'Codex' in their frantic efforts to make

good the sum of £ 100,000, the price due to the coviet. In that case we can utilize the funds to erect a statue for one of our big officials. For there would be much controversy if we try to give the proceeds either to the Harijan or Earth-Quake Relief Fund. This statue erecting business is a delicate affair needing tactful handling. One should be careful that no room is given to an implication that the official to be honoured bears a resemblance to the monster. But happily we do not have a monster which takes us back to where we started. Sad, sad, what!

The young man who had written a book was boasting of his literary skill.

"Yes," he said, to a woman friend, "my manuscript was read over, and the publisher said it would be real food for the public!"

"Er—I see. Tripe, I suppose?"

A speaker, engaged to lecture in a small town in the Midlands, arrived in the afternoon. The place seemed poorly provided with bills, and he thought he would find out if people knew anything about what was in store for them. He entered a grocer's shop.

"Good afternoon!" he said to the man behind the counter. "Any entertainment going on here to-night? Anything that will help me to while away an evening?"

The shopkeeper gazed at his interrogator, wiped his hands and then replied, slowly: "Well, I expect there's going to be a lecture. I've been selling eggs all day."

Mrs. Brown (interviewing prospective cook): "And another thing—Mr. Brown and I are strict vegetarians."

Cook: "That's all right, ma'am, I was never much of a haggler over what church my employer attended."

"It says the man was shot by his wife at close range."

"Then there must have been powder marks on the body."

"Yes; that's why she shot him."

CUPID'S PUNCTUATION MARKS



How angelic!



Who the glorious one can be?



So The Little Hunter Shoots the period of Youth ...



"So blissful," quotes he from his heart



and, then—in close brackets.

"Save me, Kind Sir!"

— BY "CHEAMAH" —

DETECTIVE Inspector Blackstone frowned at the card which his servant brought in, for fully a minute.

"Excuse me, sir, the gentleman is all agitation. I told him you were busy, sir. But he wants to see you very urgently," interceded Peter.

"Well, show him in, Peter. I shall see him," decided the detective.

Half a minute later, a gentleman of about fifty, shuffled in to the room. Peter was right in his surmise that the gentleman was agitated.

Blackstone smiled and waved Shyamsundar to a chair near him.

"Good morning, Mr. Inspector. I am sorry to disturb you—Er, I—this morning, received a threatening letter, sir. Threatening my life, my dear sir! Save me, kind sir, save me—". He did not finish the sentence. The morning was very trying to him and greatly exhausted, he fell back in the chair, blinking helplessly at the detective.

Mr. Blackstone grew interested. His eyes gleamed with a new light.

"Well, Mr. Shyamsundar. Don't worry yourself. Please tell me all that happened this morning, in detail. I'm all attention."

Shyamsundar passed his kerchief over his forehead, where big beads of perspiration were visible.

"This morning, as usual, my valet brought me my daily post. This letter was amongst them. At first I treated the letter as a mere bluff. But on further scrutiny, I read it over—Yes, there certainly was danger ahead—My life is at stake! see! Please see it, my dear sir!"

He searched in his pockets and at length drew forth an ordinary cover and handed it to the detective, who began to exercise his ingenuity.

"Of course," he began, "we cannot find any finger prints on the cover. It has already passed so many hands in the post office. I doubt whether we can have any clue with the letter inside—". He broke in the middle of the sentence and was turning the cover to look at the post office stamp.

"Calcutta! I thought so!", he asserted though his capacity never suggested to him the place.

The letter was typewritten. It ran thus:—

"Tomorrow you will receive 600 bottles of genuine bombs prepared under expert supervision and of perfect composition. Special care has been taken to ensure prompt action with best results. Sell them and make a profit in these days of trade depression or struggle for life. Cost can be sent on receipt."

"The Swines!", sneered the Inspector. "Of course, it is some chemical company at Calcutta, engaged in the philanthropic work of the distribution of explosives to law-abiding citizens. The audacity of them to say—'struggle for life'—Well! well! I will see them d-d!"

His eyes grew red and the quiver of the blue veins near his temples were clearly visible. He took the letter to the window and holding it in the light, keenly examined it. He was thoughtful for a couple of minutes. At length, he drew his breath and pressed a button at his table twice.

A minute later, his secretary entered. Handing him the envelope and letter, the Inspector said: "For finger prints. The results to be ready in half an hour. Quick."

The Secretary left the room, softly closing the door behind him.

The Inspector turned round to the old man.

"I will see you at 5 o'clock, this evening, Mr. Shyamsundar. You may now go home and take rest. Let the matter be purely between us. I s'pose you haven't told anybody, yet?" asked Blackstone.

"None, sir. And, excuse the trouble Mr. Inspector." With this he shambled out of the room, apparently much relieved.

Till half an hour after the departure of the old gentleman, Blackstone was busily engaged in conferring and giving out instructions over the 'phone to Headquarters in broken words. "—Yes, yes, two men to watch Lakshmi Vilas, Mount Road. Fresh hands to change duty every four hours. Your men to guard Mr. Shyamsundar against foul-play. Two hundred and fifty of the picked new to be ready at Head-

quarters, armed to the teeth till 12 noon tomorrow. Chemical Analytical Bureau experts to be ready at all times. That's all."

The next morning. The Police swarmed round the central station. Traffic was diverted through another route. The curious mob was swelling every minute and the police took great precaution to hold them back. Blackstone, along with Shyamsundar, went into the platform and awaited the arrival of the Calcutta Mail. After a long time, which seemed eternity, the train steamed in. The passengers were held back by a couple of men of the police force. A dozen constables went gravely into the luggage van and searched for the case, the cause, of so much stir. Surely, there it reposed, innocent to all appearances, a wooden box! It was about two feet long, a foot broad and of the same height. The police cautiously covered the box with asbestos. It was taken to the police van under a strong guard, followed by the Inspector, looking big and majestic.

The Detective placed the box in the centre of an open courtyard in the police station. Expert chemical analysts were waiting impatiently, busily preparing for the expected analysis. Twelve cameras were placed in different angles. Every new posture of the box was faithfully photographed. With asbestos and rubber gloves and goggles, four men approached the case very carefully. Without the least friction, the lid was opened.

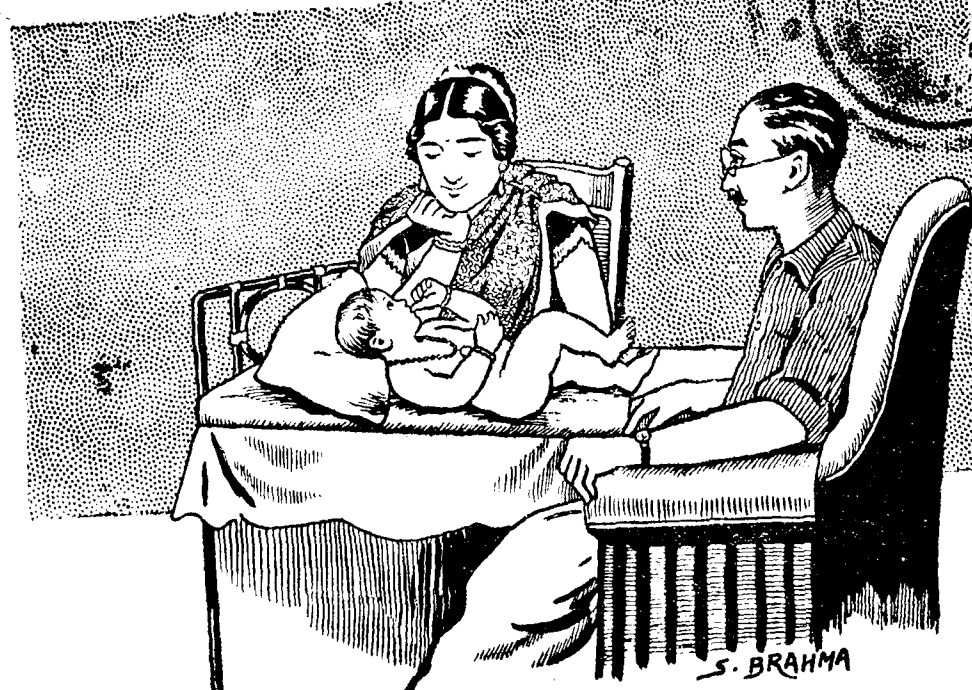
There they were, nestling in the interior, rows and rows of small bottles! They were stuffed with some black substance and labelled. They very much resembled the ordinary "Amrutnanjan" bottles in appearance. One by one they were taken out and placed on the ground. Cameras were clicking incessantly.

Detective Inspector Blackstone ran his eyes over the label.

"Good Heavens!" he cried piteously, "Dr. Kamal Babu's, National Pain Balm!"

A telegram was handed to Mr. Shyamsundar:—

Yesterday's letter. Regret grievous mistake. "Balm" misspelt "Bomb" "and struggle for life" mistyped "or struggle for life". New Typist Fired.



THE STRONGER BOND

— BY "PATTU." —

I was thinking. So engrossing were my thoughts that I did not know what was exactly passing through my brain. You know one frequently attains this state of "Nirvana," so to say, when one is supposedly thinking and yet can't say what he is thinking about. It all sounds so vague and unreal that you can as well say that you know the Fourth Dimension and the Finiteness of Space and all that seemingly incomprehensible nonsense that Einstein let loose upon this unappreciative world when he took it into his head to propound his theory of Relativity. Nevertheless, it is a common experience, I mean about thinking you are thinking while not thinking at all.

Suddenly a voice rang out clearly and my ears were assailed by the words, "Oh! Can't you hear the baby crying?" It was just like my wife to drop such words into the quiet atmosphere of a pleasant evening, and I was to know that they were particularly addressed to me. An Indian wife will address every one properly and directly but her husband. She can't bring herself to give him his name. He is just a nonentity and a nameless nonentity at that. If at all she has to refer to

him in conversation, she will just give him a significant "he" (no capitals even) as if "he" could mean only "him" and nobody else. Or, she will call him her brother's sister's husband; some such obvious relationship will be mentioned for the enlightenment of the obtuse among her audience.

It was annoying, I mean the child's crying. I had to get up and rock the cradle. I rocked and rocked furiously, but the baby was engaged in setting up a record wail for all that it cared. I was losing my patience. I know it is all bunkum to talk about the gentleness and love of "the hand that rocked the cradle," for the hand that rocked any cradle was never exclusively the mother's. It was always someone else's, mostly the unhappy father's. You would not quarrel with me if you were a parent—not one of those who sign on the dotted line or in the blank space of a progress report or a leave letter or a children's competition coupon, but a real one of flesh, blood and bone.

The child seemed to be enjoying my discomfiture, for it persisted in its frightful wail until my wife came

rushing from the kitchen demanding to know what I was doing to the baby. I mustered up enough courage to reply that I was not certainly strangling her precious child. She cast a withering look at me as if to say that it was mine too, and proceeded to take it into her arms and cuddle it. It stopped crying. I was surprised to see that it was actually laughing now as if it had just remembered a scene from a Charlie film or a passage from a Wodehouse novel. The mother's mood of anger gave place to one of ecstatic joy. Unintentionally I relaxed all at once, and joined in the happy scene. The next minute, however, I was sorry for she had placed the child in my hands, and

left the room. Hardly had she turned into the kitchen than the child started up a sudden howl as if it had been stung by a wasp or pricked by a pin. The mother rushed back and snatched the child from my arms almost brutally. I was not only disconcerted but deeply wounded. In a sullen mood, I resumed my seat and my reverie.

Few minutes passed before I heard my wife again. This time it was in excited tones. "Come quick! The baby." In great doubt and fear I rushed out of my room, and was relieved to find that the baby was well and smiling. My wife stood pointing at the tiny hand the child was essaying to put into its mouth. It was a wonder, a miracle greater even—that mass of flesh and hair. No amount of reasoning could have convinced her that there were only seven wonders in the world and that it could tolerate an eighth. It was no use. A beatific look beyond words lent a halo to her face so intently bent upon that child. Strange emotion welled up in my heart, and I sat gazing alternately at her and the child, with a feeling of awe and wonder in my face. It was the first revelation of a new phase of development in our relationship, and with a pleasurable pang of envy I realized that there was a rival to my affections. I bent down upon her, and took her in my arms.

Much Ado About A Needle

— By S. V. D. —

The disaster happened this way. Deva Raj, the unemployed, was in the act of lighting a cigar, when the match-box slipped from his hand and fell on the ground. Owing to the impact with the floor, the inner box got thrown out of the outer case and all the matches several dozens strong, were spilled on the ground, covering an area of about two square feet.

Shocked into activity by this unexpected accident, Deva Raj hurriedly stooped down in order to pick up the component parts of the match-box and reassemble them. As he stooped, the Japanese mull cloth he was wearing, which had already seen four months' continuous service, gave way with a crash, some twelve inches below the waist line.

With a groan of dismay, Deva Raj straightened himself up and stood stunned for a while. His brains did not act. His mind was an utter blank. The Trichinopoly Manila cigar which he lightly held between his teeth, got loosened from its moorings, fell down with a thud and rolled under the open door close by.

Spilled matches could be picked up intact, but a torn cloth was a serious affair.

A few minutes later, he took another cloth from his trunk and attired himself in it. Then, in order to recover the fallen cigar, he pulled the door a little forward and when he

did so, he met a horrible sight there. The fallen cigar—the best among the lot he had—was lying on the floor in fond embrace with the decaying corpse of a cockroach, and a swarm of ants running hither and thither, seemed as though they were trying to regain their strategic positions from which they were dislodged by the sudden advance of the cigar.

Thus, his best cigar was spoiled, but he had other cigars, not so good perhaps, but serviceable. So he did not worry over the loss of the cigar.

Then hitching up the cloth, he picked up the matches.

Presently, he made a resolution that he would get needle and thread and mend the torn cloth that night without fail.

About 6 o'clock that evening a motor bus fully loaded almost to suffocation point was rushing along the Esplanade Road.

"Hold on, Conductor, hold on," shouted a passenger, and the bus slowed down and swerved on to the side of the pavement. In that swerving movement, it narrowly missed a boy, an old woman, and a sweetmeat setter's hand-cart. The driver stepped on the brake, but as it was defective as is usual with Madras buses, it did not act, and the bus ran alongside of the pavement for some distance, before it stopped. But just before it stopped, its left mud-guard neatly

caught a basket of fruits standing on a small dealwood case near the edge of the pavement and overturned it. All the fruits were scattered on the pavement and the road. Some of them rolled into the drain.

The fruit-seller raised a hue and cry. The conductor hurriedly got down from the bus and began to collect the scattered fruits. Street urchins in dirty rags ran to help him to gather the fruits presumably in the hope of getting a fruit as a reward for their pains. Immediately a big crowd collected there to watch developments.

Seeing the incident from a distance, a mounted sergeant turned his prancing horse and advanced upon the bus. But the driver of the bus sat in his seat quite unmoved. Perhaps, he was thinking out polite but evasive replies to the inevitable questions of the on-coming sergeant.

Deva Raj did not tarry to observe all this. He wended his way along the Esplanade gazing at the wares of the cheap fancy goods stalls. Toys, knives, locks, mirrors, combs, belts and scores of other fancy goods were there for sale.

But none of these attracted the attention of Deva Raj. He passed on for some distance and stopped before a stall and inspected the various articles spread out in an improvised wooden box. A card of thread caught his eye.

"What's the price of that thread?" asked Deva Raj.

Vendor: "Quarter anna each."

Deva Raj: "Any discount? Till me the lowest selling price."

Vendor (indignantly): "The card contains 50 yards of thread for 3 pies. What further discount you want?"

Deva Raj: "Very well. If you give me a couple of needles to go with it; I'll take it for 3 pies."

Vendor: "Oh, oh. You want needles in the night eh. Beautiful. You seem as though you'll buy a lot of things. Get along, sir."

Annoyed at the supercilious manner of the vendor, Deva Raj made up his mind to purchase the needle and thread he required at the bazaar near his house.

So, he went along Broadway to Mannady Bazaar and at a small shop there, he asked for needle and thread.

The shopkeeper smiled and said, "I can only supply thread. Try the other shop for needles."

Deva Raj went to the third shop where a number of women were purchasing their household requirements. A prosperous looking elderly man, evidently the proprietor and three youngmen; his assistants were busy measuring out various things and packing them in paper.

"Have you needles for sale?" asked Deva Raj, of one of the youngmen.

The young man thus addressed looked at Deva Raj for a moment, then turning to the elderly man said: "Look here, Sir, this person wants to buy a needle now," and laughed as if at a joke. Hearing this the other young men also laughed, the elderly man smiled, and the women tittered.

Deva Raj felt disconcerted at this combined sally of mirth directed at him. Born and brought up in Singapore as he was, he could not understand the reason why all these people laughed.

As he was about to move away from there, the next shopkeeper called out to him, "Come on, Sir, what's it that you want?"

Although he had become somewhat disgusted with his shopping efforts, Deva Raj, still persistent in his quest, went to that shop. There the first thing that attracted his attention was a card board box containing packets of needle and cards of thread.

Deva Raj, pointing at it, asked for a needle and a card of thread.

"Thread, I can supply, but needles, you can't have now," said the shopman.

Deva Raj: "Then why do you keep those needles there if not for sale?"

Shopman: "They are for sale, right enough. But I won't sell needles at night."

Deva Raj: "And why can't you sell needles at night?"

Shopman: "It is the custom—*mamool* custom. Don't you know?"

Deva Raj: "*Mamool* custom—fiddlesticks, Sir. Suppose, you break that custom, what will happen?"

Shopman: "Really, I don't know. People believe that bad consequences will follow if one sells needles at night. Anyway, it is a custom originated from our ancients. Do you think, they would have introduced

this custom if it were not good for the people?"

Deva Raj: "I don't care to think anything of that sort. What is your own opinion on this point?" I want a needle. You stock them. You sell other things at night and make profit. Then, why should you refuse to sell needle alone in the night? Just like knives, scissors and other things, needle is a common ordinary article. How could the sale at night of needles alone affect you?"

Shopman: "Sir, you are talking according to modern ideas. I am acting according to the hoary custom of our fore-fathers. Personally, I think that to sell needles at night may not in any way adversely affect me. But it is a custom usually observed by the shopkeepers here and I follow suit, that's all."

Deva Raj: "Is that so? Although you are fully convinced that this is a silly, vexatious, and useless custom, you still observe it for the sake of keeping up appearances among your neighbours. Don't you think that to act contrary to your convictions and principles is bad and unworthy of you?"

Shopman: "It may be so. But what do I find around me?" Do not many of your educated leaders also, usually act in that manner? They eloquently preach about their convictions and principles in beach meetings and public conferences, but when they return home, they forget all that and act quite contrary to their own preaching according to prevailing customs however bad and foolish they may be. Let them show the way and

be dispirited by their jeers and mooks. Perhaps they couldn't realize my perturbation!

Then somehow I managed to take a group photo with all my friends, (of course, I had to pay the bill, but that is quite a different question). Another with my family and also a bust of myself to be sent to the press as soon as I died.

I came home, My wife was anxiously waiting for my return. She called me for meals and we had a sumptuous supper that night. The preparations were so delicious that I had to vacillate in my previous decision. I deeply deliberated over the topic. Even from my early life I aspired for a good name than anything else in the world. I recollected how great English poets as Keats, Shakespeare, Gray and all those people got such world wide popularity. I knew Keats owed his fame to his early death at the age of twenty-seven or so. Shakespeare's works were appreciated and worshipped only after his death. None revered his talents when he lived. That is why they say that the value of a thing is great when lost. Why should I not establish a good name by dying at the earliest date possible?

If I die now—my friends would write verses and condolence articles for me saying that they were very unfortunate to lose such a worthy friend of my like, and feel sorry for my untimely death. So many cry in verses while others do in condolence meetings. My photograph which I had taken specially for the purpose would be published along with a short descriptive sketch of my life in popular magazines. My sportsman-friends would open a foot ball or a badminton tournament in my memory. The high school in which I had studied for so many years together though failing each class not less than three or four times and adopting Robert Bruce, king of Scotland's theory, would be closed in my name. Moreover I shall ask the Coffee hotel keeper to close his, for a day in my memory. I hope he would surely do it. Won't he oblige me that much?.....Me? A person who had been attending his hotel from the last so many years since the day of its establishment!

Next I wrote final letters to my father-in-law, and other relatives

making my views clear. My father-in-law conceived that I was demented and came to see me by the earliest possible train making the necessary arrangements to take me to the Lunatic Asylum. He was very much upset. When I put the whole thing before him he simply laughed.

That night I felt restless and walked to and fro in the room. A series of fluctuating thoughts entered my brain. There were the advantages and the disadvantages—the result of my programme before my mental eye. I cleverly judged. The disadvantage was only one, and that was—I could no more have the chance of enjoying the beatific luxuries of this life. But there were a good many advantages, out of which one most important thing was taking vengeance upon my wife, on the creditors and then the public and my superior officers who looked down upon me. It was midnight when I came upon the decision of ceasing this life. Then I went to bed. The same idea worked fast in my brain. Even in sleep I dreamt of it. Every thing was clear to me in it.....As previously arranged I took a dose of poison and died. Though I died in the dream, I was able to see what was going on in the world most vividly.

Some one went and informed of my death to my friends. They coolly received it, and none was moved to tears. "Poor Fellow!" they said, and continued playing cards lighting fresh cigarettes. Some fellows at once started. I too, by virtue of my curiosity followed them to see whether they went straight to their homes to write condolence articles. But Lo! to my utter disappointment I found them entering the Coffee club. Treacherous fellows! Some went to the theatre to book their seats early since they were going to run the latest talkie from Hollywood from that day. I got vexed with them. Dirty Oxen! They continued to write their love poems even then, but none thought of me. A poem they were not able to spare me! Cheats! My photograph was not published even in a petty paper for which I wasted nearly twenty Rupees, and specially took to get it published after my death. Nothing but waste of money resulted.

So many of my relatives arrived after hearing the fatal news as if they had so much love and regard for me.

But in fact they appeared to have come with all the due regard and love for the delicious meals including the extra puddings which they ate belliful for ten days, so long as the ceremonies were performed. My wife wept for days and nights together. I feared that she would refuse to be widowed. There was no necessity for any such anxiety. She showed the due obedience to the 'PUROHIT' and submitted—most humbly her head to be shaven clean.

Seeing all this how can you expect me to keep my word? So I gave up that idea once for all. When afterwards I happened to meet one of my friends he without any hesitation interrogated why I did not leave the world? "I had to change the programme", I boldly remarked.

Two Southern Tamilian Brahmins were invited for a dinner in a Madhwa Brahmin's house. They were fed sumptuously with delicious preparations.

Host:—(To his son) "Dear Dhuma-ketu, BRAHMANALA VIDA DE" (meaning in their language to supply them with betel-nuts)

1st Guest:—Ah! What is this? Our host wants to capture us.

2nd Guest:—Ada-da-da what is all this! Hurry up, let us make good our escape.

Just then the hostess who had previously brought a pestle from her neighbour for polishing the rice, was going out with the pestle to return it to the owner. The guests who turned back and saw her with the pestle in hand still crying "BRAHMANALA VIDA DE". They began to gallop with all the speed they can fearing that they were going to receive good blows with the pestle and gradually disappeared in the fields without receiving Pansupari with their own misconception of the host's language owing to the monstrosity of ignorance.

C. R. S. RAJAN

Teacher: "My goodness, Willie! How did you get such dirty hands?"

Willie: "Washin' my face."

"Do you know where the little boys go who don't put their Sunday-school money on the plate?"

"Yes, to the pictures."



MOTOR CAR.

Noble and rich the man is called
When you in possession he hold;
And thou like, liquid defer in shape,
Honoured or spurned as to the work they trap.

Carts and coaches that you outpace,
On roads when you in race;
Trains and tram in one word I say
Moves but on rails there lay,

Planes in air that stands a rival next
As you lead him to the door in test
Loses he with a desperate shame;
And this increase thy delighted fame.

Off' you meet with adventures risk
The way as you make in brisk;
The passengers there within you seated
Run accidentally out to be doomed.

Painting looks not well on sack
Till the artist perfect it with black;
So your fine qualities mounted with—
Shares of bitter darkness o' death.

This flatter, a boon I crave,
'am not a lass of brave,
Frighten me not in my way,
Nor dash my brains on your sway.

VICTORIA SAMUEL.

"THE PATH OF VIRTUE"

The moon was shinning full and gay,
The stealthy lovers fond words say,
Both were then in early summers
Feeling the pangs of cupid's flowers.
There, that night as the clock struck nine,
He kissed her and said, "you are mine."
Safe from peeping eyes, lay the lovers,
Over her subdued charms he towers,
The powers of ill, over powers of honour,
Wrought that night, her great dishonour!

Cares he now for her? Longs for her kisses?
No! No!! Seeks elsewhere for variety bliss!
The wronged maiden shrinks from men,
Her first Love no more shines again!
She droops and sinks and then dies,
Safe from wordly wrongs and lies.
Hears she now the voice that wronged her?
Or, does he over her grave shed a tear?
The heartless satan, never repents,
His life in terrible folly spends.
But Mother Earth embraces her wronged child,
Against all earthly harms, she shields!
The Path of virtue is a thorny one
So be careful my daughter and Son!!

N. J. RAM.

MISTAKEN LOVE.

Up and down Sethu walked
Along the verandah there,
Now and then the door he knocked
To meet his lassie fair.

It was a hut and the door was shut
Only an ayah was in,
Out she came of course to put
An end to the noisy din.

Sethu mistook the lady old
To be his lady love,
Hastily stretched his arms to hold
Her waist and kiss above.

Ah! she screamed and fell very close
To Sethu lusty and proud,
Bewildered much Sethu arose
Cursing his fate aloud!

Off he ran, the ayah too
Chased him out and through,
None now knows except Sethu
The place to where he flew.

PEARS

CRICKET CATCHES.

BY "PACHOO."

WITH the arrival of the M. C. C. 1st week of this month and the concluding Test Match being played in Madras, if you are the man in the crowd, the following hints will prevent you from making a *faux pas* and enable you to know the game peacefully inspite of the tall man in front.

M. C. C. is not an abbreviation for Madras Cricket Carnival, but means Marylebone Cricket Club.

Performing a *Hat trick* does not mean producing a rabbit or ball out of the hat for the benefit of the Cricket Association. In cricket, if a bowler takes out three players with three consecutive balls in the same over, then he is said to have performed a *Hat trick*.

A *Leg Break* does not refer to a fracture or dislocation of the leg of the batsman, nor does the bowler intend to break the leg of the batsman with the ball. The term simply describes the action of the cricket ball, propelled by the arm of the bowler who has cunningly imparted such a twist to it as to make it rebound from the turf round the leg of the batsman.

L. B. W. does not refer to pounds and weight, but is the abbreviation for the term *Leg Before Wicket*, which means that a batsman had actually covered the wicket with his legs and thus prevented the ball from hitting the Wicket.

Out for a Duck does not mean that the weather was very hot and that the player left the wicket to go in for a cold plunge or that he was thinking of lunch. It is said of a player who was made out before he could take a single run.

A player is described as *run out*, when running between the wickets the ball hits the stumps before the player reaches the crease, and never refers to the state of his health.

A *Maiden over* never implies the meaning that the bowler is a beginner and that it is his first attempt; nor has the fair sex anything to do with it. It refers to a particularly good over sent by a bowler, where the batsman is unable to take even a single run off that bowling. And the bowler never blushes for not giving even a single run when he sends a maiden over.

Sending a *No Ball* doesn't imply that the bowler wantonly held the ball in his hand and pretended as though to send it. A *No Ball* is declared when the bowler has exceeded the limit of his side of the stumps when bowling and has thus shortened the distance between himself and the batsman.

Bye runs does not mean that runs are added to the scores of both the teams as a sign of courtesy when the teams part and bid good-bye, but denotes runs that are taken by the batsmen without actually hitting the ball.

Players participating in Cricket Matches are not numbered nor are they given individual colours. It is always a difficult task to distinguish the members of the visiting teams. If you are in doubt as to the identity of any of the players the best course would be to remember his turn in the order of batting or bowling or fielding as the case may be and quickly ascertain it from the evening papers.

A *cricket Blue* is one who plays a good game of cricket and does not refer to a player who irritates you by his dull game and makes you feel blue.

Leg Theory is not taught in any School; nor had Einstein or Newton anything to do with it. It was the outcome of a certain type of bowling used in the recent Australian Test Match.

Body Line does not refer to those beautiful curves that Miss 1934 is so

anxious to have at all costs. This term is applied to a fast type of bowling.

Cricket is known as the King of Sports and not the Sport of Kings.

Though Cricket has a lot to do with the turf, you never call yourself a patron of turf if you are a cricket enthusiast.

In case you are bored either by reading this article or by watching a slow game of cricket in progress, you can bring more sunshine into your face when you remember the following two funny little incidents heard during the recent Bombay Test Match.

The wife of one of the prominent local cricketers phoned to the club for her husband, who was taking part in the Test Match. The butler who answered the call replied, "Your husband has just gone in to bat. Madam."

"That's all right," she answered back, "I'll hold the line."

She, perhaps anticipated a duck

The Tourist Ship *Empress of Ceylon* was lying in anchor in Bombay Harbour. The American Millionaire after seeing the interesting sights in and around Bombay came to witness the Test Match. The Indian Team was batting. Some one in the pavilion remarked to the American that L. P. Jai was playing.

"Oh! how interesting" he replied, "isn't he the brother of that famous Gandhi-ki-Jai of whom one hears so much?"

And of course a Cricket Match does not convey the meaning that it is a match between crickets belonging to the genera *acheta* or *achetina*.

With this I declare my innings closed.

"How did your article on perpetual motion turn out?"

"Oh, it was a great success," said the author. "Every time I sent it out it came back to me."

Sergeant: "Did you shave this morning, Jones?"

Recruit: "Yes, sergeant."

Sergeant: "Well, next time stand a bit closer to the razor."

THE Comet or Mohan-Leela

BY P. R. PATTABIRAMAN

THERE lived in the City of Indrapura, a wealthy merchant named Kanthipathi. He had his only gifted daughter named Leela Devi, who was endowed with an amiable charm. Her languid mien, ravishing beauty, curly hair, luscious mouth and honey breath and pearly teeth would hold any one spell bound and enslave many a heart. The work of nature was in reality best visible on the person of that bewitching creature and she was a gem of the fair sex. She was young and seventeen, in the full bloom of youth and was in the matriculation class.

In the same city lived another wealthy merchant named Manaspathi who had an only son. He was endowed with all graces that could be desired of persons of his type. He was named Mohan Raj and was the classmate of Leela Devi. He was twenty and young and energetic. He used to go to

Leela's house and explain the intricacies if she had any in her lessons.

Kanthipathi and Manaspathi were great friends. On a certain occasion, there arose a dispute between them and as a consequence, the latter disappeared from the city. Leela consoled Mohan for the loss of his father. From that time they were like brother and sister. Both came out successful in the final examination. They used to play tennis daily and sometimes he would go away to some of his friends and amuse himself in card games.

Some days went on. Suddenly the whole city of Indrapura shuddered. There was the raging news everywhere about the "Hunch-Back" with his comrades from the underworld. So everyone shut the doors at six in the evening and nobody was intrepid enough to stir out.

It was getting night. Just then Mohan Raj came to Leela's mansion.

FACT AND FANCY.



Wife: (horror-struck) Is this all the secret wonders you were doing to get hidden treasures all these months?

Husband: (Magician invoking the dark powers) Ah, foolish woman, how rude to disturb me while yet these spirits would become human and get us the wealth of the world! There go the powerful ones in thunder and lightning!

She was playing sweetly on her piano. They discoursed for some time about the hunch-back and separated. It was late in the night, probably nearing midnight. Silence ruled and stillness reigned. In Leela's bungalow everybody was in deep slumber except her. She was reading some magazine. Suddenly a noise was heard and someone climbed the storey and got in. He had a hunch-back and he was a stout man dressed all in red. He heard the coughing of Leela and caught hold of her and thrust some cloth in her mouth and tied her arms and legs. Then he opened the iron-safe with a duplicate key and took a bundle of notes and was slowly climbing down when there was a voice 'Drop the bundle.' If you make a move your head shall be shattered to atoms. There stood a young man with sinewy arms having a revolver in his hand and pointing towards the hunch-back. He was all-dressed in black and had a black veil round his face and head except two holes for the eyes. The hunch-back placed the bundle and suddenly jumped and ran away.

Next day there was the news that a bundle of notes worth one lakh of rupees was missing from the iron-safe. Poor Kanthipathi was despondent and dejected. The whole mansion was in a gloomy state. Our Mohan Raj also shared a part in it. Next day there was a letter and a registered packet for Leela Devi. The letter ran thus:

4th Heaven.

MY DEAREST LEELA,

I have alighted on the earth really to help others. Please open the packet this evening. I have recovered the lakh of rupees from the cruel hunch-back and have restored it to the owner. I give you a tryst in your garden at 6 p.m. to-day. Kindly meet me there.

Your solicitor always,

THE COMET.

Leela was in great felicity and told her parents about the recovery of the lost money by the Comet and there shone the goddess of Mirth in the whole mansion. The news of the Comet and the recovery of the money spread like wild fire.

The golden rays of the sun were waning in the west and slowly twilight followed. The gentle breeze blew slowly carrying the fragrance of the

champak flowers in Leela's garden. The Comet was awaiting Leela's arrival. As she came there, they sat on a stone bench and she said, 'Oh, Heavenly Being, I regret very much for having kept you waiting for me. It is inexpressible for me to explain the gratitude to you for the act you have done.'

The Comet, 'Leela, I have been sent from Heaven really to aid others. I did my duty. It is no whit of an act. I am your solicitor. Be careful. You are a young lovely maiden. There is that Mohan Raj. He is always keeping quiet. Why can't you have him by your side?'

'Oh, that lazy goose. Fit for nothing. Much interested in sports and in cards.'

'Don't say like that. As a young and energetic youth, he is of some avail to you. Shall I take leave of you?'

'Oh! thank you. They separated.'

The same night, the hunch-back came to Leela's mansion and was about to carry her away, when the Comet appeared and freed her. She wanted to speak with him when he suddenly disappeared. A week passed.

In the beautiful garden of Leela, really a paradise on earth, Mohan and Leela were seated on a bench discoursing.

Mohan said, 'Leela, I wrought hard to extirpate from my soul the germs of love there detected. Will you wed me?'

'What, wed you? We are like brother and sister. I have vowed to wed the man who is my real solicitor.' She gazed on his face. There shone the words of the Comet. 'Mohan is keeping quiet. Have him by your side.' There came Kanthipathi also. The three were conversing. It was 6 p.m. Suddenly they heard a shout from the mansion. 'Hunch-back, Hunch-back.' The hunch-back passed in the garden. All of a sudden, Mohan disappeared and there was a fight between the Comet and the hunch-back on the verge of the garden. Leela and her father went there. The hunch-back could not resist the blows. So he cried, 'Young man. Don't beat me. Enough of my vengeance on Kanthipathi, my bosom friend.' He removed his garment and to their surprise there was Manaspathi. Now

Retrospect

— BY K. SRINIVAS B.A., —

I am a born sinner. I have consumed fifty-one Cod Liver Oil bottles, willfully broken two hundred and one eggs and sucked those life ingredients, mercilessly trampled over the restless armies of ants, unabashedly cast stealthy glances on coquettish girls and willingly turned deaf ears to the voices of my conscience on crucial occasions. What pains me great is the rapid deterioration in the bulk of my conscience. In my busy-idle diversions I have conjured up visions of little crackages in the magnificent edifices of starry skies, of the sudden stop in the tick of Eternity clock in a freak of madness, of the sun and moon going on a strike and of the volcanoes in wild conspiracy to char the greenness and splendour of the beautiful fields into a grim wilderness of dim ashes. When passing from infancy to age, there were times when the arithmetic would tease my knowledge and grammar would grin at me with its uncouth array of horrible teeth of detension, conjunctions and syntaxes. In those infuriated moments, I had often planned to besiege the house of my grammar teacher and set ablaze his abode. I had prayed my household gods to pain his head with eternal headache.

The detestable ghosts of my victims threaten my dreams. Millions of

they were reconciled. The Comet was surprised to find his father to be the hunch-back. He removed his black dress and knelt down and said 'Will you now consent to wed me, my dearest Leela?'

She bent down her head in shyness and said, 'My Mohan what a real solicitor were you!' she kissed his hand.

After a week there was the wedding celebration of Leela Devi and Mohan Raj. Both Kanthipathi and Manaspathi after remaining for some days abdicated all property in favour of the newly wedded pair and together with their wives retired to a quiet hermitage to spend the evening of their lives in undisturbed prayer and meditation.

There was a perpetual love existing between Mohan and Leela and leading their life as a unique soul and two bodies they lived happily.

murdered ants spring up and play their death dance around me. Chicken ooon notes of vengeance from my belly. Dim phantoms of Haemoglobins sprout wild diabolic being and strangle my poor throat. The Angel chastity clamours for insulting her lovely worshippers. The horrible apparitions of my cruel visions about strange catastrophes thrill every fibre of my being with nervous terrors and darken the pleasures of my solitude. I do not know what the future has in store for me for all my inexorable sins.

I stand as an outstanding example of editorial courtesy. When I was the editor of "Bumble," articles would pour in by every post. I returned all Ms. intact to impress the contributors that the accessibility to our columns was *Ignus Fatuus*. But I filled the pages with delicious sweetness that my readers browsed at will over the dainty plates at regular fortnightly feasts. What struck me strange was the articles from one B—whose Ms. it is told, were copied by his secretary—heavens forbid him hell for his outrageous falsehood. But I returned them saying that strict privacy should be kept in the matter of copying and he should not demean his Secretaria by thrusting on their heads the menial task of a scribe. One fortnight I would startle my readers with the tidings that a man had fallen from Mars to Moon. I would promise to publish a brilliant article "America in blaze" that would end only in an earthquake. My promise to award a prize of Rs. 100 to the best story would fetch about hundreds of articles all fated to swim into the dormitory of a W. P. B. but really my friend R— would be the heir to that covetous sum.

The horrid ghosts of rejected Ms., the loud cries of the wounded contributors, the avenging hiss of my victims, all these forebode a very cruel place for me in Hell Extensions. I wish I were sunk into the profundities of earth where I can peacefully commune with dark silence.

But I am not alone. My fraternity is great. Heaven or earth we court not. Hell goer I am, true, but not in melancholy loneliness. In the twinkling of an eye millions of hands in a gesture of sympathy will spring up from the human beings and we will march into the nether regions on thundering paces whose lofty noise will din the skies.

THE SUNDAY HUNT

— BY L. R. S. —

It was one bright Sunday morning when the menial servants of the Union Mission Tuberculosis Sanatorium, the villagers of the surrounding villages of the celebrated Institution which affords undivided attention to tuberculosis patients from all parts of Madras Presidency, went for a rabbit hunt during about the end of the second week of December 1933. There were about 4 batches—of course members of each village formed a group of about 10 in number. To their disappointment, probably the rabbits were cleverer than themselves. They could find no game till about mid-day when all the batches met together at a certain place each batch within themselves chasing the only rabbit that could be found.

Unlike some of the uncivilised brutes they did not quarrel among themselves to determine which batch chased it at first, only to see the victim escape in the meanwhile. All combined themselves and formed a tattoo around the poor rabbit.

The poor rabbit finding no way of escape, surrounded as it was by 4 batches of about 2 score men, still managed to go into a small bushy cave. Now all of them raised a hue and cry just to excite the creature so that it might come out.

This cry attracted the attention of a new visitor to that place, a small panther of about 6' in length and 3½' in height and she made her appearance, only to find a crowd of forty way-laying her.

Now, a little description of the place. It was a place on the Southern side of the Sanatorium, somewhere between a hillock and a small mount, having two big slopes on either side a big rock on one side and only a thorny pathway.

Mr. Arthur, the Manager of the Sanatorium, who had been sent for and who had arrived in the meanwhile, made his first shot only to miss it by a very little margin. This naturally roused the animal, which rushed out for a bold escape and went down another bushy cave and hid herself there.

Mr. Arthur stationed himself at the only entrance of the bushy cave and directed the people to light a fire with deadly foul smoke, which the animal could have experienced never before in its life time. Mr. Arthur, in spite of the smoke surrounding the place, aimed his second shot. Certainly, he was not to blame for having missed it and anybody under the circumstances, could not have done better.

The animal became all the more ferocious and shot straight up to the rock and tried to jump up the rock. All the three times it attempted to do this, it failed. Now, she became nervous and just gained time for about a couple of minutes to gain her presence of mind.

This was the time when Cooly Gangiah, after having his quota of Pan supari with tobacco, made up his mind to make good his escape. He lost no time in putting his thought into action and made his way through the only bushy and thorny pathway. The panther in her turn had just then made up her mind to make good her escape and she too had to pass the same thorny pathway. Now the position was that Gangiah and the panther were moving in opposite directions in one and the same pathway. Unfortunately, Gangiah, having been filled with thoughts of his escape to see the smiling faces of his wife and children after his chance of falling a prey to the wild beast, did not see the dreaded beast rushing against him. All these transpired with the swiftness of lightning, in as much as no other man in the crowd could believe such things would happen.

The two met each other at the centre of the pathway. The situation now was the same as that of the two goats at the centre of a narrow bridge in folk tales. Neither would budge. Each one was taken by surprise by the other. A scuffle ensued. Poor Gangiah lost half his life while he was band in hand with the animal, but struggle he had to, to save his life. The result was becoming far from being satisfactory. At this juncture, one Pappaya rushed to the spot, con-

fidant as he was that he would be more than a match for the animal. He used his chopper, which he always carried, rather liberally, till the blade became zig-zag. He did not notice the fate of the blade, as all his attention was absorbed in the enemy. The last stroke he aimed with the chopper missed the panther as it turned aside beginning to sink, distressed much by two opponents, and poor Gangiah had it at the Cerebrum of his head. Instantaneously he fainted.

Pappaya became nervous as he now understood that he was the cause for Gangiah's unconsciousness. He threw down his chopper and went to pick up the nearest stone by which he wanted to do away the animal. In the meanwhile, the animal used her claws very freely with poor Gangiah and got upon him, sensing probably the taste of human blood for the first time.

Now Pappaya came with such a heavy stone that would have jammed the head of the animal. He took his aim and, thinking in the least that the animal would dodge, let loose the stone. The panther was too sharp and escaped the stone. The unconscious Gangiah could not use as much discretion as the animal and Lo! the stone hit his legs with a loud bang that resulted in a compound fracture in the legs of poor Gangayya.

Now, seeing the pitiable condition of Gangiah, all the more the serious harm that he had unknowingly caused him, Pappaya challenged the animal to a hand-to-hand fight. A regular fight ensued both the contending parties attempting at each other's life. Pappaya caught hold of the animal at her neck and began to use his fists very freely. The panther almost lost hope.

Now Mr. Arthur summoned up his courage, ashamed as he was at the two shots he missed he pulled the trigger of his gun. The shot passed with the swiftness of thought of fluttering mind at its collapse, and hit the animal in such posture that she made a horrible yell and fell down never to rise up again. Bravo! the crowd cried out and

The Clue of the Cryptic Letter.

— BY "SHAM" —

Inspector Vaughan came home late in the night tired after the usual routine of duties and sat down in the chair to loll for a while. His wife came out of the kitchen with a cup of 'palkiru' and some soothing words to comfort the angry husband. Hardly had the exhausted man sipped a mouthful 'when Sir!' came a timid voice from outside the door. "Who is that that has come to disturb me in this late hour of the night?" bawled out the over wearied Inspector, showing wrath at the late intruder.

"Sir! I am P. C. Kannan. A murder has been committed at No. 881 Grudgeen Road. The crime has been perpetrated in a dastardly manner. The murderer has inflicted injuries all over the body, the one on the nape of the neck, being the immediate cause of death. No obstacle has been removed and the house has been kept under lock and key. Will you just come over to see it Sir!". Cursing the wretched murderers who had not the courtesy to give some rest to the ever-working police people, and yet with prompt and implicit obedience, Vaughan followed the constable.

At twelve o'clock a police lorry drew up at the house where the crime had been committed. Entering the hall,

congratulated Mr. Arthur on his success.

Now all turned their steps with the carcass of the panther to the Sanatorium, where the carcass was exhibited for about a couple of hours.

Alas! What about the fate of Poor Gangiah. Many thought he was finished. Somehow, some near relative of his, found there was yet life within him. At once, he was removed to the sanatorium on a stretcher, where the Medical Superintendent, Dr. Frimodt Moller, with many of his assistants rendered first aid to him. He is now said to be progressing.

Thus the rabbit hunt turned out to be Panther hunt and the rabbit that disappeared in the bushy cave is yet to be seen.

Vaughan slowly and methodically began his usual procedure. The murdered man lay prone on the floor, with dagger injuries all over the body and a deep gash on the nape of the neck. It was evident from the posture of the body that the victim had recognised the murderer in the lost moment and had tried to defend himself and had been killed in the fray. A few yards away from him lay a book its pages stained with the blood of its late owner Mr. Vaughan, his hands in the pockets of his breeches, piced up and down the hall vainly searching for some clue which could bring the halter round the neck of the murderer. But the question seemed difficult to be solved. Late that night the Inspector went home to ponder over the matter on the morrow.

The first and foremost step taken by the clever detec' on the next day was to have an idea of the domestic affairs of Drigson the murdered man. For this the butler of the Victim's household was lavishly tipped and some useful information was extracted from him. Mr. and Mrs. Drigson were not on good terms with each other. Mrs. Drigson was often visited by one Santosh and they seemed to move on very friendly terms with each other. Why, they had even talked of marrying, only if that cursed man Drigson ceased to exist. On the day before the murder the couple had a violent quarrel, and Mrs. Drigson was supposed to have left the place the same night. But prior to her departure she had been busy writing a letter which she secretly sent to somebody through the maid. That letter would solve the whole mystery thought the Inspector.

With this idea, which was no sooner thought than done, Mr. Vaughan set to work. At midnight 12 o'clock on the day after the murder, a man wrapped in black, was silently searching in the compound of the fatal house and seemed to be disappointed at not finding the thing he wanted. As he could not waste time searching for that thing, lest he should be caught, the 'man in black' disappeared through the wicket gate. All this was watched by the Police Inspector who lay hidden in the thicket. Had he wanted to arrest the man he could have done so easily. But then there would be no clue to convict him. So out came the man in multi and in his turn began to search the ground, and was at last rewarded to find a crumpled letter.

But he could make nothing out of it for it was written in cryptics thus:—

EFBS TBOUPTI,

MJGF JT VOCFBSBCMF XJUIPVU
ZPV. TP QMEBTF QVU BM FOE
UM IVTCBOE'S MJGF UPNPSSEFX
OJHIU BMPOF XJUIPVU GBJM, TP
UIBU XF DBO MJWF IBQQJMZ
BGUFSXBSET.

ZPVST MPWJGH,
MZPMB ESJHIPO.

Mr. Vaughan pocketed this letter and went home. For two long days and night he tried in vain to decipher the cryptic letter. At last the happy idea of substituting the previous letter for each letter in the note struck him. (i.e. substituting B for A, D for C, F for E, and so on.) After deciphering it read,

DEAR SANTOSH,

Life is unbearable without you. So please put an end to my husband's life to-morrow night alone without fail, so that we can live happily afterwards.

Yours loving,
Loyola Drigson.

The next day the police located the hiding place of Santosh and he was arrested forthwith for the murder of Drigson and Santosh finding himself in tight corners confessed everything.

She (at concert): "What's that book the conductor keeps looking at?"

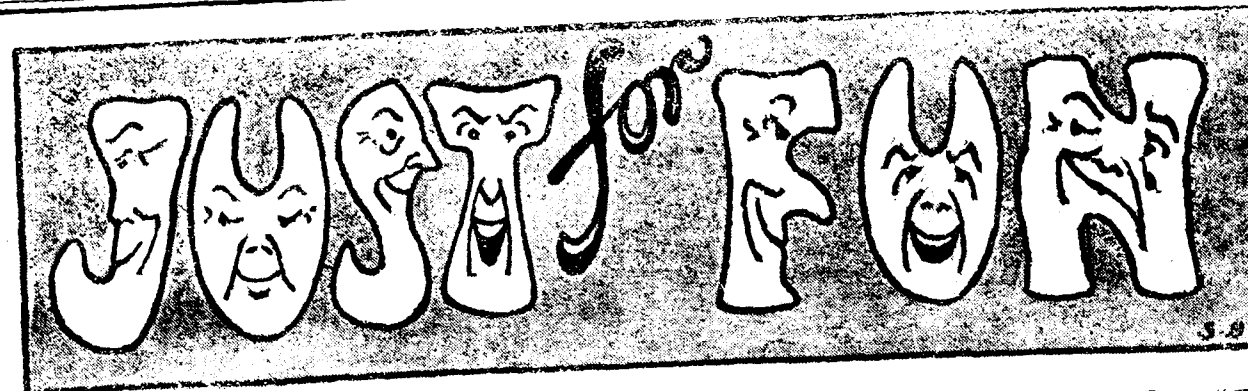
He: "That's the score of the overture."

She: "Oh really; who's winning?"

"Did it cure your husband of walking in his sleep when you put the tub of water by the side of his bed?"

"Yes, and it cured me of putting a tub of water by the side of his bed."

"FUNNY"
Magzin of India.
Sole Agents for Madras City
The City
News Agency,
18/14, Pycrofts Road.
First Street,
ROYAPETTAH, MADRAS.



"Congratulations, Professor! I hear your wife has presented you with twins! Boys or girls?"

"I believe one is a boy and one a girl—but it may be the other way round."

Author: "Did you see Whittler's criticism of my latest novel? It was awful! He gave it a terrible hammering."

Friend: "Oh, don't worry about him. He hasn't an idea in his head. He just says what everybody else is saying."

Mrs. Newlywed: "Guess what we've got for dinner to-night?"

Mr. Newlywed: "Let me see it first, dear, and I will."

Counsel: "My lord, do not forget that my client is a man of proved integrity, a good husband and father, a worthy citizen—"

Accused: "Here, I'm not paying you to talk about some other chap. You're supposed to be defending."

Ambitious Youth (having given proof of his histrionic powers): "What sort of a part can you offer me?"

Manager: "H'm. What about a non-speaking part in a wireless play?"

Eager Playwright: "I wish I could think of a big, strong situation that would fill the audience with tears."

Theatre Manager: "I'm looking for one that will fill the tiers with audience."

Wife: "I can't afford an operation now."

Hubby: "No, you'll just have to talk about the old one for another year."

Rs. 5 for 100% Laughter.

We invite original jokes from our readers. A prize of Rs. 5 will be awarded to the best original jokes received every month. Other good ones will be published in these pages with their names. Only original jokes are invited, and they alone will be considered.

Start sending Jokes for the month of March.

Foreman (on excavation job): "Do you think you are fit for really hard labour?"

Applicant: "Well, some of the best judges in the country have thought so."

Young Man (in library): "Have you a book called 'Man, the World's Ruler,' please?"

Lady Librarian: "You might find it in the fiction department, sir."

"Have you any children, Mr. Jones?"

"Yes, three daughters."

"Do they live at home with you?"

"No, they're not married yet."

He: "One night while you were away I heard a burglar. You should have seen me going downstairs three steps at a time."

Wife: "Where was he—on the roof?"

Too many people never know where their next cheque is coming from. And too many never know when their last one is coming back.

Old Lady to Old Tar: "Excuse me—do those tattoo marks wash off?"

Old Tar: "I can't say lady."

Lift Attendant: Here you are, sonny. This is your floor."

Superior Youth: "How dare you call me 'sonny'! You are not my father."

Lift Attendant: "Well, I brought you up, didn't I?"

After-Dinner speaker: "My watch has stopped. How long have I been speaking?"

Another One (impatient): "You'll find a calendar in the hall."

"But why are you so angry with the doctor, Mrs. Blank?"

"I told him I was tired, and he asked to see my tongue."

"Why did you tell Joe you married me because I'm such a wonderful cook?"

"I had to give some excuse."

The Bore: "I'm rather good at imitations. I imitate almost any bird you can name."

The Girl (stifling a yawn): "How about a homing pigeon?"

Jill: "All my life I have been saving my kisses for a man like you."

Jack: "Prepare to lose the savings of a lifetime."

"I'm going to drive into the city with you this afternoon, James," said Mrs. Buynow. "I want to do a little shopping while the bargains are still on."

"I understand your strategic plans," responded her husband. "The drive is to be followed up with a counter attack."

Competition Letters

BADAGARA,
5-1-'34.

MY DEAR SIVASWAMY,

I sincerely believe you will have been better by now and your complaints about health are over.

I now wish to present myself before you as an ardent and impartial admirer of the "Funny Magzin" enjoying as it does a most distinctive place in the firmament of Magazine literature. I am all the more interested in this pleasant job particularly because of the prolonged discussion we had when we met a few days back about matters literary and Journalistic. Perhaps you will not be wanting any assurance that there is no betrayal of prejudice in what I am going to write.

Living in a suburban locality as I do I have but little opportunities of having constant touch with journals and periodicals. But of late I chanced to go through some of the editions of the "Funny Magzin" for November and December. A perusal of these totally changed my outlook on this bi-monthly, and my belief that it was like the mushroom plant but a creature of the moment vanished at once. On the contrary, I was led into the belief that it must have to its credit a career of several years.

Now, You may perhaps wonderingly question me as to what the features of the "Funny Magzin" are which go to justify my seemingly exaggerated appreciation. But I am prepared for that. In my opinion the outward display of a journal do not at all give us a true foretaste of its contents. On the other hand, in many cases they even disillusion the casual observer. It must be said to the credit of the management of the Journal that it has been very decently brought out. A well-proportioned part of the Magazine has been set apart for advertisement and it adds to one's mental satisfaction that much of the advertisement supply information about books and knowledge.

To enter the recesses of this immense treasure-store. I am sure you will ardently welcome each and every feature of the Magazine I am about to narrate here. As an admirer of short stories yourself, I have no doubt you will note with pleasure some of the short stories and sketches it contains. Especially in the recent issues I had occasion to read stories about Coffee, the bicycle and the like and the outstanding feature of them is that commonplace as the treatises seem to be the work has been creditably achieved. The subject-matter is not beyond the reach of an ordinary writer but it requires an amount of extra genius to put the matter in such a simple but humorous style.

The Editor's sallies and satires aimed against the men of the day are also quite welcome and afford substance for sound thinking as to what our professed representatives in

the Councils really perform in the direction of public welfare and national prosperity. Politicians trumpeting to protect the best interests of the people and demanding the votes of the electors on that claim turn traitors betraying the country and its healthy advance. And the pointed sallies wielded against these political and other jobhunting and place-seeking adventurers are but proper and pertinent.

The Caricatures and the Serial stories are also another crowning feature of the "Funny Magzin" which I trust will commend themselves to your appreciation and outlook. The Editor's award of attractive prizes for the best joke, the best letter and the best contribution, all these are encouraging and lofty attempts in the promotion of intellectual expansion and mental alertness, the advantages of which cannot be over-rated. Last but not the least, the Magazine teems with puzzles giving enough exercise to the already puzzling unemployed youth.

In the end I shall conclude, my dear Sivaswamy, these form the prominent features of the "Funny Magzin" and I await your reply as to how they have appealed to you.

Wishing you happy,

Yours sincerely,

K. S. KRISHNAN.

"MOUNT VIEW,"

25-12-'33.

DEAR GOPU,

It was indeed a great surprise to me when I learnt that you are not a regular reader of the Funny Magzin. I really wonder how it is that you have not been attracted by famous Bhai Funzin. To tell you briefly, you are missing much in this world by not reading this "Dignified and Delightful Fortnightly." You may say that Funny Mag. is just like any other Magazine that is found all over the country nowadays. If you think so, you are surely mistaken. Funny Magzin is a class in itself and shines like a moon among so many stars. Its lustre runs through every vein of you and its possession drives away your gloom. Another thing. This Mag. has the power of warding off evils and misfortunes! You may laugh at what I say, but hear the following incident. Yesterday my boss was rather in an angry mood and while he was chiding me for some small clerical error of mine, what did his eyes spy than a copy of the latest Funny! No sooner did he see the first page than his angry lips parted into a faint smile. Soon his anger was nowhere and we became chums in a moment!

When I come home with a copy of Funny, my wife is all love, life and laughter and the rest of the day

Curious Coincidence?

— BY DEVACROSAM —

I nudged my friend in the ribs cautiously.

So cautiously that the man whom I wanted my friend to see, should not notice my nudging.

He was a generously built man and was seated opposite to us in the Tram-car. He had a book in his hand, which could have been anything from a dilapidated back number of the "Ping-Push" Magazine to a Racing guide.

"Note his well-developed aquiline nose," I whispered in my friend's ears.

"What for?" he asked.

"...His prominent lips, his lantern jaws, his what-do-you-call his..." I continued without minding the interruption.

"Shut up or tell me what for," my friend snapped.

"Never mind. Just a little indulgence in character-reading. I can read anybody's character from his face, you know."

"I never knew that you knew physiognomy."

"My science is not an acquired one" I explained "but an inborn virtue in me, which had been recently developed into a powerful part of my whole capacity...all by experience, you should note. Now look at that fellow opposite to you, taking him for an example. This man, for all that his face reveals to me, may be, no, is a criminal, a pucca revolutionary. See the two marked lines over his eyebrow, the left one. They denote the man's craving for blood. I am certain some half a dozen bombs in his pockets now. Note his bulging pockets..."

passes on pleasantly! That is certainly saving a great deal,

The Funny Magzin is priced very low to suit all pockets, consistent with good matter and printing. What with the RIPPLES, BITS OF WIT, FUNNY ANECDOTES, BHAJ FUNZINS WISE AND HUMOUROUS HITS, WRANGLER'S OPEN LETTERS, Short stories and poems by eminent writers of our country, and last but not least, Cartoons and Illustrations from the pen of A. Vibishina and S. Brahma, the Funny Mag. leaves nothing to be desired and it is indeed a veritable treat which you are missing every fortnight.

The Funny Mag. conducts competitions (with NO ENTRANCE FEE!) YOU may get the prize, why not?

Bhai Funzin announces that there will be prizes for Lucky Numbers too! So Good Luck to you!

The New Year is dawning and you cannot begin it better than by subscribing to the Funny.

Wishing you a gala New Year with FUNNY to guide and cheer you.

Yours Lovingly,

G U R U.

The Tram-car stopped with a "shiesh". The man whose character I had been reading, got down. It was near a corner on the Triplicane High Road.

"That is that," I remarked louder now. "That is character-reading. Some day, as likely as not, we will come across his photo in the daily papers as an arrested culprit in, say, the Triplicane Bombing case."

Years passed after the above incident took place.

And I met Vasantha.

("Why?" the baffled reader may ask. "What has that to do with physiognomy?" They may wonder in disgust. The answer is that it has every connection with the matter on hand, because the writer of this article happens to be myself and not you.)

As I was saying, I came across Vasantha in a Tram-car. All alone in it but for the conductor and the driver. It was one of those vacant mid-noon tram-cars.

I was standing at Round Tana when this tram-car and the girl stopped before me. I got into the tram for sort of cheering her, to make her feel that she was travelling only in the inside of a City and not through a forest void of human habitation.

I made use of the opportunity to speak to her by volunteering to help her with the luggage when she got down at a corner of the Triplicane High Road.

As I insisted that I would willingly carry her luggage to her home wherever it might be, she consented to make use of my services. Perhaps more because she happened to be an economical girl who minded the few annas she would have to give to a porter for doing that job.

After that, well, all were quite private affairs. On the way and finally at the door-step of her house, too!

Even now, I am not sure whether I fell in love with her on first sight or on first Kiss.

Leaving off minor details—I do this because I always know that readers believe my words—well, I found myself in the waiting room of her big house.

A regular rosh house, I should admit. All done up in real bricks and mortar. Excellent furniture. And such a nice little beggar of a brother-in-law, would-be one, I mean.

I waited for her about quarter of an hour, that being the time taken for her to walk to her room at the other end of the house in order to put the luggage she had with her. She left me the cheering company of my afore-said relative. The little fellow and I were playing some jolly household games, when who should walk in but.....

Whom do you think?

The man whose character I had been reading in a Tram-car some years ago?

Certainly not! Such curious coincidences happen in real life alright. But in stories, thousand times No!

Vasantha's father who entered our room, on the other hand, did not at all look like a criminal.

THE DOLI-WALLAH

— BY M. L. S. —

Those who have paid a visit to the sacred shrine of Tirupati could not have missed the Doliwallah. In my childhood days when Tirupati was a far off dream what visions were conjured up when tales of Dolis and Doliwallahs reached me! 'Doli'... what a delightful name. How was it like? And did people really travel in it? No accidents? How wonderful?

It was not without some trepidation that I alighted from the overcrowded train one fine evening at Tirupati railway station. And there in front was the sacred hill which was not to be climbed until the morrow, for those were days when the hills had not been adorned with electric lights. And there in front too was a man with a bamboo pole slung on his shoulder.

'Doli' sir,' he politely informed me. 'Where?' I asked incredulously. 'Doli' he repeated again pointing to his bamboo pole and a small cradle-like thing hanging from one end of it. I looked in wonder. Was that really the doli? The doli of my childhood's fancy was something different. Did he seriously mean that this frail insignificant thing was going to take one safely up the hills? With a curt 'see you later'. I dismissed him and hailed a jutka. But subsequent events proved that a doliwallah cannot be easily dismissed. The jutkawallah was a shade politer. 'To the choultry? The fare is six annas and three pies.' In fact, as I learned later, the fare from anywhere in Tirupati is never a round sum. Nothing doing without an odd quarter anna.

Early next morning saw me wending my way up the hills with the persistent doliwallah following. To get up the hills you either walk or get into a doli. There is no other course. I preferred to walk.

There are doliwallahs and doliwallahs but only one kind of doli. To sit cooped up in a contrivance just sufficient to receive your weight with a horizontal pole grazing your neck all the while may save your feet aching but the experience may not be pleasant, and the posture is certainly not graceful. Two doliwallahs to a doli is

the usual rule, but one may occasionally note an individual being borne aloft by four and you will look in vain for the doli. All the same it is there no doubt.

The doggedness of the doliwallah is creditable and his shrewdness remarkable. At a glance his discriminating eyes tell him who will be able to do the journey by himself and who will have to seek his aid. With the latter he is not slow to drive his bargain hard. 'Ten rupees going and returning, nothing less. Eight rupees for going.' He knows you dare not refuse. The other doliwallah is just the same. It is a case of either paying or walking.

But with a person who is determined to walk and will, the attitude is different. 'Five rupees going and coming,' gradually reduced to four or even three. No? Well, he will simply follow you, proffering timely advice on the way. 'The way is steep, sir.' 'There are bigger climbs.' 'You cannot possibly hold out,' and so on. If you are unreasonable enough to refuse him even then, 'Twelve annas up to Galigipuram'. Not even that? well, he will take his chance and follow you half the way up, just to see whether you will not give it up. If you win he loses.

Not that the poor fellows don't deserve what they demand. Their wares are literally earned with the sweat of their brows. But it is the unfair discrimination between the weak and the strong, between those who can walk and those who cannot. Here is a case for a Doli-Travellers Protection Society.

A steady three-miles-an-hour walk is nothing to the doliwallah, be the burden heavy or light. A halt once in a way to regain his breath or refill his stomach and away he is again. He is indeed not exaggerating the fact when he says that the way is steep. You are thankful that it is not steeper. You cannot but pity the poor old women you meet on the way, just ambling along, a step a minute, pathetically enquiring how far a-way is the sacred shrine. Faith keeps them up and

carries them along, none the worse for the ordeal.

While with palpitating heart and aching feet you are nursing your tender limbs, thankful that you have withstood the journey well, the doliwallah is off again for fresh victims to conquer, for a fresh journey up the hills. Truly his endurance is commendable.

In these days of the elevation of the depressed and the oppressed the doliwallah is doing his bit in his own way though it is only about four feet from the ground. Of politics and of the outside world in general he is blissfully ignorant, but in his own world he is supremely indispensable, a boon to the weak, a friend of the needy. May the race live long.

Learning to Sleep.

In Stuttgart, Germany there is a Sleep Clinic, run by a German physiologist and physician, for the sole purpose of helping those suffering from insomnia.

The patients spend only the nights there. In the morning they leave the hospital, and are free to go to work or do whatever they wish.

Suitor: "Er—I—er—am seeking your daughter's hand—er—have you any objection, sir?"

Father: "None at all. Take the one that's always in my pocket."

The son of the house had been sent to borrow a gardening tool from a neighbour. "Daddy says will you lend him your fork?" the child asked,

"But haven't you forgotten something?" reproved the neighbour, who was rather strict about manners,

The little boy looked puzzled for a moment. Then he remembered. "Oh, yes," he replied. "Daddy said: 'If the old miser refuses, try Mr. Jones.'"

Smith entered a big London store and made his way to the gardening department. "I want three lawn mowers," he said.

The assistant stared hard at him, "Three, sir?" he echoed. "You must have a very big estate."

"Nothing of the kind," snapped Smith grimly. "I have two neighbours."

Competition Jokes

Scene: Newly-married pair on bench in park. Old gentleman supposed to be asleep.

She: "My darling!"

He: "My love!"

She: "My dearest!"

He: "My pussy!"

She: "My duck!"

He: "My pretty birdie!"

She: "My goosie!"

He: "My Kitten!"

She: "My Chickies!"

He: "My lambkin!"

Old Gentleman (interrupting brutally): "Can't you call each other Noah's Arks, and have done with it?"

M. D. Krishnan, Bangalore.

Little Betty, aged nine, knelt down by her bed and prepared to say her prayers.

"Please God make Rome the capital of Turkey," she pleadingly asked.

Her mother, who was standing over her, gasped.

"Darling," she exclaimed, "what-ever do you mean by that?"

Betty rose to her feet.

"Well, mummy," she said "that is what I put in my examination paper to-day."

Miss M. T. Susilamani,
Bangalore.

The child of a Collector Sahib fell ill and the Hakims prescribed ass's milk for it. So the collector ordered an ass to be brought. Alas! his Hindustani ganders were faulty. A he-ass was brought. The Sahib struggled hard to explain what he meant, in a language which he could not really speak, and at last spoke as follows. "No, you fool, I do not want an ass like myself. I want an ass like my wife."

T. V. Seetharaman,
Trichur.

When a friend of mine questioned me what is laziness, I had to remind him of my old classmate who when asked to write a composition on laziness, gave a blank sheet of paper.

Nageswara Rao Chauduri,
Cocanada.

An orator began his lecture with

"Friends, Indians, country-men. I am making an important speech. Please lend me your ears."

The audience, nonplussed, queried.

"Pray, what shall we hear your important speech with?"

S. K. Badshachishti (Kowtalam),
Adoni.

Ramu: "My uncle is very absent-minded."

Gopal: "In what way?"

Ramu: "He thought he had left his watch at home yesterday and then took it out of his pocket to see if he had time to run back and get it

N. Venkataramana,
Madras.

A strange contest arose between two bachelors and the contest was that a sum of five rupees should be given to him who tells a best lie to the umpire. The first man began thus:—I went to England yesterday and granted an interview to Sir Samuel Hare. Then I visited the cotton mills of Lancashire and then I returned to India where I saw God Siva and then.....

The second man interrupted and said thus:—My dear friend, I believe what you say. Well, Umpire, to whom are you going to give the sum?

A. Gopal Row,
Kumbakonam.

The Prize of Rs. 5 has been divided between Miss. M. T. Susilamani and Ajit Krishna Basu.

A mischievous boy: Ho! Father of Donkeys how many sons have you? The man grazing Donkeys: Only five my dear son.

P. Radhakrishnamoorthy,
Gooty.

Said the father to his son who happened to be a great film fan: "My son, you must no more visit a cinema. Films are harmful to the eyes you know."

Said the son in reply, very humbly: "Please father! Please don't forbid me to see the films. Well, if they are harmful to the eyes as you say, I shall see them with my eyes closed. Won't that keep the eyes safe?"

Ajit Krishna Basu, Calcutta.

The newly-elected, money-made President of a district board, whose knowledge of the field of education was rather modest, was interviewing candidates for appointment as clerks in his office.

P. D. B.: What have you passed?

Candidate: B. A. degree examination sir.

P. D. B.: Any more examinations?

Candidate: No, sir.

P. D. B.: Well, you can go.

That candidate left the room and another appeared.

P. D. B.: How many examinations have you passed?

Candidate: III Form, IV Form, V Form, VI Form and Junior Intermediate, Sir.

P. D. B.: Any more?

Candidate: Yes, sir. Before passing my III Form I appeared for not less than half a dozen examinations and came out successful in all of them.

P. D. B.: That is all right. I have appointed you. You will receive formal orders in a day or two.

S. Nanjundiah, Trivandrum.

Results of 'A' Competition

Correct Solutions of 'A' Competition are as follows :—

- | | | | | |
|--------|--------|--------|--------|---------|
| 1. JAM | 3. LAC | 5. CAP | 7. DAB | 9. HAW |
| 2. SAW | 4. CAR | 6. NAP | 8. RAT | 10. MAN |

The first prize of Rs. 30 has been won by the following five gentlemen and the sum of Rs. 30 has been divided amongst them.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. MR. M. R. K. KRISHNAN,
Sri Rama Vilas
Santhapita, Vizianagaram. | 4. MR. T. K. NAGARAJU,
V. P. Street,
Coonoor, R.S. |
| 2. MR. N. V. SHENOY,
Student, Maratha High School,
Girgaon, Bombay. | 5. P. K. VENKATASUBRAMANYAM,
23, Kappalpoluchetty Street,
Washermanpet,
Madras. |
| 3. MR. C. NARAYANASAMI,
c/o Mr. C. S. Naidu, Advocate,
4, Haines Road, Bangalore Cant. | |

The second prize of Rs. 20 has been won by the following gentlemen and the prize amount has been divided amongst them.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. POODIPEDDI PAPA RAO,
c/o K. Papa Rao Esq., B.A.,
Pleader, Vizagapatam. | 19. M. S. LOGANATHA MUDALIAR,
"Siva Dale" Vepery, Madras. |
| 2. & 3. M. R. K. KRISHNAN,
Sri Rama Vilas
Santhapita, Vizianagaram. | 20. P. MUTHUKRISHNA RAO,
17, Nattupilliar Koil St., G. T. Madras. |
| 4. M. VENKAT RAO, Vizianagaram. | 21. M. RAMANAMURTHI RAO,
140, Govindappa Naick St., Madras. |
| 5. L. BASAVIAH,
Maistry, P. W. D., Anantapur. | 22. T. S. RAMANUJAM,
15, Car St., Triplicane, Madras. |
| 6. N. SANKARA RAO, Erode. | 23. K. R. LAKSHMANA IYENGAR,
19/20, Kasimali St., Triplicane, Madras. |
| 7. BANGAM RAMAKRISHNA RAO,
S/o Chinu, Setharamayyagaru, Cloth merchant,
Palacole, West Godavari. | 24. S. K. RAMASAMY IYENGAR,
Clerk, Head post office, Mysore. |
| 8. CH. VENKATESWARA RAO,
Kondapalli (via) Bezvada, Kistna Dist. | 25. A. PERUMAL,
25, Big St., Thottapalayam Vellore, N. A. Dt. |
| 9. Y. ANANDA RAO,
Pientapadu, Tadepalligudem Taluk
West Godavari Dist. | 26. P. JANARTHANAM,
c/o A. R. Pattabirama Chetty,
Cloth-merchant, Coimbatore. |
| 10. NUTALAPATI SUBBA RAO,
Arundelpet, Guntur. | 27. T. J. PADMA RAO,
6333, Kumaraguda, Secunderabad, Deccan. |
| 11. K. VASUDEVALU NAIDU,
8/8 Church Road, Chittoor. | 28. M. ABDUL KATHER,
Canvaser, Palnacottah. |
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As you find the solutions write them on the Free Entry Coupon given on the next page and post your attempts to reach our office not later than the closing date, the 20th March 1934.

Names of Animals.

Clues.

- | | |
|--------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. D — — R | 1. An hunted animal |
| 2. M — L — | 2. A cross bred animal |
| 3. W — L — | 3. Flesh eating animal |
| 4. C — M — — | 4. Used in deserts |
| 5. — I — — | 5. Jungle animal |
| 6. — O — — | 6. Domestic animal |
| 7. — A — — | 7. Animal with claws |
| 8. B — — — | 8. Animal with horns |
| 9. — O — — | 9. Found in forests |
| 10. H — — E | 10. Animal with long hind legs |

(For the coupon see next page.)

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1. There is NO ENTRANCE FEE for this competition. But the solutions must be in the special FREE COUPON printed in this issue. Readers may send as many attempts as they like. Additional attempts can be given on a plain paper similarly filled up as the coupon, with name and address clearly written. Each additional attempt not given on the Free Coupon should be accompanied by 1½ annas stamps, the value of one Free Coupon. Foreign readers must send B.P.O.'s only to that value. If the solutions on ordinary paper is not accompanied by at least one special Free coupon they will not be considered.
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(Cut along the line).

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- | | |
|---------|----------|
| 1. DEER | 6. |
| 2. | 7. |
| 3. | 8. |
| 4. | 9. |
| 5. | 10. |

I agree to abide by the decision of the Editor.

Signature.....

Name.....

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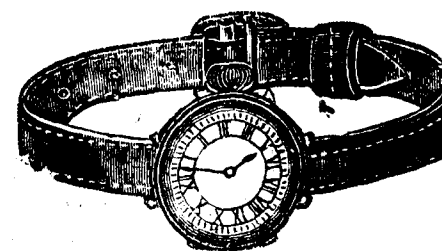
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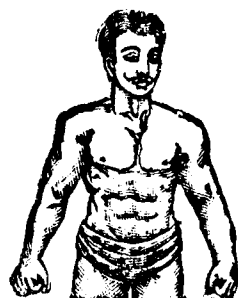


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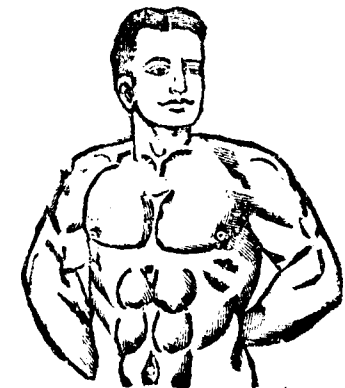
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