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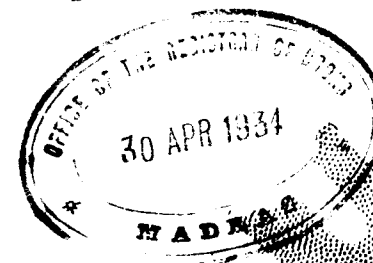


VOL. I

MADRAS, 20TH MARCH, 1934.

No. 16

MAKING HIS MARK!



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

Vol I.

MADRAS, 20th MARCH, 1934.

No. 16

Notes about Notables

"Mr. Rangiah Naidu is elected to the Slums Committee of Madras Corporation", says a daily.

But Mr. Naidu surely deserves a cleaner place than that.

Did not some foreign lady say that our Indian ladies are idling away their time?

Let that lady look at Mrs. Angelo of the City Council: no two minutes can pass without twenty words from the City Mother's lips.

"Bandits strewn nails on the road to hinder the pursuing police".

So bandits too can learn their lessons and use what was used against them.

Dillinger, the American outlaw, fashioned a dummy pistol out of chunk wood with which he scared his gaoler and escaped.

That means dummy pistols ought to be brought under the Arms Act.

H.E. Lord Brabourne of Bombay had a very very busy time in Delhi, it is reported.

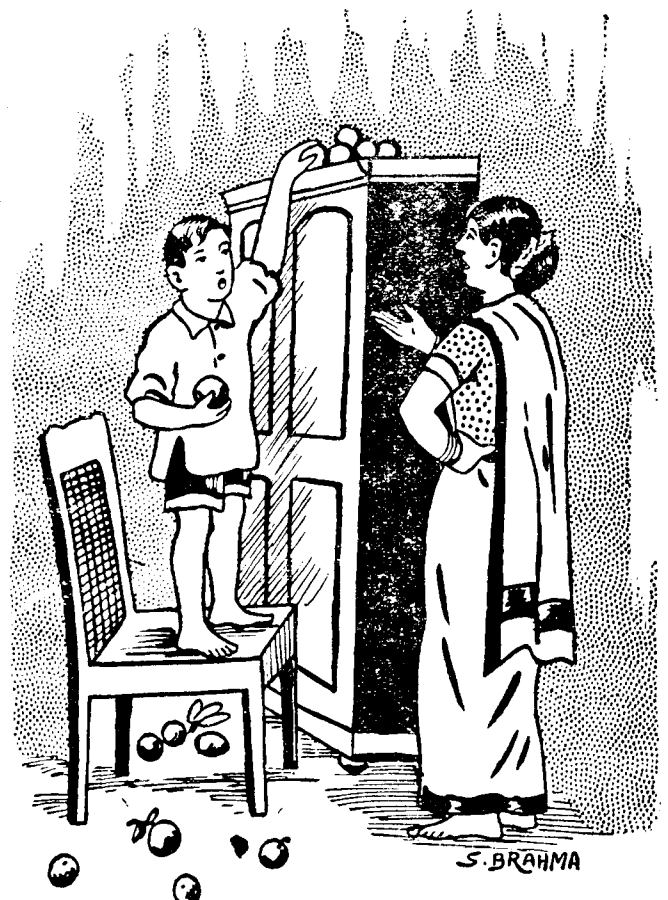
Does it mean another impending vote of censure, as Governors, after assuming charge, are never to be caught busy?

Mr. Mashwood Ahmed in the Legislative Assembly: "What is the reason for employing unmarried girls?"

Mr. Tottenham: "The reasons are obvious; married ladies have other duties to perform."

Some of these duties obviously being the care of their husbands.

THE LATEST DIETETICS.



Mother: "Ah, Gopi, Gopi, what is all this?"

Gopi: "Did not doctor say we must all eat more fruit, plenty of fruit?"

Dr. Varadarajulu Naidu will address the Govt. about the forfeiture of the deposit of the Weekly "Gandhi." The whole country, if not the British Empire, is already wringing with his

epictolaryexploits in connection with the arrest of Mr. E. V. R.

Can fame go further?

EXIT Mr. BONDA

BY T. L. EDWIN.

READERS of the 'Funny Magzin' may possibly recall the extraordinary series of murders, which baffled and perplexed the criminal investigation department a few years ago.

The strange case of Venkat who was found drowned in a man-hole, and the case of the unscrupulous politician, Sir Gundotharan Pillai, and the death of Chakkamma by poisoning, shook Madras to its foundations, so much so, that the city fathers were afraid of a decrease in population, and the resulting fall in taxes.

Though the police knew that all these sinister murders were accomplished by the same hand, no capture rewarded their efforts; and the papers openly hinted about the Department's inefficiency.

But since poor old Madaswami is now dead, and therefore nothing I may reveal can affect him, I, his only friend and confidant, intend revealing the secret.

I and I alone knew that Madaswami was the man whom the police were after.

Madaswami was a stylishly modelled man with a calm quiet and looked mild and inoffensive for a murderer. But one cannot term him a murderer, for he was after all only a redresser of social evils. I remember having let the public know about the end of Lady Chakkamma which he accomplished by the *dux ex machina* of a dog, sometime ago. Now I will reveal the mystery of Mr. Bonda's demise.

My Friend, Madaswami, was not exactly a sociable fellow, as the reader may have previously gathered. He was a man of few pleasures, and such as they were, did not make much

acclaim to me, who so often accompanied him in what he called his joy-hunts. In all the years during which I was associated with him, there was not perhaps a single occasion when he attended any social function. He had no ear for music. Even Chennai failed to move him.

I have experienced more thrills while watching urchins playing marbles for money than I have ever derived from

sitting beside Madaswami on a sofa watching him or following the torpid tardy tactics of two contestants in a chess match. Again my eyes have been more refreshingly titillated by gazing at the alluring posters displayed in front of the 'Wellington Cinema' than they ever were by viewing specimens of ancient art in the Museum in the company of Madaswami. I like modern art, better than the ancient one. But he says that modern art resembled nothing so much as a compromise between solid geometry and delirium tremens.

But then Madaswami lived on a different plane from mine. His recreations were of the severely intellectual type, albeit he would never admit it. I remember his once telling me, that it was a source of perpetual wonder to him, why the Corporation never requested people, who view the archaeological department, in the Madras Museum, to pay amusement tax.

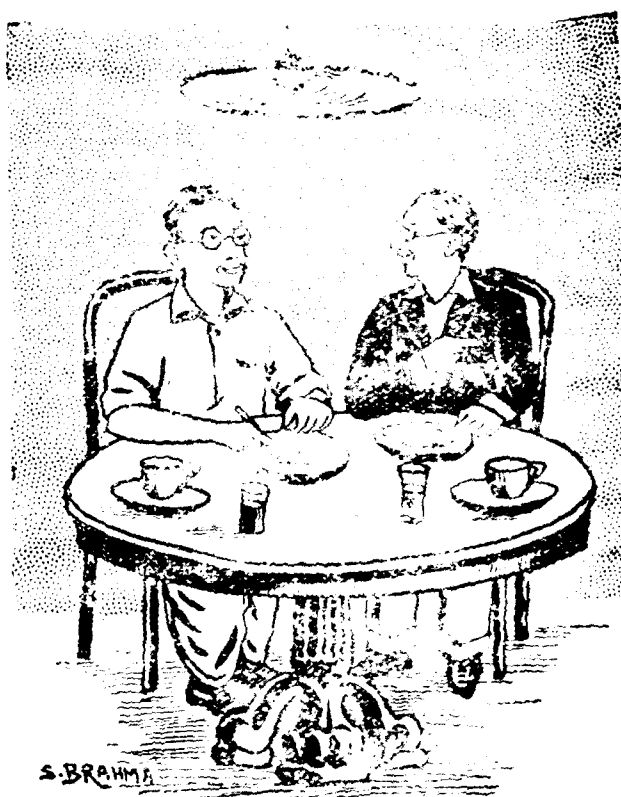
Hence, I was almost knocked off my feet, and struck speechless with amazement, when, one evening he entered our room, clad in immaculate dress. My first surmise was that he was

about to attend a wedding. My second was that he was going to spend a quiet night at the Chandra Banning Ghat, for, I have often seen him sitting there, but he made clear his intentions, and none of my speculations.

"Room," he announced solemnly. "We are going out for a stroll and we will have our tea at Balakrishna's Lunch House."

I couldn't believe my ears—not even when he said, "I sought to hear a reason for his behaviour."

"What for?" I gazed at length. "Nothing," he said, but even as he uttered the word I detected a sinister gleam in his eye, and I knew that once



S. BRAHMA

again the game was afoot and that ere long yet one more page in the History of India's Crimes would be punctuated by the discovery of another corpse, and a long spell of overtime work for the bewildered and baffled sleuths of the C.I.D.

It was not to fear, that we were going to "Balakrishna's," but for some far deeper purpose, notwithstanding that a feed would follow as a matter of course—as it usually does when one goes to a hotel.

I was already dressed, for it had been my intention to go to the Mari

na, and hear the Radio. So we left our room, and walked to the restaurant and sat down near a corner. The table next to ours, I observed, was occupied by a gross-looking man, with a sight of double chins and a bulgy neck whose nape entirely obliterated the back of his coat collar.

Madaswami shot a keen glance at this mass of living fat, and I knew as certainly as if he had told me, that here was the objective he had come to seek. My belief was soon confirmed.

"Do you know who that is?" he murmured, pointing a finger in the ogre's direction.

my friend's eyebrows knotted in an ominous frown. The colour came and went in his cheeks as though they were electric advertisements, one sees at Round Tanna.

I knew the meaning of these signs. They betokened that ere long Mr. Bonda would go into involuntary liquidation as many of his companies had gone. Madaswami's next words endorsed this.

"He must go, Rajan! Not only does the beast batten on the fat of the land, but he is responsible for driving many numskulls into the Cozum. Yesterday I had inside information that he is the man behind some of the so-

tiger, eviscerating dove, compared w. marched like a ghoul, who promotes the pond to the and eats costly dinnerge adjoining people who contributed round table slowly starve on parochial gid with there any reason why this lulled. beef this—should continue to live?

"None whatever," I replied heartily swallowing a piece of Almond Halwa.

"I agree," said Madaswami.

Three days later the contents of the dak edition of the Hindu, announced the death of Mr. Bonda, the financier, and I knew that my friend had been as good as word.

While engaged on his death-dealing schemes, Madaswami was to all events as taciturn as a dumb-bell, in my presence. But once his plans had successfully fructified, in other words when the Coroner's jury had brought in a verdict of 'Don't know', he would become a veritable Demosthenes for oratory.

"How was it accomplished?" I asked, as soon as he had blowed in and seated himself.

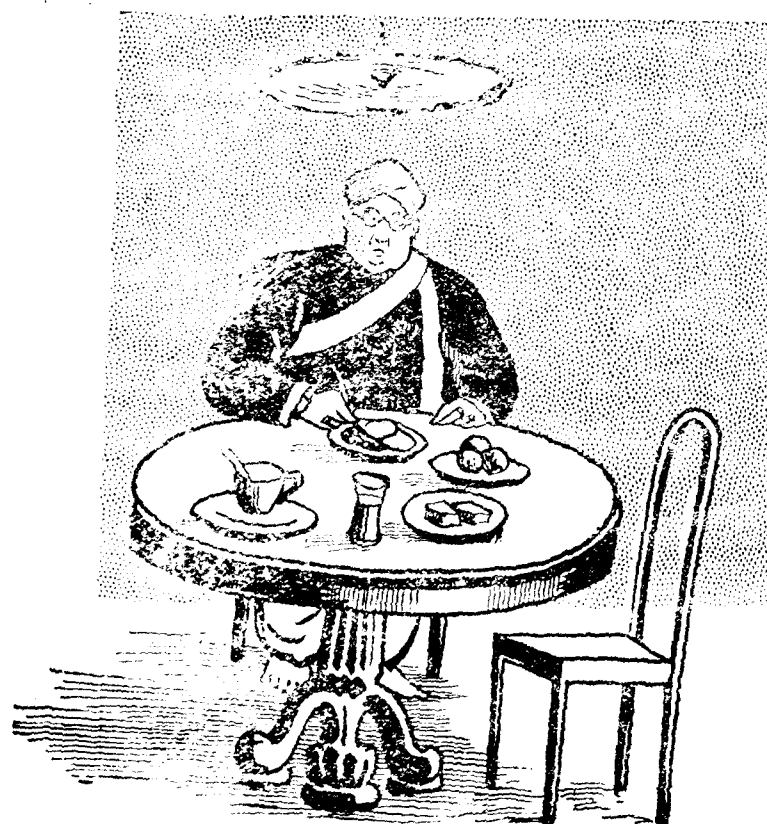
"Elementary, my dear Rajan, elementary!" Did you notice the ogre's passion for Gulab-Jans?" he enquired.

"I could not fail to observe it at Balakrishnan's," I said.

Madaswami explained, "it is his weakness. In fact he attends Balakrishnan's only for it, for it is their speciality. Your view the other day was partially obscured, and your attention was more on that beastly thing, they call the 'Radio'. But I saw Kittu serve him a dozen Gulab-Jans. Now as you know *Trinticksialitin* is a deadly poison, and a trifle sweet to the palate I went yesterday evening alone to the hotel and sat opposite him when he turned towards the stall to call for a refill of Gulab-Jans I poured a little *Trint*"—"Oh drop the name, your poisons give me a pair in the neck," I interrupted.

"Well I dropped the stuff, and hey Presto! as soon as he came out of the hotel and took his seat in the ear, he made his exit. I was at the kill," he beamed.

I gazed at my friend in mute admiration and awe!



I shook my head.

"It is Mr Bonda, the notorious financier," he said.

"What! that despicable villain who floats bogus Insurance Companies?"

"The same. Laxmi Town has had enough of his bubble companies. He must exit." There came from the financier's table sounds like that produced by a dog lapping up milk.

"He is eating or rather pumping in *Bemya payasam*," whispered Madaswami. "Then I looked up to see

called Social Dens, and Joy Jokes where there is nothing except gambling carried on!"

I looked shocked.

The burly financier called the waiter and ordered four Gulab-Jans, and in less than a minute dealt the disappearing trick to them.

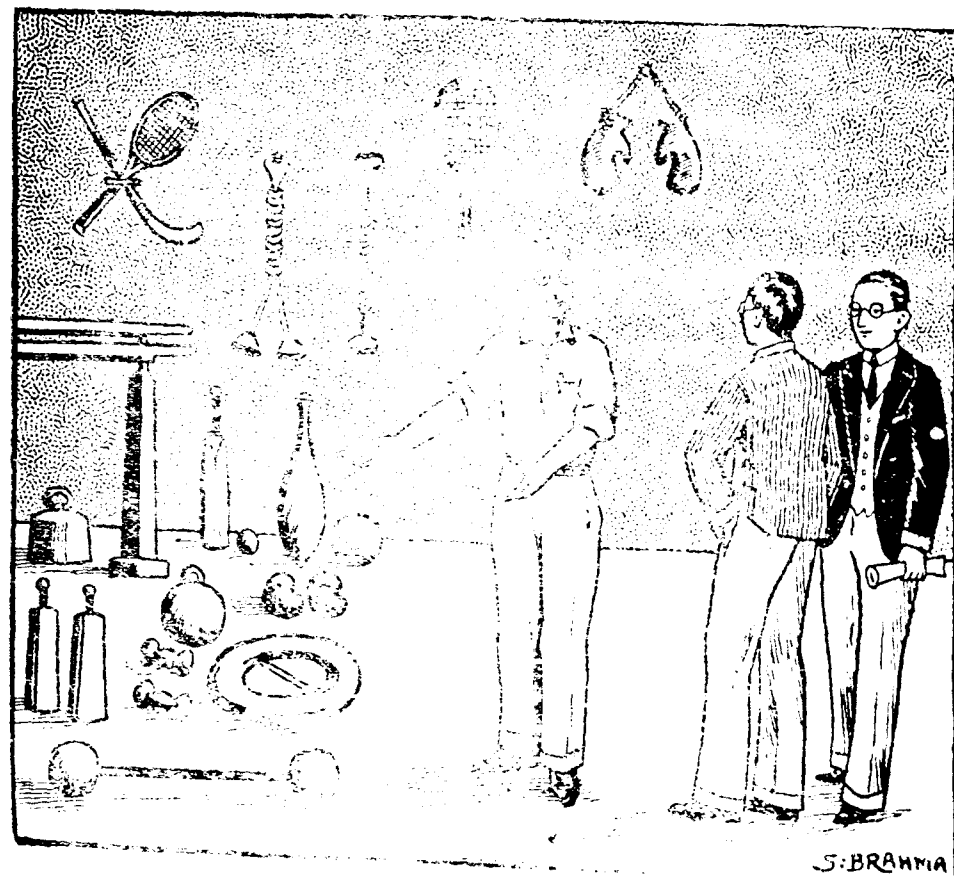
"Look at the way he eats," whispered my friend.

"I look and also listen," I said.

"A tiger, and not one of those Zoo affairs, I mean a real wild Bengal

Deene's No. IV.

Deene Gets into Form



BY
"RUBIKON"

[Deene the Dunder is as human as any of us. The very air is now charged with the spirit of Sports. He catches it: he cannot help it. "RUBIKON," his loving Biographer tells us how "Deene gets into form." There is no doubt Deene is quite welcome—*Ed.*]

"SPORT is good, but—" said Deene, as he came rushing to us one evening as we sat in the tennis court, chatting or standing in all those neglige attitudes which only Sportsmen can assume in their moments of abandon.

"But, where does the 'but' come in?" asked Ragho.

Deene had settled down in a rattan chair, that anomaly in a sporting field, lighted a

cigarette and seemed to draw inspiration as he gave a good pull to the 'rette at his lips' tips. He stretched himself to the full length of his legs and darted a look at Ragho as much as to say, "I take up the gauntlet and I shall answer your challenge."

"Well, Ragho, I dare say you understand Sport and I am sure you will allow that I understand sport as well, do you?" asked Deene, by way

of introduction to an argument he had evidently started.

"I s'pose we do. What then?" answered Ragho looking round at us; we were all silent though not idle, for the ascending rings of interlocked smoke bangles tracing up from the crown of each of us, like a Minerva of ringlets from the head of Jupiter, was proof of what we were doing.

"Why Ragho, to-day you call boxing a Sport and badminton too a Sport," laid down Deene.

"Accepted, Deene."

"My dear Ragho, I simply call it childish. Is there any of our good chaps braving the horrors of badminton? I hope there isn't. Good luck there isn't. I call badminton a girlish affair."

"Why are you so hard upon badminton, Deene?"

"Why, Rocky, at that rate, it will come to erecting Olympia and Stadia for playing carroms and acrostics."

"What if?"

"Fancy a dozen young fellows marching away to the Badminton field early in the morning, each fellow carrying his bat, like so many Hercules going out to do battle with the terrible Taurus. Man, I tell you, our girls don't do it. Why, you just suggest a game of badminton to any decent girl and see what you get for your pains."

"Deene, you seem to have just alighted from the planet Mars. You are overflowing with the fighting mood. What is the matter?" we asked.

"No, it is simply the ridiculous side of it. Why not take to Boxing or wrestling? What about Cricket and Football?"

"Deene, you seem to forget that we fellows, I mean, our fathers and their fathers, had anything by way of Sports. Why don't you think of our Indian clubs, Deene? You only talk of foreign games," attached Ragho.

"Ragho, you are always a fellow, for quick conclusions. Why won't you give me time to tell you all about it?" pleaded Deene.

"All about what? Why, Deene, there seems to be something up the sleeves. Come out, Deene, tell us all about it."

"You shall hear all about it you know I am in training, getting into form—" said Deene.

We all shouted.

"Oh, Deene, Deene, getting into form. Glorious Deene; are you competing for any of the championships, Deene? Do tell us, Deene," we all roared.

"Certainly, my good fellows, I am getting into form."

"We must celebrate it, Deene," we appealed.

"Boy, lemon squash all round, double plate, almond fry, all round; a tin of 'rettes: anything else you chaps want?" asked Deene.

"Nothing, Deene; only we should like to know about the sudden sport sense you have, got," Rocky spoke.

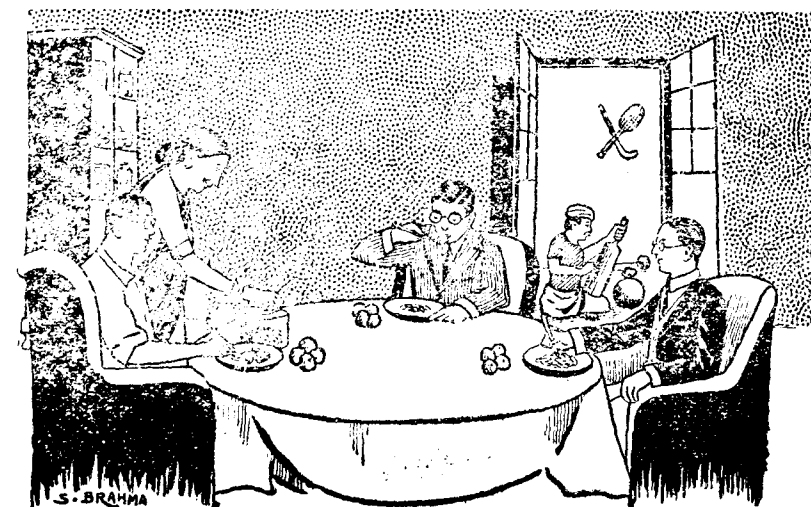
"The best answer is, you get just into the car and we shall talk it out at home; that is about the best thing we can do." So saying Deene simply packed us all in into his car; and before we had chewed the almond gulped the squash, and started the cigarettes, we were speeding away towards Deene's Bungalow.

We were simply marched like a pack of geese from the pond to the pen. For, in another large adjoining room, there was a spacious round table in the centre; shelves all round with clean glass doors and glass jars filled. There were also glass trays quite decently mounted up with pyramids of splendid and most unimpeachable choice cakes.

Above all, there was Deene's mother, as beloved and dear to all of us, as our own mother.

She so smiled affectionately and asked us to sit round the table.

"Mother," started Deene, "here is Ragho and others—my club Friends. They simply don't understand me



Like Jacks from the box, out we were jerked.

"Here you are, my dear fellows, what think you of my scheme?" asked Deene as he showed us round his large room where things wanted for Sports, all kinds of them, were there, the best of their kind, new and neatly arranged.

"What is the big idea of it all? Surely, you can't box, bowl, fence, wrestle, kick and jump and do all that, and be a champion in every one of them?" asked Ramji, as we stood bewildered in a valley of all kinds of sporting materials—like Sindbad in the valley of gems and jewels.

"Why not?" asked Deene quite amused at what he thought to be Ramji's innocence.

"How can you?"

"Well, took here, man, come along with me. Will you, all of you?"

when I tell them I am going to compete for these games. Ragho asks me all kinds of questions. He will not or cannot make me out when I say I am getting into form. Either he is a fool or a fox, mother."

"No, no, Deene; you are given to spending your time rather easy these days. No wonder they cannot get at you when you say you will do all these things. It is not their fault. How can they know what you are doing? By the way, Deene, why don't you begin your evening drill? Your friends too are year," advised Deene's mother.

"Mother, mother, please excuse us; we have played ourselves to death. We can no more stand drill or exercise any more than Sancho Panza could stand the blanketing at the inn," we begged.

"Ah, that is the very reason why you should share Deene's drill," said

Mother as she turned towards the servant and beckoned for plenty of green coffee and cream cocoa. "You see," she went on, "among Deene's friends, the training which Deene undergoes has become quite a well known affair; 'DEENE'S DRILL' as they call it. And in the mornings, noon, evening and night, so many of his friends come and keep him company. I wonder how Deene did not tell you about it all these days, funny boy sometimes. Deene," so saying the mother placed heaps of cakes, biscuits, nuts, fruits with quite small tanks of tea and cauldrons of coffee before each of us.

"Deene, see that your friends and yourself don't spare yourselves. You say these games are very taxing once you begin. That is the advice of great champions, I hear," and thus goaded, and unwilling to incur the least displeasure of Deene's Mother, so beloved of all of us, we had to undergo Deene's Drill as only good friends have to do.

But you know Dindim, the one with that bit of pawky humour. He began in his own quiet way. "Well, mother, we understand DEENE'S DRILL. I am sure we can all appreciate it, though even to us, raw and rough fellows, the DRILL threatens to be a bit heavy. But where does the 'getting into form' come in?"

Mother gave a most good humoured and crushing laugh. In fact, we all laughed because Dindim looked quite small and foolish.

"Look here, my dear children," answered Mother, "just look through the door there. Can't you see the man over there cleaning away, burnishing or oiling or testing, or lacing all those bats, guts, and boots and all that? Deene has hardly a second for himself. Who does the overseeing of all that, but Deene? Is that not tiring?"

"Surely, mother," we all said.

"Kids all of you; you don't know. Have some ovaltine, hot and good, before you all go. Deene is going to have some," said Mother.

He did.

We did.

We parted.

That is "DEENE'S DRILL."

The Fine Art of Stealing.

Mother:—Oh my darling boy, come in. Rest thy tired limbs. Art very tired? Oh, how very hard the world treats my boy! Drink, drink this cooling beverage. Let me help thee to pull off thy coat. Feel comfortable, my child? What is the luck to-day? Oh, hast fared well in the up-country? Thou art a genius. Thou art a real master of the art of making things disappear. Thy baggage seems to be pretty big, and what are these things in thy pocket? Ah! Rings! And gold watch and notes!!!! Real notes. Oh my darling! you are a dear. Let me kiss you. Come. Come. God bless you my child. And how did you get all these things, my child?

Boy:—(Proudly) Oh, well, it was quite easy. You know very well the simplicity that I exhibit in my face the mildness, sweetness and the charm of my tone, my simple and friendly behaviour with one and all, attract confidence in me. The rest is easy. I stayed at a friend's enjoyed at his cost for a week, and relieved him of some of his things while coming. Not much, but I hope to have better luck next time.

Mother:—(delighted) Oh my child, you are really a genius. My God,—preserve my child that one day he be famous. You are tired and weary. You need rest, and you have earned it and well deserve it. I am proud of you, and shall care for you as a gem.

Mother:—Ah, what shall I do? I do not understand whom I should go to for help. My child, my beloved child, has been caught. But really he was unwise to dispose off those articles so very soon after he had brought them. Of course not. He never robbed them. Who says that? He could have waited a while longer. But I was also so very foolish. I should have warned him. And oh, what a fool I was to accompany him to the goldsmith's on one occasion! I hope he does not give out. But will my son keep the secret? Ah! The suspense is sapping my vitality, and my senses reel.

(Knock on the door)

Who is there? Oh God, The long armed one!

Police:—You are wanted at the police-station. Come along.

Mother:—Why? Why? What have I done? you are surely mistaken.

Police:—Well tell that to the Jamadar there. See you. Give that wagging tongue of yours a little rest. It surely needs it, for there will be ample occasion for its use hereafter.

Boy:—Ah, Mother. Come. Come. You are come at last to see your loving child. You are really a darling!

Mother:—Hush. Not so loud. What a foolish act you did! Why did you not consult me? Come, come. Now tell me where is the money? What? Lost it? Where? How? Now don't cheat your poor mother. Gambling, I suppose? Then how am I to relieve you?

Boy:—Let that be. Really you have been a true mother to me. Your favours I dare not number. Your love for me has no bounds. No doubt we are a bit hard pressed, but how can my love for you diminish? And so how can yours for me disappear? You knew well how to span the difficulties that arose sometimes due to my negligence of not following your instructions carefully. Come Come Let me kiss thee, a kiss full of love and kindness.

(pretending to kiss
bites her cheeks)

Mother:—Eh, what do you mean? Police, police. I am killed. I am murdered. This son of a devil wants to kill me.

Boy:—There! The devil take you. You were the cause of my ruin. The world rings with the infamy I have done, but does not know who was the cause of my downfall, but now all shall know of it. Ah, come, come, let me embrace thee, my darling mother.

Mother:—Help. Help. Police, Jamadar, help. There he comes to kill me.

Police:—Khamosh. Kayaku shor machata hai? Eh, you old hag, what's wrong? Hast exchanged a loving kiss? Well. Not bad. Anyway you people are disturbing our peace, so I think I must lock you up separately. Then I hope you shall rest in peace dreaming loving dreams of one another.

Drop curtain:

Close Lock-up:



'A tram-car collided last week with a jutka which was carrying milk to restaurants in George-town.'

An unselfish cat, observing the flowing milk, made a rapid tour of doorsteps to inform the feline population.

Our eminent scientist 'Bose' has proved that plants are sensitive and feel pain.

Nevertheless our vegetarian housewives are cruelly engaged in boiling them.

'Your most beautiful vase is after all nothing but a mass of atoms' says a scientist.

Yes, Our servant-maid daily proves it!

We hear that a highwayman, after robbing a victim of forty-six rupees, gave him back five rupees, to carry on with.

That's the difference between a robber and a lawyer!

Where can we find to-day, the young girl who is content

to sit indoors for hours? asks a reader.

What about the girl next door, who sits for hours in front of her harmonium?

What do you need most when going for a holiday? asks a reader from Guntakal.

Why, the very thing you forgot to pack.

A psychologist advises people to count up to a hundred before starting a quarrel.

Of course if the other man is stronger and bigger than you, it is best to make it a million!

Recently published rates of the Madras Flying Club is cheaper than last year's.

Evidently the cost of going up is coming down.

Why pay exorbitant laundry rates?

Let us do it for you—Advt. in a local daily.

Thanks very much.

Australia prepared to borrow—says a paper.

So are we.

An English Cricketeer advocates the use of larger pads.

We are afraid it's no good. What batsman need when confronted by a bowler like Clarke is a complete suit of armour!

'Some reporters were recently shown over the premises of the newly opened bank in Bombay,' says a paper.

But were they allowed to take notes?

Seeing some urchins sitting up a tree to watch the recent Test match, a police officer warned them that it was very dangerous.

We agree. It is of course very difficult to sleep and keep one's balance at the same time!

According to a doctor, certain foods heat the blood.

Yes. Some of the stuff served in the city restaurants makes our blood boil!

A hypnotist claims that he can stop a galloping horse by sheer will-power.

We have a shrewd suspicion that he has been giving postal tuition to our bookie as to how it is done.

A rent-collector complains that a dog belonging to one of his tenants tore his vest.

Any way he got his rent, didn't he? So, why should he complain?

Money, we are assured, goes a lot farther that it did ten years ago.

No doubt, but it stays away longer too!

GETTING FAMOUS.

— By M. L. V. —



was a believer in the get-famous-quick method. You catch me? It is this way. You turn into your bed one night and get up the next morning, and lo! you find yourself famous—famous overnight—and in such a short space of time. Wonderful indeed! And look how easy it is. No need to keep awake.

Well, as I was saying, I believed in it. Being a practical man, and as a precautionary measure, I had a sleeping draught before retiring for the night. And from the way in which I slept that night I had certainly allowed sufficient time not only for the morrow's glad news to mature but also for that silly burglar to make away with all the paltry things I had in this world. It was past eight the next morning and the sun had already begun to shed its glory, when I came to

Need I say that the first news I got was of the burglary in my house? And the way in which people commented upon my behaviour of the previous night! "Didn't hear any sound when the burglar was ransacking the safe in the same room, a few feet away from the bed? Confounded idiot, sleeping like a log of wood," and so on.

Now I ask, 'Can't a man sleep in peace in his own home but that these people should come and take him to task for it?' It is positively disgraceful. What a stupid world! But did I confide my plans to them? Certainly, No, they wouldn't appreciate it. But anyhow I became famous in another respect—as the famous idiot who could sleep with a burglar in the room and not be aware of his presence. Whole paragraphs were devoted to the burglary and from the way in which reference was made to me I certainly think that this is not the sort of fame I would like to acquire.

I have tried this sleeping business every night. But no, it doesn't work.

It is like this. You keep to your bed in the morning as late as possible and summon the servant, or whoever it is, and inquire whether any news has arrived for you. "No." "Morning paper delivered?" "Yes." You scan the pages, but nothing about your having become famous. "Any callers?" "Yes, the income-tax man and the presistent tailor with the bill for your last year's suit."

Isn't it positively annoying? And to think that you are the champion sleeper of the locality and deserve all the fame you require.

Well, there is another way, and that is via the train. We know that the arrivals and departures of prominent men are duly announced in the columns of every daily. "Mr. A. B. C. arrived this morning from Nowhere," or "Mr. A. B. C. departed this morning to Nowhere." Here is a chance. Wouldn't you like to be told that you have arrived in Madras Central from Basin Bridge Junction? For one thing it means that either you are already famous or on the way to it.

Attired in the best possible suit at my command, with an air of gentlemanly ease and unconcern, I bought a third class return ticket, and half an hour before the scheduled time, was at the platform, deigning a lordly look here and there. Ah, here are the reporters coming. "Anybody departing?" "Here is the inevitable Mr. A. B. C., there Mr. X. Y. Z., and so on. For full fifteen minutes I paraded under their very nose, not to say their eyes, sufficiently impressing them, so I thought, of my importance, and so engrossed was I at the game that it was lucky I caught the train. Returning home weary the next day—it is tiring to spend a sleepless night at a wayside station to catch the train back—I eagerly opened the evening paper and anxiously read through the columns. There was Mr. A. B. C. and Mr. X. Y. Z., of course, but where was I? It could not be that I never left even Madras the previous evening, and arrived that morning. I should know better. But no, so far as the press was concerned I never did. Even a sleepless night can't do it. Well, never. No good your standing a lunch to the press reporters. You merely waste your money and gain some practical experience.

I would rather remain a plain man hereafter.

IN HIGH SPIRITS.



THE HASTY HUSBAND

— BY S. SELVA. —

IT was a bright and sunny afternoon. Faithful Mr. Lawrence was in his study very calmly going through that day's news-paper when suddenly the door opened with a screech and there entered his ever-murmuring wife, the beautiful Mary Lawrence.

"Dear," she began in her shrill voice almost accompanying the screech of the door, "when are you going to get for me a good maid-servant? I am going to dispense with the services of the

present girl for she is off her head whenever she is at work!"

"No, my love," retorted her affectionate husband at the very outset, "I am done up with that dirty business of selecting a servant for you. You will please advertise for one in our famous and popular 'Our Home Weekly' which is so attractive that even the poor do not hesitate to spend a part of their meagre income on its purchase."

"You are right, my dear, and we can expect a good

number of applicants too from whom we can select the best. This time I will take up the job myself and see whether I am cleverer than you."

So saying the business-like Mary Lawrence snatched a sheet of paper, scribbled on it the wording of the advertisement in her own style and shouted "Peon!"

"Madam," came the immediate answer and a tall narrow shouldered man appeared before her.

"There, take this and give it to the Editor of the 'Our Home Weekly.'"

"Yes, Ma'm," replied the peon and in an instant disappeared.

The advertisement ran as follows: "Wanted a smart maid-servant for the undersigned with neat appearance

and polite habits. Candidates to meet the undersigned in her garden bower at exactly 7 P. M. on the 10th of this month."

(Sd.) 'Mary Lawrence.'

Now let us note that the garden bower referred to in the advertisement was the place where Mrs. Lawrence and her husband used to meet almost daily at about 7 P. M. just to enjoy the cool evening breeze. But as ill-luck would have it, it so happened on the 10th instant that Mrs. Lawrence, having spent the day in a chummy manner with some of her lady friends, accompanied them to the theatre for the matinee performance quite forgetful of her advertisement and her maid servant.

However, memory did not desert those who were in utter necessity for an employment to maintain their livelihood. Hundreds of half-starved eyes had gone through the advertisement with a ray of hope passing through their mind. Naturally, therefore, a large number of candidates very faithfully poured into the garden bower even before the appointed time. But as the mistress was not to be seen either in the bower or in the mansion, all, except one fair looking maid, returned disappointed after waiting for more than half an hour. This fair girl resolved to wait patiently for sometime more. No doubt she must have tasted the pangs of hunger more than the others. Getting tired of standing, she thought it better to sit down on the seat in the middle of the bower.

It was about a quarter to seven. The golden rays of the setting sun had begun to disappear one by one and the blood-red orb was only half visible in the horizon in the midst of its crimson coloured cloud attendants. The girl was still waiting. About 7 o'clock or a few minutes after that, thanks to her patience, she was overjoyed to espy a figure moving towards the bower. But lo! it was a man, not a woman, and before she could speak a word, she found herself very affectionately blindling her eyes or pressed to his bosom and kissed more than a dozen times. It was none other than Mr. Lawrence.

"Was I guilty of having made you wait for a long time, my dear?" he rained loud kisses on her mouth and cheeks, without in the least noticing her efforts to withdraw herself. "I almost lost my patience when I

found that that fool of an Inspector would not leave the office even after it was half-past six. But luckily I had wit enough to hand over to him a copy of the latest "Our Home Weekly," which had the necessary effect. The very first page attracted him so much that he forgot his inspection duty and said that he would take the Magzin with him to finish it off and would complete the inspection on the next day."

The whole of this speech was given with such a rapidity and accompanied by so many caresses and kisses that the girl was almost suffocated and she found no breath to raise her voice and speak.

When at last the first tide of passion had subsided and the thunderstorm and rain had come to a temporary abatement, she managed to get out of his hold and say in a shaking voice: "Oh, Sir, you do not know what you are doing. I am not....."

"Tush! my dear, don't say anything of that kind," interrupted Mr. Lawrence, rushing to her and folding her again in his arms in spite of her efforts to escape; "I know what I have done and I am really very sorry for having made you remain alone here for such a long time. I won't repeat this, my dear, for certain. But why is it that your voice is a little bit harsh to-day? Getting cold, eh?" There was another downpour of kisses, Mr. Lawrence being very careful to suit the cure to the words lest she caught cold.

The young maid who was now forced to act the part of Mrs. Lawrence was, as may be guessed, of almost the same appearance and size as Mrs. Lawrence. Therefore we will be doing injustice to Mr. Lawrence if we are to laugh downright at this fool of a man.

We must not also wonder at the weakness of the maid in not making obviously a decided effort to run away from the clutches of the passionate Mr. Lawrence, for she was just then a young blooming maid of twenty-one and had never before undergone such a thrilling romantic experience.

But now we are going a little out of the way. There was Mr. Lawrence, from his point of view, consoling his dejected wife and there was the young maid apparently trying to get out of his clutches but at the same time

falling a pleasing victim to Mr. Lawrence's incessant kisses and pattings.

Just at this time (it was about half-past seven) Mrs. Lawrence, suddenly remembering her advertisement, left the theatre and her friends and came back hurrying to her mansion and thence to the bower.

But what did she see there? Candidates waiting still for her for the post of a maid servant? No! But what? To her utter surprise and disappointment her keen and quick eyes pierced through the mingled darkness and settled on a candidate not for the post of a maid servant but for a mistress.

"What in the heavens are you doing there, my dear?" cried Mary Lawrence as she rushed and fell on that innocent couple.

You could very well imagine the pitiable plight of Mr. Lawrence when he realised what he had been doing. He, a virtuous and faithful husband, one who feared God and loved his wife and his wife alone, to be seen by his very wife under such gravely suspicious circumstances! He cursed his passion and overhasty-nature, while the fixed and piercing stare of his wife left him almost helpless. But Mrs. Lawrence had understood too well the character of her husband and when her husband with great effort managed to falter out the whole story, she believed him and excused him.

They both have had enough of that "funny business."

'The cab and horse, including jutkas, are fast disappearing' says a reader.

But many disgruntled backers at Guindy are of opinion that many cab horses are now used for racing.

There emerged from an East End police court the other day a dismal and slightly battered figure.

A bystander said: "'Ere, Bill, You look fed-up ababt somethink."

"No wonder," responded Bill gloomily. "Life ain't ar'ard, it aint."

"Wodyer mean?"

"Well, think of it! Carners gets two hundred quid, and I get fined thirty bob, for doing the same thing."

WHY NOT I?

— By "BHRUNG", Karachi —



THE whole world abounds with thieves and rogues and as many they be in number, that many exist detectives. It is really very difficult to know who is not a thief!!! No need to glare at me so, for, rest assured, your glare causes no dent in my tough skin, and then, I am not one.

Of course, there are now thieves and thieves. Some devote their energies to pilfering small articles, some love the art of making things disappear from your pockets, (without your knowledge, of course) some have the knack of breaking through barred and locked doors and others break upon "unbreakable" safes!! But all of them fall under the category of thieves.

Then these detectives! Ah, a difficult nut that's often difficult to crack, but wonder of wonders, even these hard nuts are often cracked by these thieves!! Every detective has his own different hobby. Some are famous for things like murders (I don't mean they are murderers) and the like others excel in robbery, and

still others for suicide, abduction, running down gangs, tracing the eloped couples and what not. The least said, the better I exhibit the vast (?) knowledge about the matter.

Well, well, if the whole world has turned itself into a gang of detectives and detectives, (my sister too, for she detected just yesterday that I had a ten rupee bit of paper lying (hid) in my pocket, the latest flimsy type so easy to squeeze in any corner of your coat pocket in case you have no purse), why not I? I must decide what branch of the great line (bold work no doubt) I should favour. Well, I thought and thought, for I had to find one that would not take away a lot of my time, and at last decided to take up the branch of "Spook" detecting.

You may very easily discern the reason of my choice, for, you know well, such cases occur, say, once in a "blue moon." (As a matter of fact I have never seen what a "blue moon" is like in my life, and wonder if you have seen too! A blue moon in a blue sky!! Ah, that would be a sight to gaze at, and I am sure if I were a

painter I would not mind forfeiting a few years of my life for just a "deko" once.)

Not to make the story (story is, you are at liberty to know, a chaw-chaw-ka-murabba of facts and fiction mingled together that the recipe be as tasty as possible) lengthy, I will skip over the minor adventures of Spooks detecting and shall deal with only one, the main one and the last one perhaps. You see, I am still alive. You might like to ask me, "Why the last one?" I can only say, "Well, ask me another"

My uncle, residing at Bandra must have heard of my renown, I mean how famous, or how notorious (?) I was, for I was at K—and he at Bandra, a distance of nothing less than a thousand miles apart and requested me to come over at once to his place as everything did not seem to be O. K. at his house. I could not glean much more than that from his short letter and at once decided to go there and see what was ailing the good old nut. He had a sweet looking daughter, and the only daughter of my only uncle, and so, there was nothing astonishing in my arriving at such a resolution.

The next 36 hours saw me at my uncle's. Talk not of my reception. It is better left unexpressed. Special dishes adorned the tables, special dresses adorned the ladies, I mean my aunt and Rambai, and special attention adorned everybody attending to me and my wants. After grub, the ladies having betaken themselves to their rooms after a hearty chat and inquiries re-my Ma and Dad and my imp of a sister, my uncle took me to his room and related to me a most astounding story.

Here's what he said. "It's five years that I have purchased this house. It has a flat roof. You will note to-morrow that there is a ladder from the first floor to the roof. Of course, at present we make no use of the first storey at all, but when we came here newly, we all used to sleep there. Every night at about 12 o'clock we hear a thud as some one having jumped over the roof, and then you can hear a peculiar sort of noise as one ascending and descending the stairs being repeated for an hour or so, but no human being is seen. The most astounding thing is nothing disappears from the house, nor do we find

any one or any trace whatsoever of it in the morning. As we become restless, we left off sleeping upstairs and have locked up the door leading to it. As I thought you are interestedetc.", and then followed a little of what he had heard of my abilities all of which is needless here, assured as I am that they must have surely come to other ears too.

He had arranged a room for me just near the ladder leading to the roof on the 1st floor, as he thought I would prefer to be near the place concerned, and with a wry face I followed the old chap to the room. Everything was spick and span. The room was flooded by two electric lamps, 60 watts, of course, and a third stood on the table. There in a corner lay my portmanteau. My uncle left me wishing me a happy night, and I, opening the suitcase adorned myself in a night gown, laid the "six-shooter" near by and having taken a thriller by "Edgar Wallace" in my hands, prepared myself for the vigil.

Eleven struck after a while. The monotonous tick-tick of the clock on the mantle-piece and the hard breathing of my heart seemed to be racing and vying one another at the rival's speed. The clock chimed twelve and the next instant I heard a light thud on the roof and then the patter of some feet as if descending the stairs. The patter stopped for a while and again it started ascending. Thus it went on ceaselessly for an hour or so. I was puzzled. What could it be? Surely, it was not human patter anyway. I opened the door slightly and peeped into the darkness, but I could see no figure looming on the steps, but the patter continued. Pat, pat, pat, pat, pat. Stop. Tap, tap, tap, tap, tap, tap. Again stop. What devilry was this? Spooks and ghosts I had seen a lot. Some of them had proved to be ordinary human beings playing the fool and others, but the work of imagination. I had heard a lot of ghosts and spooks in my life. (I can't say which life, for a shining man is supposed to pass 84 lives in all according to the Puranas). They were always described with feet pointing backwards, with face ditto, minus teeth, having only one eye in their forehead and fire coming out of their mouths, but this was a different spook altogether. This one was beyond imagination. My heart was thumping loudly and the feet beat a tattoo.

Suddenly the patter ceased and I, with a light heart fell on my bed, and tried to compose myself and my pent up energies. At last I fell asleep, only to be invaded by hideous dreams of ghosts and what not.

The morning dawned. I bucked myself up and told the old chap not to worry. The next day I would surely detect what was wrong. I yarned him that I was thinking out a clue and all that but must have time at my disposal. They made much of me and I passed a happy day in the sweet company of my dear Rambai. I shall forego the temptation of describing her charms and my feelings etc. lest my admiration carry me too far.

The next night came. Ten o'clock and I was in the cursed room again. That morning I had casually gone to the roof and had noted that our roof was just a little lower to the neighbour's roof. The only way that the something so illusive came was by that way, I was sure. To-day, I had equipped myself with an electric torch along with the revolver and awaited the midnight hour.

Ah! The hour of twelve struck and immediately I heard the thud and the pat, pat, pat started. I began to tremble. Beads of perspiration stood on my forehead, and I cursed the day I had decided to be a "spook" detective. But no. I pulled myself together, snatched the torch with my left hand, and picked up the revolver with the right. I placed the finger on the trigger and suddenly flinging the door open, flashed the torch on the stairs. Lo! What a fool I had been? Ha, ha, ha. In the light I could see a fox-terrier blinking at me with his soft velvety scared eyes. The next moment he ran past me, jumped the wooden stairs and was gone. I laughed and laughed until my guts were out, and then had to cry to put them back again, and went to sleep dreaming dreams of future happiness with Rambai.

Ah, you should have seen me the next day! Imagine my uncle's amazement when I told him that the next night would see him resting his tired limbs in his bed without any trouble whatsoever from any spook or ghost that existed. Oh, how he patted me and even went so far as to kiss me suddenly before his pretty daughter. Oh, how I wished....., but what's the good of wishing, for is it

not said, "If wishes were horses, beggars would ride?" As if a beggar should never ride a horse! Does the proverb mean at the touch of a beggar the horse may turn into a donkey?

The next day, before going to my room I asked my uncle to close the door leading to the first storey from their side and warned them only to come in when I called. Now that I knew the spook to be an ordinary dog, I threw off the "six-shooter," for, what need of a gun to catch a dog? I put out all the lights and as the midnight hour approached I crept to the door leading to the roof and hid behind it with the intention of closing it as soon as our visitor entered. At twelve he came and I banged the door and switched on the lights. Then started a game of fox and geese (not cheese) between us. I ran and ran after it and he started running helter-skelter, trying to dodge me and avoid me. But how long could it last? I had him all right after all. I caught hold of his tail after a while and stuck to it like a good one, but the brute turned and bit a portion of my shirt sleeve and made me writhe in pain with the fangs that went deep in the fleshy part of my arm. With resumed energy and an oath of revenge, for revenge is sweet, I continued my efforts over again. This time I caught his left hind leg and pulled. Then I caught him by his back. The brute turned round and scratched my face and tore my dress to pieces, but I would not let him go. Drops of blood were oozing out of the injuries on my arm and the pain was most excruciating, but no, I would not leave the dog. I cried to my uncle to come and help me hold the "spook" (!) and the next moment they all rushed in, only to gaze at the wonderful sight that presented in amazement. Rambai, in her sweet cooing voice called out "Tiger, Tiger" and lo, the next moment the dog became quite calm and tried to run to her. I let it go, and it started romping and running about Rambai in ecstasy and joy. Suddenly she perceived the blood trickling down my arm and ran to me. With her handkerchief she wiped the blood off my face and washing the injuries with hot water, applied all sorts of creams and ointments to relieve me of the pain. I came to know afterwards that the dog belonged to their neighbour and was greatly attached to Rambai, for she fondled and played with it and often fed him on dainties. The dainties she

ECONOMY

— BY "ORB" —

"SPEAKING of economy," said the "old Matriculate," of our company "Economy is a subject that we had nothing to do with, but that did not matter. Given a dictionary, there is nothing that you cannot understand. The present economic distress is due to the lack of co-operation of the people with the supply of material."

The subject was steaming up and gathering speed. The 'old matric' paused, looked around, beaming wisdom and benevolence. The audience engaged in various activities; some with their faces half buried in brass cups of coffee,

fed him with, surely must be of a hard nature, for they turned the nails of the beast very hard. I wish she fed him on butter. May be, the soft delicacy of the stuff would have turned the nails soft too.

From the next day, started arriving boxes containing Ponds V and C creams. You know well, V stands for vanishing, and Rambai had sworn to make all the scratches vanish from my face. As V stands for vanishing so does C stand for cutting. The V vanished the scars and the C cut them open again, and thus the battle royal went on for a long time. The cream bottles consumed were so great in number that the Shop could hardly supply us anymore and they became so scarce that not one could be found in the town where we lived. With scarcity, the price increased and that is why they are so dear.

Which of the creams, V or C, won at last, is a matter for you to see for yourself, but this much is a fact that Rambai has given up her "haunted" home altogether, and now lives with me.

others nodding assent, were swinging their mouths this side and that, chewing iddallies, and its accompaniments with a voracious broad-mouthed leisure that the grandest cow might well begin to blush, and uncomfortably acknowledge the superiority of its rivals.

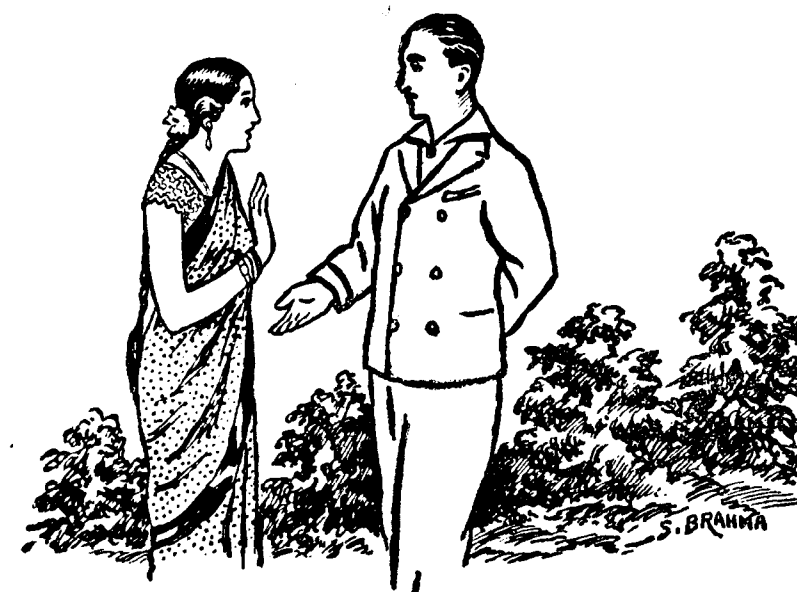
With something to eat and some strong coffee to wash it down, the host was always successful in commanding an audience, though not their audition. Any subject: The breaking of the Atom; the domestic life of Dollfuss, Mussolini, and Deviki Rani and her 'Karma,' kept the house full and feeding, and sent them out filled and beyond filling.

"The supply is indeed great, but the consumers are few," the voice of the 'old matric' rose high and clear above the din and clang of the brass cups and plates that were going fast round among the audience. "I do not for a moment think of my friends here, I am sure they are doing justice to my refreshments and remarks. I speak of the goods in the market. I remember, what was I forty years ago.....?"

"Oh! You were forty years younger, I bet", a voice amongst the friends.

"Twenty years ago, with a satchel of books under my arms, dragging my way unwillingly to school, I had betimes tried to solve the knotty problems of economy. All of you will agree with me when I say that the roads to schools were the roads, almost every yard of them, punctu-

THE SAME "GOOD OLD STORY"



He: Could you only know my heart, Komala!

She: Mohan, what an oft told tale!

ated with temptations. The ice-cream vendor, and the man with a tray of sweetmeats held aloft above his head, and waving a thin brown cane in a menacing way to ward off the crows in particular, and the birds of the air in general, and other vendors with such like confectionary, would at the top of their voices, broadcast to the winds their respective lines of business, and stress in a most winsome manner that the high and incomparable qualities of their wares were at the command of school boys' purses.

"Ices have been my special attraction. But the sad mathematical tragedy was, my love for the ices and my ability to procure them did not work out in decent proportion. My desire was great, my consuming power poor. That is how the first economic problem presented itself to me. The more I ate ices, the more I longed for it; but my purse only worked out in inverse ratio and grew thinner in direct opposition to my growing desire."

A voice: "Why not we have ices included in our menu? We will only be honouring our host."

Another: "Hurrah! carried unanimously."

Host: "My dear friends. You will have ices at the next meeting."

The other: "We will have the meeting to-morrow."

"A few years later," the voice of the host once again. A hushed silence—a noiseless noise save for the grinding of nuts or chewing of pan. "A few years later" said the host,

"ices failed to hold their lure for me. The sweetmeats and the ices bowed out of my list of desires; and instead I acquired new tastes, a beaver hat, kid gloves, a knob stick, suits in homespun, glazed shoes, and a row of snow-white Abdullas in a silver'rette case. Again the proportionately greater pull on a purse of proportionately weaker strength. The same economic problem and the same trouble. As a matter of fact the problem waxed into disproportionate magnitude when I thought I should take in a wife. A wife certainly would have a list of desires indispensable for her very existence. If my purse groans and considers my demands as rather too much to make upon it, I am sure it would collapse if a wife joins me and we pull the strings both severely and severally. That reminds me of the old Tamil proverb that when you have the stone, you don't have the dog to fling at, and when you have the dog, you don't have the stone wherewith to fling at."

And now, 'old as I am for ladies' love unfit,' I remember the days of my buoyant youth and the sway that Beauty held over me. The heart flutters no more. Even if it be the very Venus herself, she cannot win me with her wiles. I might exercise a little chivalry and recommend her to a decent firm of dress-makers. And at this age I loath to play the demon of the roads. I do not want to outwit poor Sir Allan Cobham or Kay Don, and I have no idea to rival Sir Campbell, he can go away as fast as he likes. The age of competitions are over. I

move and mix with life from my easy chair.

This time the economic problem is different. My purse is full to bursting but my desires are few. How are we going to solve this riddle of life?"

"The one and only method to solve this difficulty," said one among the audience, "is to give the maximum salary to young people, and gradually as they grew older, to proportionately decrease the salary, with an option for the man to retire. Accordingly my scheme will give him a small salary which would be just enough for his very trivial desires."

"Hear! Hear!!" exclaimed a host of voices "a capital idea indeed" they said.

"Economy," began the 'old matric,' "is just that. We have faced the problem squarely and we have solved the riddle" concluded the host with a sigh of relief.

Wife: "Didn't I hear the clock strike two as you came in last night?"

Hubby: "You did. It started to strike eleven so I stopped it so it would not wake you."

PRIZES FOR MARCH FOR Jokes Competitions

Divided among—

1. Miss J. Kidwala,
Ceylon.
2. S. Sundarachari, Esq.,
Kumbakonam.
3. Govindlal, D. Shah Esq., B.A.
Ahmadabad.
4. Devidas, B. Kapadiya, Esq.

THEIR FIRST JOURNEY

— BY S. B. —

"'Sakhunam' or 'Rahookalam' is all bosh! Dearie. Why bother me again? As I've told you already, I mean starting to-day. You..... coming or not? 'Feasting or medicining not more than three days', you know? Can't surrender my independence so

soon," blurted out Mr. Nagan to his newly-wedded wife in whose house he had stayed for four days beyond their marriage day. Thereupon, Mrs Nagan tried to explain, though ingeniously, that on a Tuesday no journey should be undertaken, particularly

the first after their marriage. But her husband refused to put off the journey for a single moment longer.

So, with a heavy heart and with great reluctance Mrs. Nagan prepared herself for the first ordeal of her life..... separation from her exceptionally loving parents, and from all the sweet and kindly remembrances connected with the parental roof. The leave-taking of the bride-groom was

IN THESE DAY OF INCREASED PRICES



Seth Laxmi Prasad, the Philanthropist, lights a match stick and helps mankind

Abdul Hakim rushes to light his beedi,
Begari Razu stretches out to light his cigar
Kannan, with firewood on head,
Maddi, the office peon,
Jalamma with fuel to start the kitchen,
All rush to help themselves.

rather curt, unlike the young bride, who, suppressing all the surging emotions of her heart, bade farewell to one and all assembled in the house. In her hurry she did not forget to pat her dog, "Tiger", nor to shake gently the cage containing her favourite, "Lyly," the yellow-beaked *Myna*.

At about three o'clock in the afternoon, with the blessings of all elderly relations and friends, and cheers from youngsters, the newly-weds started on their journey. First of all they had to walk about six miles over a rugged foot-path leading to the nearest Railway Station, where they intended taking train at seven in the evening. The track lay round a hillock, but for whose presence, the distance 'as the crow flies' would be only three miles. It was unfit for even small country carts, and even on sunny days, darkness would set in as early as five in the evening due to thickly grown trees all around.

Leaving behind all their personal effects to be despatched later, the couple carried only one small attache case and refused all offers of escorting from relations and friends as well. For the first half mile, they were almost dumb and exchanged no words, and thereafter began to discuss their plan of living in their new home, which they would be reaching the next morning. Their dialogue was free and unrestrained there being no one else to overhear them. Naturally, their speed slackened. In one hour they covered less than two miles. By the time they completed the fourth mile, the light was getting dimmer, and there was no sign of human beings

coming or going as far as the eye could see. Having exhausted some of her urgent queries the young bride hit upon some 'intelligent' question, and curiously enough, the approaching darkness suggested a fantastic one.

"What will you do, Dear, if some wild beast should attack us?"

"A wild beast at this hour of the day is out of the question".

"A highwayman?"

"I know wrestling, I know boxing. But both will be of no avail in a serious engagement as my practice has all along been with very intimate friends. I know fencing too. But oh, no! I can't count upon that now. I haven't brought my lovely bamboo stick. All the same, I've in my pocket my trusty catapult and a dozen leaden balls. For ordinary emergencies; that will do", replied Mr. Nagan.

No sooner had these words been uttered than they both saw a tall figure of a man coming in the opposite direction. It was a burly-looking cobbler with a bulky wallet slinging from his shoulder. He was returning home earlier than usual from the weekly market in the neighbouring village.

Beauty provokes thieves sooner than gold. The cobbler saw a well dressed but slender young man with a bewitching damsel trudging along arm-in-arm. He asked in a gruff tone, "Look here. Why are you taking that nice young thing with you?"

No answer.

Then the fellow began to twirl his moustaches and shrug his shoulders. Fire was emitting from his red eyes which indicated that he was drunk.

All the time the young couple were shivering in their shoes and did not know what to do next. Taking to heels was quite impossible, nor a hand-to-hand fight. They were biting their lips and wringing their hands but all the while breathlessly watching

what the intruder would do the next moment.

"Might is right," resumed the cobbler directly facing Mr. Nagan, "when it suits your purpose you moneyed class harp upon 'lawful' rights, you stick to your law which is your own creation and is yours still. But mind you, I'm here to exercise my right of might. You fellows snatch all the good things of the earth including good-looking girls. If gobbling up fellow beings' food is not a crime, snatching somebody's woman is not a crime too." The cobbler was still standing about ten yards away from Mr. Nagan, while the young lady was timidly clinging to her husband's shoulders from behind.

"Your catapult, your catapult," whispered Mrs. Nagan. Quick as lightning Mr. Nagan discharged one ball which hit the opponent in the leg and he shrieked with pain. There was a burst of gleeful laughter from the couple, which sharpened, as it were, the wits of the victim. He suddenly pulled out his awl from his wallet, and using its flattened handle as a bat, cleverly and unerringly warded off all the subsequent volleys from the catapult. Within a few seconds the stock of balls was nearly exhausted.

Suddenly, Mrs. Nagan cried halt, and began to count the balls in her husband's pocket. There were only two left. The situation was now utterly hopeless.

Staring at the assailant Mr. Nagan began "You cobbler, I'll hit you in the eye just now. You are doomed. Flee for your life."

"Care a tuppence for your threats. Master: At any cost I'll carry off the prize. That's all. Your blooming misiles will do me no harm—my awl is more than a shield for me," grinned the cobbler.

Another discharge from the catapult, and it was again a sad miss. With only one ball left, the fate of the young couple was hanging by a thread.

Shaking Mr. Nagan by the shoulders Mrs. Nagan piped out, "Look, look, that yonder fellow with a lathi in his hand?"

The cobbler just turned round to see who that lathi-walla was, and instantly reeling round fell down dead.

Weeping for joy they hurried to the railway station, and went home.

After three days the bride's parents received a letter recounting the thrill.



Master Rajam as Rama in "Seetha Kalyanam" running at 'Broadway Talkies.'

OUR KINE CORNER

ROXY

"King Kong"

(AN R.K.O. RADIO PICTURE)

(Featuring:—Fay Wray, Robert Armstrong, Bruce Cabot)

If a psychologist wants to gauge how far human ingenuity could advance in Hollywood, then he could find an answer if he sees this film "King Kong". It is a masterpiece of technical skill and ultimate in photographic art, bringing to life what all that never existed and make them move, run about, cry and do what not, as if these so called prehistoric monsters of Gigantic size were also the creations of Him. The representation of this weird story of Edgar Wallace could never have been brought out in such an impressive manner but for the existence of the Talking Screen. There are cries that send a thrill through your frame and sights not intended for the weak-minded.

The story is about a film director who discovers an island full of prehistoric monsters including a gigantic Gorilla which captures the leading lady of the film units. Then the Gorilla is caught by tear-gas bombs and brought to the metropolis to be exhibited as an eighth wonder. At New York, this giant gorilla called Kong escapes and wrought much havoc before it could be subdued with the help of a squadron of flying planes.

The monster moving about the city of sky scrapers with ease, and throwing down the motor cars and aeroplanes as if they were only match boxes, are some of the tense moments of the picture. Fay Wray, as the victim, gives a vivid portrayal not to say of Bruce Cabot.

WELLINGTON.

"I was a Spy."

(A GAUMONT BRITISH PRODUCTION)

(Featuring:—Madeline Carrolle, Herbert Marshal, Conrod Veidt, etc.)

If "Rome Express" and "The Private life of Henry VIII." have established England's competency to

produce pictures equal in merit to Hollywood, this picture "I was a spy" further confirms that statement. This film recapitulates the daring deeds of Martha Crockhart, who was forced by the secret service of Belgium to serve in the German hospital as the nurse during the great war. The settings in this picture are exceptionally fine and one of the chief features of this production is the reconstructed market place of rousers, on a scale sufficiently large to accommodate almost a battalion of infantry. Though the cast is headed by two stars of the first magnitude like Conrad Veidt and Madeline Carrolle, yet they fail to impress us. The sufferings of heroic nurse has not been portrayed convincingly and neither is Herbert Marshal happy as a lover.

But compensating all the defects there is the flawless technique, praiseworthy direction and conspicuously attractive settings. The wartime Belgium has been faithfully brought out with all the hardships of the people before the onslaught of the enemies.

"Yes, Mr. Brown"

(Featuring:—Jack Buchanan and Maryot Grahane.)

Jack Buchanan manifests his ability both as a director and an actor in this Gaumont British picture. This is a melo-dramatic film dealing about the story of a factory manager. When suddenly his boss comes from America and his wife walks out on him, he has to pass his secretary as his wife, which results in a serious of complications. This picture wherein Buchanan achieves stardom, will be appreciated and admired by his fans. The picture is brimming with spectacular and excellent dances, followed by tuneful and melodious music.

PARAGON.

"Pleasure Cruise"

(A FOX PRODUCTION)

(Featuring:—Genevieve Tobin, Roland Young, Herbert Mundin, Frank Atkinson etc.)

This film relates the story of a young woman who in order to bring

into their married life some pep decides to take a cruise in one of those liners whose principal occupants are a group of pleasure seeking passengers. The atmosphere of a luxury cruise on the high seas has been faithfully brought out and Genevieve Tobin, as the adventurous flirtatious wife of Roland Young is quite O.K. One of the highlights of the picture is Genevieve Tobin's handling of a very delicate situation, caused by her indiscretion, to the satisfaction of her jealous husband. Roland Young himself gives a remarkably good performance quite subtle and whimsical at times.

Though the plot is very defective and the action at times dragging, the by-play, between Roland Young and Tobin makes the picture quite entertaining.

"Second-Hand Wife"

(Featuring:—Sally Eilers, Ralph Bellamy, Helen Vinson, Victor Jory, Esther Howard etc.)

This is a brilliantly true to life story about a wealthy young banker, his selfish and avaricious wife and his pretty stenographer. Sally Eilers and Ralph Bellamy are playing the lead and both of them have given performances par excellence in this picture. Sally especially carries away the honours for portraying the young stenographer. She falls in love with her rich employer and though these two achieve happiness in the end, before that they had to get over so many stumbling blocks and impediments. The role of vindictive and unfaithful wife has been successfully played by Helen Vinson.

"FUNNY"

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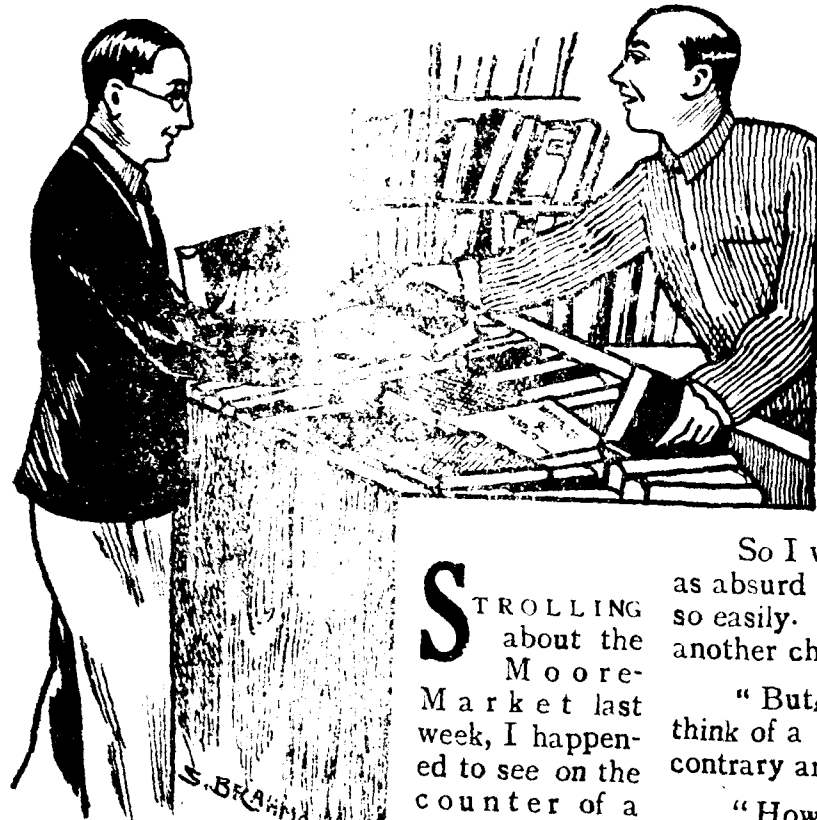
ROYAPETTAH, MADRAS.



A Scene from "King Kong" coming to ROXY shortly.

"K I S M E T"

— By VELU. —



ask the Book of Fate, whether the patient would recover. I thought of a number at random and my wife did likewise. Then putting our heads together, we turned to the pages stipulated, and the answer to my number was 'Yes.' My wife's selection was then referred to, and imagine our surprise, when the answer was 'No hope!' This put me in an awful dilemma, for I did not know whether to go and buy a black suit or order for a bottle of 'Johnnie-Walker'!

So I was about to give up the whole thing as absurd; but my wife wasn't to be put off so easily. And we decided to give the Book another chance.

"But," I said, "only one of us must think of a number. Otherwise we might get contrary answers."

"How shall we do if the right answer doesn't turn up first time?" demanded my wife with unanswerable feminine logic.

As usual I had to yield, and decided to seek enlightenment from the book, as to whether my wife's sister's contemplated marriage would be a success. My wife's answer was:

"Plenty of happiness awaits."

But my answer gave us quite a shock, for it ran, "Much misery owing to bad temper."

As somehow I had all along been against the union, I was highly elated. But my wife dubbed the Book, a fraud and threw it away in disgust, for she was strongly in favour of the marriage.

And she was right too.

For, let it be the Book of Fate, or the very best of Astrologers or the most experienced and interested elderly relation of mine or yours, who ever cares for advice which does not tally with what you would like to do or

STROLLING about the Moore-Market last week, I happened to see on the counter of a second-hand book-stall, a

neat little volume, bound in Morocco, entitled 'The Book of Fate.' Knowing that it would appeal to my wife who is a staunch believer in fate, evil spirits, and such tommy rot, I bought the book and took it home.

The method of working is very simple. All you have to do is to think of a number less than hundred, and then refer to the table in the first page and find out the letter which corresponds to the number thought of. The letter in turn refers you to a certain page in the book, and you have your reply, all hot and ready to be served.

My wife, the good girl, ran into raptures over the volume and decided to test it immediately. Only that morning, I had received a letter from Tinnevely, intimating that my Ma-in-law was down with influenza. So it was but natural, that we both decided to

have? Do we not pretend to consult only to get at somebody who would play second fiddle to what pleases us?

That was exactly the case with my wife, poor dear girl!

"I always knew he was a bad egg," said I with a smile.

"No, he is not," retorted my wife with the vehemence of a political speaker.

"But look at what the Book says," said I with equal vigour.

It was precisely at this moment that my wife found that I had strayed into another column and had got hold of a wrong answer. The correct answer was "Everything will turn out well."

"There!" she said, convinced that she had won a complete and decisive victory.

I was now thoroughly disgusted. I felt that the book had let me down very badly. So picking up the offending volume, I flung it at

my wife's pet cat, which moving unexpectedly from the line of fire, caused the missile to strike the flower-vase on the window-sill, which in turn obeying the law of terrestrial gravity, crashed down, and broke into a thousand pieces.

That, for some days, was the last I saw of the book. But my wife still adored the volume, and I, to humour her, always joined in the search.

Two days ago I received by post an inside tip for the Wellington Plate at Guindy. We both consulted the oracle. 'Your lucky day is near,' I was told. 'Misfortune is in store for you' was what my wife got.

That was too much for me. I was well-nigh exasperated for we were always,

curiously enough, getting contrary advice. After arguing for half an hour over the matter, I took the 1-30 to Gundy and backed the horse. It finished just as the Winner was being presented with the Plate!

Just a word here about how I stood with regard to that small matter of finance: I didn't have much, though bills from all sides were steadily coming in. But what little I had I thought I would take a manly plunge



and stake everything on the words of the Book.

What I built my hopes upon was all gone.

I had nothing to lose.

Only the Book was left; and one thing more; confidence in that Book, though that too was fast crumbling down.

This morning, however, I decided to give it a last chance. I wanted to know if this article would be accepted or rejected. "With regrets from the editor for want of space and thanks for the contribution," and believe it or not folks, and that includes you too Mr. Editor, for once we received like replies. To me came the answer 'You will

obtain your desire', and to the wife, 'Fortune awaits.'

And now the whole thing depends on the Editor; for my wife's faith is tottering on the brink, and might tumble down, if this is rejected. And faith is a beautiful thing, worthy of preservation and encouragement. Of course, the Editor, I'm sure, will not disappoint a lady. So, as I have already said, it is up to him.

[Not only out of regard for the Lady, but also for the sake of "Velu" who is a favourite with the lovers of "FUNNY," the saying of the Book of Fate shall not go in vain. Hence, it is with pleasure that we are able to keep at "Velu" in his book den—Ed.]

THE "TAMIL NADU" BONDS.

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Youngsters' Love.

Dashed by the motor, Zindah fell
Unconscious of his state;
The 'cop' on beat rushed with a yell
Pitying Zindah's fate.

Zindah was removed to the Hospital,
His wounds were dressed aright,
The Doctor said "Sprain Capital",
Will take to cure days eight.

Strong and sturdy Zindah was
And regained his senses soon;
He did not wait for the days to pass
To recover from the swoon.

But why the nurse takes so much care
And gives him treatment special?
Now and then why she stares?—
To Zindah this was a puzzle.

The arrow from Cupid's bow
Struck Zindah too,
He realised the beautiful nurse's love
And failed not to return it true.

A few days later he was discharged
And he took leave of the nurse.
His father's views not enlarged,
He feared would be averse.

The nurse too disclosed her love
To her beloved parents;
And said her lover used to live
In the street adjacent.

The parents of both the lover and loved
Met on a certain day
But lo! their family enmity avowed
Did stand in their way.

They withdrew soon but met again
On account of their children's worry,
'Love' is the leveller of enmity and pain.
It engulfed the age long enmity.

It matters little for me to say
That Zindah married Gulab,
Nor is it going to help you anyway
To know of their new born babe.

PHARS.

NOVELTY A NECESSITY

— By M. V. V. —

THE drab dullness of the daily routine merely deadened the keenness of the appreciative faculty and that an occasional change menu will certainly better your appetite, like a change of place, toning up ones health both in body and in mind, is within the experience of one and all in the everyday life. So also novelty in the field of amusement and entertainment is also a welcome feature and will not those that are responsible give us something that is different—different from the deadly unoriginal non-entertaining stuff (with the exception of a few) like those we have been accustomed to up till now?

Bengal and Madras seem to have been inundated with religious fervour Chandidas of New Theatres in Bengal, and Savithri and Ramayana of East India and Madras respectively, in Madras, have set the craze for other ambitious, nay avaricious producers, to work at like stories from the Hindu mythology, the inexhaustible fountain-head. When two rival producers are working at the same story, childlike competition springs up among themselves as to who should release the picture first. In their insane haste negligent of the quality, these beautiful stories are being hopelessly and shamelessly garbled and tortured into hotch-potch photoplays utterly devoid of any naturalness and barren of any appeal to the morale or sentiment. Unpardonable is this injustice meted out by these so-called producers into the mythic lores of hoary memories. Not long ago in Madras two pictures dealing with the same subject, but

produced at different studios were exhibited successively. The one that came first was just a mere apology for a film and we really sympathise with those that were responsible for bringing out such a picture throwing good money after a bad enterprise.

With confidence we may point out here that this dismal and colossal failure of this Tamil Talkie is merely due to the producer's low desire to be first in the field or rather precede the one that is to come.

Variety is the secret of success and little do those producers realise it. The Indian audiences are quite fed up with mythological stuff and it is high time producers turn their attentions to something novel. Suppose different themes have been taken by the too producers who gave us "Vall's Wedding" (one a failure and the other a success) both of them could have produced their pictures at their own leisure devoting much of their time to develop the quality and standard of the picture. Good story realistic action, sublime music, up-to-date photography, clarity of recording and above all clever direction are perhaps some of the essential and indispensable factors that go to make a film worth seeing. Only when there are these redeeming features in a film the box office returns are satisfactory. Otherwise the returns prove quite adequate.

Among the major film producing centres Bombay, Calcutta and Poona stand head and shoulders above the rest. Of these, Calcutta is the fore-

most producing pictures of quality like Pura Bhakt and Yaboodi-Ki-Larki. But Bombay, which has earned the coveted name of Indian Hollywood, pays little interest to the quality. Mushroom producing concerns are there in Bombay which employ directors who can give a picture every fortnight. Of what quality they would be, we ourselves can imagine if a picture of merit like "Maya Machhindra" and Miss 1933 takes nearly four months to get out of the studios. The success of Prabhat and "New Theatres" is due only to this. Their primary consideration is quality and perhaps that is the reason why they are first in the field to-day. Will it be too much to expect the other producers also to change their angle of vision and to adjust their policy to schedule only three or four good pictures only per unit per year. Perhaps this is more often said than done.

A teacher was giving some advice to his son. At the end of the lecture he said: "Now, my boy, you understand perfectly what I mean?"

"Yes," said the youth. "It boils down to this, doesn't it? If I do well it's because of heredity; if I fail, it's my own fault."

Dobson: "How many years have you been married?"

Hobson: "Haven't been married a year."

"What? I know better."

"Well, my wife was twenty-four when we were married, and she's still twenty-four."

Wife: "You never dream of asking me to go out now. You think so much of your old football you don't even remember when we were married."

Husband: "Don't I? It was the week the Chelsea won a match and the referee fainted."

She was at an agency trying to engage a servant for her country house. When she had given particulars the proprietress of the agency turned to a row of girls, and remarked languidly:

"Now, I wonder if any of you girls would care to spend a week or two in the country?"

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For particulars see Wrapper page.

THE CRIME OF COLOUR

A Freak of Human Arrogance

By "MONY"

[The pathetic humour of this honest story is that it is, unfortunately, too true—Ed.]

I have always been of opinion that sympathy goes a long way to relieve his or her distress, real or imaginary. In the hope of obtaining this valued sympathy, I have decided to broadcast my distress, a sequel to no fault of mine.

Fault, if any, is only inherited and not acquired.

For more than four years, I have been convinced that medical science and hygiene have not advanced as much as I expect them to do, for if such were the case and if my father had only known it before he was married, I should not now be relating my sad story and appealing to you for sympathy and possibly wasting your precious time. To me, medical science and human ingenuity would reach their climax only when they discover and widely establish a dependable and reliable specific by which all parents would easily be enabled to effect only white progeny.

I lay such special emphasis on this aspect of the question not without convincing reasons. The love and crazy attachment maintained for the fair skin of the sexes, particularly of the female species, are so strong even in a black and brown country like ours, that you could scarcely expect my thoughts to be otherwise. I fancy that the few countries, where there is apparently no partiality for the white skin, are, Africa of the Negroes, Patagonia, the Andamans, and the aboriginal Australia.

It may even be, for anything we know, that in these unsophisticated countries also contact with white civilization has sullied the otherwise indifferent mind of the natives towards the colour aspect of the human skin. Nevertheless, it passes my understanding why in the black and brown country of Tamilnad, almost every educated young man, though sometimes black himself, should aspire for a fair-skinned girl, thereby unconsciously injuring the self-respect and pride of black-skinned girls.

Well, let me say now, that in the absence of a medical specific for producing only white progeny at the time of my father's marriage, I happened to be born as a black girl.

I was named Savithri, though the chasm between my colour and that attributed to the original Savithri of the Hindu Mythology is wider than the Pacific Ocean. And my distress starts with my black complexion.

My father, however, had sufficient money to spend liberally on jewel and marriage ceremonies, which is yet to come, and in whose continued delay, my mind is much exercised, for, I am now eighteen years old. It is never a happy thing for an Indian girl to remain at home for long without being wedded.

I have a sister, Sumiti, younger by about a year, who takes after my mother in as much as she is much fairer

than myself, being commonly described by our people 'maniram' or sky-colour.

This, however, did not in anyway disturb my love for Sumiti, for it was no fault of hers to have a complexion bordering on the fair. I put down my own del to my own bad stars.

I was at that seventeen, that sweet seventeen, as it say, when some two ladies from Salem came to our ho in search of a bride. My mother, not having learnt all tricks of the marriage trade, innocently exhibited to visitors both me and Sumiti. As is perhaps natural, tho I hold it is unnatural in a black and brown country of o to tolerate any partiality for the white skin, the attenti of the visitors were directed exclusively towards Sumiti, I was left in the lurch.

"I suppose, madam, this girl is the elder," said elder among the visitors, whose own complexion was better than myself, pointing to Sumiti.

"Oh, no. She is the younger. Savithri is the eld answered my mother, feigning unconcern at the quest for, I could easily detect the sadness and anxiety in heart.

"The difference in age does not seem to be mt They look almost of the same age," observed the your visitor.

"Ah! yes Just a little over one year," laughed mother.

"It is strange....." started the younger visitor stopped abruptly and slowly completed her sentence with "that they should look almost of the same age"

Nevertheless I could make out that what she was to say was about the disparity in colour between the sis This thought which quickly mastered my mind rus blood into my face and I almost thought of retorting to young lady, but forcibly restrained myself for fear of consequences, which I knew would be anything pleasant.

"I suppose you would get both the girls married suitable matches are secured," queried the elder visitor.

"Yes, it may be possible, but their father is ant about Savithri's marriage only", quickly answered mother, apparently to stress the fact that I was the mak to be accepted or rejected.

"Has Sumiti any English education?" queried younger visitor.

"Yes, both have studied up to the third form," ret my mother.

"Sumiti, I suppose you know knitting and embroid work," solicitously asked the younger lady, addressing sister direct.

"Yes, I know something, but my sister can do the most complicated designs," modestly responded Sumiti with a smile.

"Can you not sing a song for us, Sumiti?" put in the elder.

"Oh no!" whispered Sumiti, "my sister is the better songstress."

"Savithri has successively won prizes for music and embroidery work in the school for three years. You see those plates on the wall,—they are hers," proudly declared my mother.

"But surely you must have also done some plates, Sumiti. Have you not framed them?" remarked the younger lady.

"Yes. The plates on this side of the wall are mine," answered Sumiti.

By this time it was clear that the visitors were all engrossed on Sumiti, and that I was thrown into the limbo of oblivion. Practically no enquiries were made about me and my qualifications were only voluntarily made known to the visitors. Nevertheless, they paid not the least attention to me, having positively fixed up their mind on Sumiti. Twenty minutes had elapsed and my patience was put out, and being convinced that my presence was serving no useful purpose, I abruptly left the hall without a word.

The same evening, I was, however, severely reprimanded by my mother for what appeared to her as an unbecoming manner before the first visitors to our house, and I was seriously advised to put up with all inconvenient attitudes on the part of the visitors, as otherwise the chances of my being disposed of would be less. I was made to feel that it was not so much my colour as my behaviour before visitors that would stand to my credit.

My mother, though not too late, however, realised the mistake of allowing the visitors to inspect both her daughters, and therefore resolved to shut up Sumiti in her room whenever anybody came up for a bride to our house. Apropos, a letter was received from the visitors two days later to say that they would be very much pleased to marry Sumiti to their groom, and had at the same the audacity to suggest that I be married to a relative of theirs who had lost his first wife and who was aged above forty years, just in order to clear the way of secure Sumiti. I could scarcely suppress my grief and anger at the receipt of such a letter, and relieved myself of my distress by profusely weeping alone to my heart's content.

The next month news was to hand that about four ladies are to inspect me, and my father in order to avoid all complications and inconveniences packed Sumiti to my uncle's house. All the four ladies came and went and I am still where I was.

Only last week what seemed to be a very favourable chance turned up. As is not uncommon amongst us, this party were more interested in the amount of jewels that the bride carried than in the complexion or accomplishments of the bride. As I lacked in nothing except the fault in my skin, it was naturally presumed that I stood a chance.

"May I know, madam, what would be the jewels that you may be giving on the bride," suavely asked a lady.

"Diamond ear-rings and nose-rings, three rowed chain, four pairs of bangles, waist belt, bracelet, necklace and some other minor things," sententiously stated my mother.

"We do feel, madam, that in view of the girl giving the every satisfaction, there should be no objection for us to

settle the match. Our people will concur with us and we will write to you as soon as we reach home, regarding our approval and request you to fix the date for the betrothal," said the visitors and left us.

The bridegroom is reported to be an under-graduate, it may be Junior Inter. failed or Senior B. A. failed, and a Government official in receipt of rupees sixty. It may after all be that in spite of the satisfaction of the female relatives of the bridegroom, the latter may turn down the whole affair as I am dark. I do not know how long my misery will continue. Is it that I am paying for the crime of my colour?

SHARP BUSINESS

The Cycle Magic.

— N. A. NATHAN. —

Moore Market Shop keeper:—A new cycle for sale, very cheap, Sir.

Customer:—Is it a New Cycle?

S. Keeper:—Yes Sir, you have only to put a Brook Saddle and new mud guards; the cycle becomes quite new, sir.

Customer:—Wheels! Damn rusty, eh!

S. Keeper:—(In a low voice) You can change them for Brompton Frames and Spokes together with Dunlop Tyre and Tube if you wish. It looks a new one then. Isn't it, sir?

Customer:—The chain's weak; and the chain wheel worn out.

S. Keeper:—B. S. A. chain and chain wheel can be beautifully substituted to imitate B. S. A. machine. I have best make Free wheel to boot; It is certainly a new byke then.

Customer:—Handle bar, is it broken?

S. Keeper:—Yes Sir, I forgot. That should be completely replaced by a new bar with new brakes. Now you see Sir, the cycle is no doubt a new one, Sir.

Customer:—The bell is no doubt a 17th century model.

S. Keeper:—Throw it in the back waters and quarter aana along with it and fit the machine with a Rolling Horn, if you want the cycle to keep up the merit of a new Byke.

Customer:—What is old kerosene lamp for?

S. Keeper:—Fit it with a Dynamo and have a pump. Very cheap. If done these sundries, Cycle is brand New!

Customer:—Yes. Brand new!

S. Keeper:—An enamel coating if given by Spencer & Co. (you need not pay for Handle bar and mud guard coating—as they are new) you can't believe me. How nice and new it would look!

Customer:—I believe you, Shopkeeper, I have some stuff in the head! Your new BYKE require only so much. A Good and NEW CYCLE no doubt.

SCREEN TIT-BITS.

The total number of plays screened during the year 1933, throughout the entire word was 2,100. India contributed 76 as its quota.

Janet Gaynor is very superstitious over the pair of shoes she wore in "Seventh Heaven" and persists in wearing them in her subsequent pictures at least once just to bring her good luck.

Wallace Beery has got a separate swimming pool in which he has never swam but only his pet birds and dogs swim in it.

Oliver Hardy, in spite of his being 250lb in weight, is an expert golfer and has got very many cups to his credit.

Norma Shearer the wife of Irving Thalberg, the presiding deity of the M. G. M. it is said, some time earned 2 dollars a week by posing for commercial artists.

Jean Hallow is expected to run to the hospital in a short time in spite of her dread. An obstruction in the nose is to be removed. Her nose will not be remodelled.

Clara Bow is said to have shed tears over the death of her little Rat Pinkey. Our hearty condolences for Clara.

Mac West's Ten Commandments to the Stars of Hollywood are—Thou shalt not neglect thy Hair, Health, Curves, Make up, Complexion, Drees, Teeth, Hands, Feet and Eyes. Anything more of superficiality conceivable?

If Queen Christina happens to be a remarkable success, people float rumours round that it is because of the existence of a personal interest for

Garbo in her director Rouben Mamoulian: The rumour is the offspring of the coincident absence of Garbo and her director every week-end.

Every time Al Jolson returns from his trip to the East, he brings some present or other for his dear Ruby Keeler. This time it is sparkling diamond encircled by exquisite emeralds.

"Mac West's leading man" This is the whisper Cary Grant hears whenever he goes to the studios, to the shops and on the roads even. To-day he seems to be the most envied man among the stars to-day.

Janet Gaynor's real name is Laura Gainer, and her friends called her "Lolly".

Jane's favourite star is Warner Baxter and what a strange coincidence. She is to-day co-starred in their latest picture "Paddy the next best thing".

Mary Pickford is still the wealthiest woman in all Hollywood having a taxable property valued at 1653630 dollars. Among men it is Charlie Chaplin that leads with a taxable estate worth 2961560 dollars.

Clark Gable was working as a call boy in an Akron Theatre when he was given a chance to go on the stage to play an insignificant bit.

Sometime back rumour was current that Garbo was in love with Nils Asther. It sprang out as both of them wore tweeds, and there is little truth in the rumour since Garbo dislikes Nils.

Norma Shearer is a mixture of Scotch, English and Irish. She is a British subject by birth and an American citizen by nationalization.

Outside the house and during studio hours, Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg rarely talk and when questioned why, they say, 'It is the secret of our success.'

Warner Baxter when he was fifteen jerked sodas and got fired for spilling once on a customer.

Appendicitis seems to be raging throughout the film city and Jean Harlow and Maureen O' Sullivan were operated upon for appendicitis very recently.

Marlene Dietrich discarded a radio offer of 6500 dollars for each of thirteen broadcasts.

Consequent upon Hitler's anti-Jew restrictions, pictures with Pola Negri in the east cannot be exhibited throughout Germany.

Lupe Velez worried about many kidnap threats, always sleeps with a couple of firearms under her pillows.

Will Rogers cannot boast of even a single evening suit since he does not wear one except in pictures and that only when it is necessary.

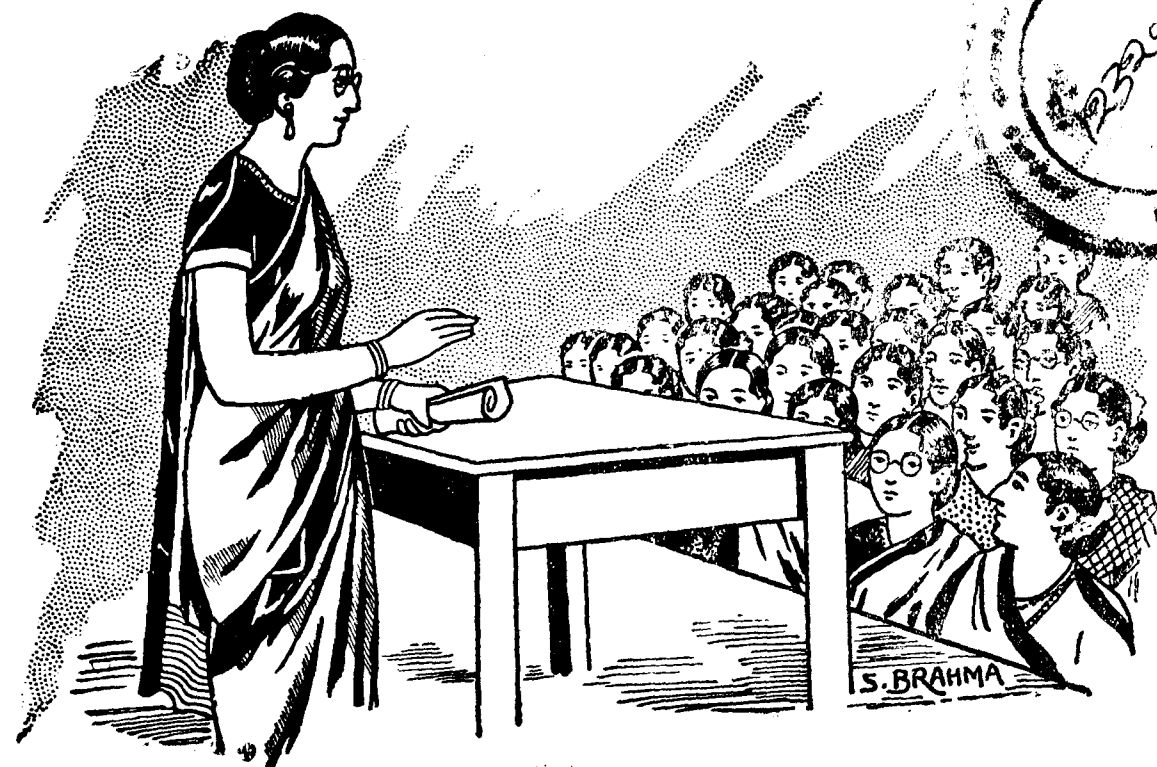
A teacher in the East End of London received the following letter from the mother of one of her pupils:

"Dear Miss, Please don't give Charlie any more homework. That sum about how long would it take a man to walk forty times round Trafalgar Square caused his father to lose a whole day's work. Then when he's walked it, you marked the sum wrong."

She had called up his club to enquire if her husband was there. Without a moment's delay and without any attempt to make enquiries the telephone operator replied that he was not.

"But I haven't told you my husband's name," retorted the indignant wife.

"It's all right, Madam," was the reply. "Nobody's husband is ever at the club."



The Aunt And The Cricket

— BY RAJA KABBOOR —

Aunt and Cricket!

Where is the link?

It would be a wonder to know whether the aunt has anything to do with cricket play which is being played by school boys and scholars. I suppose she has something to do with it. As a matter of fact, I have an aunt who is a bit educated in her own mother tongue and who, I think, is the only elderly learned lady of the family. Naturally her advice is much sought after. It would not at all be a surprise if she had been the patron of vernacular journalism in South India.

In the hot afternoons, you could see her in the midst of many women friends standing besides a table

delivering her oration, preaching her own sermons and passing her own criticisms on the articles of the most grotesquely exaggerated type of the vernacular newspapers. She continues her oration hours together untired, solves the latest problem of political contests which if brought to action, by any statesmen, would involve complications and chaos and finally end in disaster. She gives her own judgement on the most important concerns of society so boldly that even the powerful man of the state with power, voice, distinction and honour would be altogether a mean comparison. The neighbouring women folk, bewitched by her fascinating society, would return home with the air of parliamentarians. No sooner the master of the house makes his appearance than questions after questions would be hurled upon him in quick succession as though he was being impeached for high treason in the "House."

This man, master of the house, and the earning member of the family on

whom so many depend, now finds the shutter to his mouth which had all along sung the old song "Home Home, sweet Home, where is the place like home.....". He gives out some abrupt answer to keep the home atmosphere in peace which he feels is not the correct answer when compared with the orations of my learned lady, the aunt. She concludes that women are really the better half of men whenever he thus fails to satisfy her mischievous curiosity. "Day in, day out, you could hear the quarrelling roars" of the couples one fighting for superiority over the other.

But my aunt does not realize what she is doing by giving the news in an exaggerated manner to her neighbouring women friends often found in the already exaggerated vernacular papers.

Some days back she spread a rumour that an earthquake would take place in South India too. Panic-stricken women began to persuade their husbands to leave the city, and their office and to take them to their villages. In spite of my severe and repeated warnings my aunt did not cease doing this kind of thing. It may be well said that little knowledge is always dangerous in the case of my aunt.

She did not keep herself away from the Sporting column. But her interest

"Look Out.....Editor?"

— By "Jeepien" —

NOBODY could sympathise or argue with Mr. A. Vaman, the reputed correspondent of the "Indian" in our town, and writer of some famous articles, (quite recondite) in the "Sudras Chronicle" about the work of rats and handicoots in archeological research in India. For

in Sports is confined to cricket alone. She was well-versed with the M. C. C. Touring Team and Test Matches, and often used to give in her wanton manner an elaborate discourse to her audience, making a very important mention of how cricket had achieved a grand success in the East in general and in India in particular, though it was altogether a foreign and western game. Her eagerness awaited the arrival of M. C. C. in Madras. Finding a keen interest for cricket I was often reminded of the botanical aid which I used to receive from my school masters on my failing to paraphrase correctly the poem 'Ant and the cricket' in my boyish compositions. From milkmaid to society ladies, cricket has been a topic of absorbing interest. So absorbing it is that women forget their domestic duties, students their studies (which is but natural) and old men their age, to find themselves seated in the hot sun in spite of the crowd, pushing and crushing to witness the Test Match at Madras. Oh! Cricket what a game it is! Cricket has really its impartial fascination for one and all. The whole atmosphere of Madras is charged with the sounds of cricket.

It is all talk of cricket, M. C. C. and Test Match. No day passes in any house without the topic of cricket being tackled. In buses, tram cars, trains, street corners, hotels and every other place where people meet, cricket has been a topic of great interest for discussion.

To speak of cricket (right or wrong) and to discuss breaks, boundaries, bowlings and cuts (of which one knows and of which many do not know) has become almost the fashion of the day.

No wonder the Aunt has become a victim to the love of cricket!

every word you utter he would smother you with five. And nobody in our whole club could hold his own against Mr. A. Vaman in a battle of tongues. So much so, we were all accustomed to listen patiently, without so much as a yawn, to his long and dull stories about nothing in particular, as Carlyle would say.

But on this particular evening, we all seemed to be in a rebellious mood. For, just as Mr. A. Vaman was settling down in his chair to tell one of his stories, Gopal, our crack foot-ball player, stood up yawning and said with a defiant air: "Look hee, fellows, I'm dead tired, and I think I'd better clear out. No monotonous and dull yarns for me to-night."

That was all.

Mr. A. Vaman at once exploded like a dynamite bomb with fuse timed to that minute. After having traced in flowery Tamil (for he always used Tamil when he was excited) the glories of Gopal's ancestors for about twenty generations and his progeny for about ten generations, incidentally throwing in the information (for Gopal's special benefit) that his ancestors had substantiated Darwin's theory and his progeny would certainly continue the hoary tradition, he was concluding with a rather unnecessary comment on Gopal's personal appearance, which to him, was curiously enough like a "thorned jack fruit" when Ravi, one of our wits, cut in saying, "Why, I believed that all jack-fruits had thorns!" That proved a salvation for Gopal, but hell to Ravi, who was vouchsafed a taste of Mr. A. Vaman's tongue for an uninterrupted ten minutes. But we managed at last to pacify Mr. A. Vaman, and sent off Gopal and Ravi packing home. Then we requested Mr. A. Vaman to proceed with his story.

"The bounder called my stories dull, didn't he?" Mr. A. Vaman consigned the absent Gopal to a—er—hot place which you and I know by hearsay only. "Now, I'll tell you an incident in my own life, instead of a story and you can all judge if it is

dull or dry." We all nodded, because an incident in his life was interesting to us, at least in his presence.

"My first literary attempt, as a journalist, was a story," Mr. A. Vaman went on, as we settled down to hear a short one. I sent it to a d—d editor but it came back to me the same week with an enclosed letter from that er gentleman, recommending me to use the MS. to pack my daily tooth powder. The insolvent beggar! It was his good luck, I never knew him by person, or...or..." I thought that the poor Editor would not have been particularly pleased if he were with Mr. A. Vaman at that moment. Mr. A. Vaman cooled down again: "I wrote ten more articles, essays and stories, and sent them to various Editors, but every one of them was returned, the beggars!"

I had a faint notion of asking who were the beggars, the Editors or the writer of those rejected MSS. But I promptly suppressed it, thinking of the fate of Gopal and Ravi.

"Then came my supreme moment!" went on Mr. A. Vaman. "I wrote a short story, an exquisite one, that was sure to be published. I sent it off to 'Sudras Chronicle', and I expected to see it published the very next week. But instead, the postman brought me back my MS. I danced, almost with rage, as I opened the packet. But my rage vanished when I read a piece of printed paper in the MS.

"Dear sir," it read "I am glad to inform you that your articles have been accepted for publication in 'Sudras Chronicle'. Hoping that you will send us more of your literary efforts.

Yours etc.,

T. YESHWANT ROY,

Editor....."

"The name was signed in Swan ink. I jumped with joy and in my excess embraced the servant-maid who was sweeping the parlour. After some time, it occurred to me, 'Why has the Editor sent back the MS, if he had accepted it?' But I consoled myself, by arguing that perhaps the Editor had taken a neat type written copy and sent back the original MS.

"I bought every issue of the 'Sudras Chronicle' to see if my article to be tactly, the story published. But was not. Just at that time, I was compelled to go to Sudras on some private business, and I determined to it two birds with one stone—to do my business and ask the editor why he hadn't published my story as promised."

"So I stormed into his sanctum that evening and demanded an explanation, reducing both the letter and manuscript. He looked coolly through the letter, and then glanced at the manuscript. A moment after, he looked up quite stunned: (no doubt I thought, with my style) But imagine my surprise when he said: 'I'm afraid here must have been a mistake. This could not have been accepted for publication.' He pressed a bell. An office boy appeared. The Editor spoke to him about four words in Hindi and received me in reply. I suppose the boy had made him angry, for the Editor threw a volume of Britannica Encyclopaedia at his head. Then he turned to me. 'I'm sorry, Mister. It was a mistake. I was not here when your MS came three months ago. Some of my friends, who were here, read it, and pronounced it to be er-er-not up to the standard. So the office-boy was instructed to return the MS. with a 'rejection slip.' But that numskull of a boy put an 'acceptance - slip' instead. I'm sorry for the mistake, but I can't publish this."

"Then I understood what was what, and my brain began to work." "Look, here, man," I roared. "You can't slip out like that, you—you—" he gulped here, "I've got this chit, accepting my articles, mind you, not article, though I sent only one. And here is your own signature. Now then, shall I tell you what you are going to do? You are going to publish this article of mine, and other articles I may happen to write; or I'm going to see my lawyer about this chit here. I mean to realise Rs. 1000 at least." And I brandished the piece of printed paper before him. He looked quite frightened at first, but found courage after some time to say, "I will consider it, sir." "Considering he blistered!" I roared again. "You are going to publish this story of mine in your next issue or I'm going to know the reason why." I could almost see the Editor trembling. But I only waited to hear him say, 'Yes, sir' and marched out. My story appeared in

the next issue of the 'Chronicle' in a slightly modified form—he carelessly stressed the word 'slightly.' "That's how I am earning my rupees weekly from the 'Chronicle' and the strange thing is—"

I could not stifle a yawn at this moment, and he darted a look of annihilation at me.

"The strange thing is, the office-boy is now my servant," he finished. We all rose with a sigh of relief.

[But we keep only rejection slips nowadays. So we warn Mr. Jeepien beforehand!—Ed.]



"Well, let me see if you know a liquid that doesn't freeze?"

"Oh, yes! hot water!"

—Devidass-B. Kapadiya.

"Dad has promised to pay half our expenses after we're married."

"Good! Now all we have to do is to find somebody to pay the other half."

He: "Do you know the difference between a taxi and a bus?"

She: "No."

He: "Fine, we'll take a bus."

Married daughter: "I do wish you'd learn not to drop your aspirates, father. You never hear Claude doing it."

Self-made Man: "Pity's isn't as careful with 'is vowels'—e's got I O U's lying about all over the place."

An elderly lady was asked which she thought were happier, people who were married or people who were not.

"Well, I don't know," she said. "Sometimes I think there are as many is that ain't as ain't that is."

"Marriage is life's greatest tonic," says a novelist. And most men take their medicine sooner or later.

"What is a round robin?" asked a magistrate recently. The early bird that gets most of the worms.

OUR LUCKY NUMBER

Prize Winners

FOR THE MONTH OF JANUARY 1934.

NO. 3597, RS. 5 Mr. Melut Uthaman,
Melut House, Tellicherry.

NO. 5684, RS. 5 Mr. A. K. Hattiangadi,
355, 5th Main Road,
Malleswaram P.O., Bangalore,

NO. 8598, RS. 5 Mr. V. M. Rajoopillay,
The Mysore Sugar Co. Ltd.,
c/o Station Master, Mandya.



Don't Write Long Sentences.

— N. A. NATHAN. —

When I was in the Central Station
With a ticket in my Possession
And the train in Motion
To Mangalore Termination
To go and drown myself in the Arabian Ocean
And after a great confusion
Followed by a long Meditation
I came to a conclusion
To think of the Consideration.
Shown by the Secretary of Education
In consideration of my Good number of Invasion
Made on the Examination
of School Final and Matriculation
Thanks, my name is made Publication
And there came in succession,
To bombard the Government Examination
Held by the Board of Election,
To whom is made due Submission
Of a Typed Application
With all the required Qualification
And certificates from men of Reputation
And awaited with great Ambition—
Mind, no requisition for Permission
As within the age bar limitation,
Hollo! Those men of Nomination,
Who made Personal Selection,
In Co-operation with the Service Commission.
Made their Final decision,
On the most blessed Petition.
According to their own Imagination,
Quite contrary to my Expectation,
Don't know whether they take in Recommendation,
Mind you this is a great Botheration,
To the Hindu Nation
Over the Indian Ocean,

So attend to your Cultivation,
Which is your forefather's Occupation,
India is a nice place of Plantation,
On Globe it has a good Situation,
Suitable for Irrigation
Which you can take down to Generation
With great Elation
And will keep you from Starvation
Or go to Railway Junction,
Buy some Decoction
Drink it with Caution,
With great attention for Alternation
Think of the Competition.
Published in FUNNY MAGZIN
This is my Suggestion
Which will Take Everybody for decision.

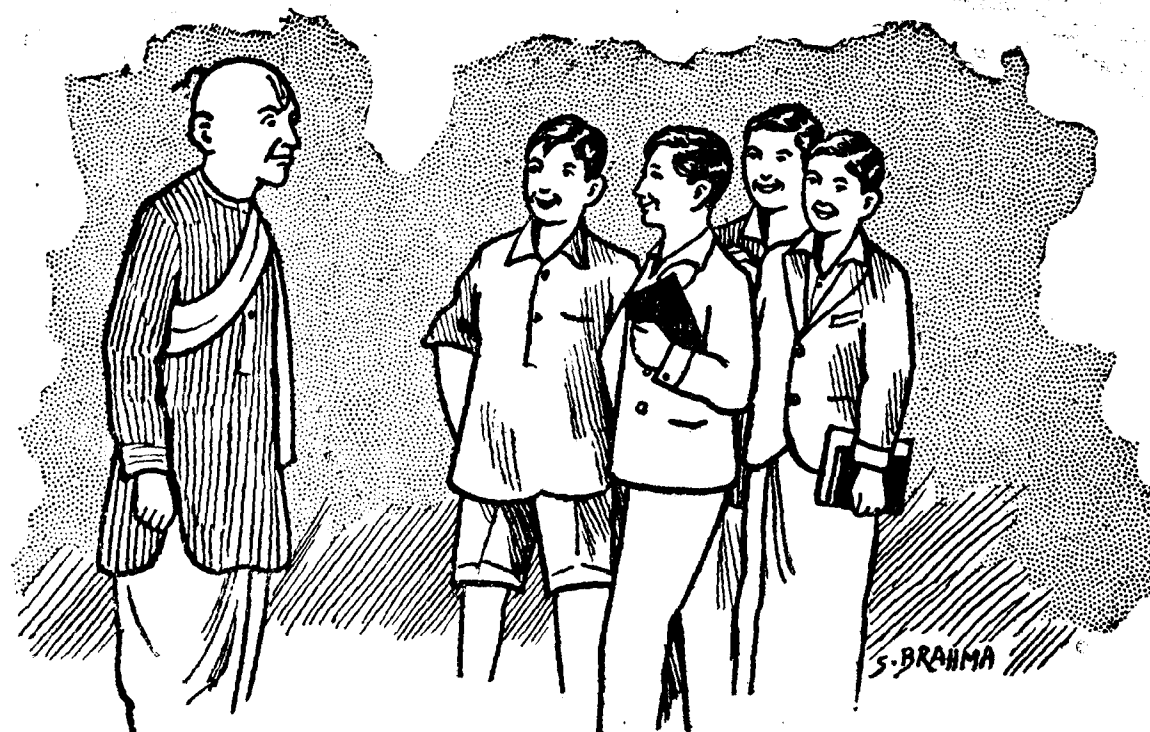
LOVE IS LIKE THAT.

Supreme sovereign of my sacrosanct heart,
Allow me to chant with all my art
The hymn of thy sacred love for me.

You are my queen—Noble Nightingale,
And I love thee beyond measure and scale
Virtuous and warm as I always find thee.

Arise, and fly to my arms, dear Dear,
Throttled I am without your presence here
I hunger for you Modesty.

“KAN DIWAN.”



THE “MALVOLIO” OF OUR LODGE

A Prank of the Merry men of the College.

— BY K. S. K. —

MMURTHI happened to be in our midst while we were studying in the Third University class. Acquaintance with him gradually gave us the clue to the true characteristic traits in him and our daily talk with him forced us to the conclusion that he was not a worthy mate to have been welcomed on the day of his arrival.

He had neither scruples about nor was he aware of the delicacies in social behaviour, but gave full vent to the rusticity of his nature. Hailing from the up-country he had

been nursed in the practice of rough manners and habits. Being woefully ignorant of the fashions of the day, he could not brook the caprices of the modern boys and often railed against us on certain so-called malpractices.

He had unfortunately cultivated some strange notions about the requirements of present day etiquette without any correct knowledge of the same. He had come to know that he should not let pass any opportunity for perusing the daily papers, but, poor fellow, he was unwise enough in that he meanly stooped to the

practice of peeping into our newspapers from behind us, and sometimes even snatching them away when his patience overcame him. He would then go on indulging in an extempore lecture on men and matters quite unconnected with us and quite often to no audience.

But just like the Malvolio of Shakespeare, he was sick of self-lore and unhesitatingly went into ecstasies over his own appreciation of the methods and tactics of some of the opportunist politicians of the day. He would resent with anger any adverse criticism about a Journal or a politician of whom he might be a hero-worshipper. He was never tired of advocating strength of spirit and method in almost every aspect of daily life. He proved an indefatigable enemy of modern fashion and hence was bold enough to attack us on the score that we used safety-

azors, hair oil and scented oillets. His self-love amounted to this: that he would not see eye to eye with anything and everything that he had not the fortune to have a liking for.

Meanwhile Murthi had cultivated thickening acquaintance with the Warden. He very often made suggestions to Murthi as to the attire the Warden would like him to be donned and the deportment he would like him to assume. This had of course the effect of tickling his vanity in as much as he was one of the rarely fortunate beings who could have gained access to the sombre-minded Warden. And poor Murthi was ever afterwards on the look out for an opportunity which would best enable him to win the coveted appreciation of the Warden.

Having now become the pet of the Warden, Murthi now took fresh courage in throwing volleys of scornful and adverse criticisms on the other students in the lodge. The stage was now reached when we could no longer look the free indulging in whims and caprice by the rustic student-mate and the events reached a climax for which Murthi was alone responsible. One night after the city tournaments were over we were debating upon the merits and demerits of some of the distinguished batsmen and bowlers. In the heat of our argument in defence of our own Olympic heroes our tones began to grow louder and louder until Murthi's patience could not bear it. Murthi whom we would fain tattoo as book-worm, at once ran down on us and rebuked us for our seeming jowdism, at the same time forgetting his own position. He did not hesitate to take into his own hands the powers vested in the Warden and burst out. My friends, what are you? Have you no wit, manners nor modesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do you make a Coffee hotel of our lodge that you squeak out till our throats crack? Is there no respect of place, persons or time in you? Railing thus he threatened us that the Warden would be informed of this and he disappeared at once.

We determined then and there to do away with the regular torment of Murthi. And nothing made us so

the powers of the Warden. This drove us to teach him a severe lesson.

We had the Malvolio of Shakespeare in Murthi and as luck would have it Maria also was not wanting. Our wily Chandran offered to play the role out of a desire to see Shakespeare's drama enacted at least on a miniature scale. He manufactured a letter keeping the same vein as the Warden's and managed to drop it into Murthi's room. It ran as follows:—

MY DEAR MURTHI,

As you know I am much interested in your welfare and would always like to see you appear in the most native fashion possible. As a patriot and nationalist yourself, I have no doubt you will readily take to native manners in form and spirit.

Yours lovingly,

S. N.

Warden.

Next day when Murthi had gone downstairs to take his bath without locking the room, Chandran perceived the opportunity to have come and having stolen the lock and key locked Murthi in his room. Being a simpleton our hero did not at first suspect any ulterior motive. But, when the pangs of hunger began to prick him, he became angry like a lion in the cage since he could not find his way out. He could not ascertain about which of his monkey mates might have played this wanton trick on him. Some of his friends called at the lodge but the room being locked they went home disappointed. Meanwhile the Warden also had approached his room once but it being locked did not enquire farther.

It was now 5 o'clock in the evening and a friend of Murthi from his native village arrived there to see him. Accompanied by the Warden he came to Murthi's room. Chandran and the rest of us were all along watching the developments from within an adjacent room. The Warden enquired about Murthi. And before any other could have the courage to reply him, Chandran wittily put in: "May be, the wanton boy would have gone to the theatre." Murthi inside the room turned indignant at this, being totally

could not believe it. So he pierced his eyes through a hole in the door and to his utter amazement he glimpsed a figure resting in a corner. He called Murthi several times; but no reply came. At last as a confession of his failure against the mighty odds in the lodge, he cried pitifully that he had been looked in his room by one of his friends.

We did not like to carry the situation farther and Chandran opened the door, bold enough to shoulder the responsibility for everything.

To the astonishment of the Warden Murthi emerged from his room an altogether changed creature. His head was newly shaven in the orthodox type with a circular tuft behind. The Warden who had a deadly hatred for the orthodox and antique customs, especially in this century, was entirely displeased at this awkward change Murthi allowed himself to make.

Inquired what prompted him to do so, poor Murthi held out the mysterious letter to the Warden. The latter was again amazed to find a letter forged. Ever since that day Murthi became a sadder man and, perhaps, a wiser man too.



"Fashions may come and go, but there's always a demand for cosmetics."

"Yes, but woman can't go *wan* for ever."

—Devidass-B. Kapadiya.

Johnny: "Mother, won't you give me that chocolate now?"

Mother: "Didn't I tell you I wouldn't give you any unless you kept still?"

Johnny: "Yes, but."

Mother: "Well, the longer you keep



The hero of a new novel is a barber. The reign of the strong silent man in fiction seems to be at an end.

San Francisco has an aerial "Black Maria." We understand that the machine was given by a society devoted to the 'uplift' of the criminal classes.

Rubber suit cases are now on the market. It is said that a porter got the shock of his life when he hurled one out of a luggage-van and the thing bounced over a bookstall.

Following an explosion in a kitchen a newly-engaged maid was blown through a window into the garden of a Bloomsbury house. Unfortunately it was not her evening out.

A telephone instrument which leaves both hands free will soon be available to the public. It should be a great boon to those who use both hands in talking.

A money-lender has written a novel. Doubtless the interest is maintained to the end.

The only mystery about a detective story we read recently was that someone hadn't shot the author.

A village in Stirlingshire complains of a plague of mice. A Pied Bagpiper seems to be suggested.

A Prague woman has insured the thumb of her right hand for a thousand pounds. A cynical correspondent writes to say that it must be the one she keeps her husband under.

Rs. 5 for 100% Laughter.

We invite original jokes from our Readers. Prizes 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 April.

One of our railway companies declare that they will move anything from a hat-box to a farm. Their difficulty will be to find someone who wants something moved from a hat-box to a farm.

"A girl detests being kissed on the chin," says a novelist. She probably thinks a man should have higher aims than that.

"Most people have a dread of wolves," says a writer. The one at our door doesn't seem to have any terrors for the rate-collector.

One of the features of a new indoor ice-skating rink is the hot shower. A common feature of outdoor ice-skating, of course, is the cold plunge.

"My nerves are being ruined by mischievous small boys who hang on the front door and run away," declares a dentist. He naturally feels knocked-up.

A writer points out that politicians are very much like the rest of us. This ought to make us very humble.

A retired commercial traveller is writing his reminiscences. So commercial travellers do know stories that can be published!

"A housewife naturally wants her fancy cakes to be proof of her cooking abilities," says a writer. But not concrete proof.

We read that a French author who was wounded in a sword duel has written a story round the incident. This is the first theme he has been stuck for an idea.

Tailors all over the world have publications of their own dealing with subjects of interest to the trade. But these journals are not, so far as we are aware, known as the Trouser Press.

"Burglar Cracks Victim's Skull. Finds Nothing."

No doubt the hollow boom produced by the blow prepared him for this.

Voyager: "Doesn't this ship tip a great deal?"

Steward: "No, sir, not that I've noticed. She leaves that to the passengers, sir."

Two Englishmen were on the moors when a small animal darted across their path.

"It looks like a weasel," said one.

"More like a stoat," commented the other.

"But a stoat is so weasilly distinguished," said the first.

"Quite so," replied the second, "but a weasel is stoatally different."

SMILE IN THE BAR

— BY 'PUNDIERAMAF' —

"THE construction of an Act must be determined by its punctuation and by Grammar, the primary organs of interpretation. In construing an Act it is the duty of the court to read it strictly, to imply nothing more in it than what it conveys. The court has to submit to the rigour of interpretation and should never assign to a Section a loose or broad meaning. Where statute is concerned the court should be guided by the letter of the law, by the very punctuations—the commas, the colons, the semi-colons and the fullstops—and the court should not suffer itself to be influenced by a sympathetic conscience. Equity may be on the plaintiff's side, but I stand upon statute and nothing can defeat or over-ride statute. Here the comma is clear, and is not a printer's devil for the Act is a Government publication, and as such it fixes the import. The greatest legal intellects have moulded the Act and the court should not ignore the comma, and your Lordships shall detach the meaning, sever the latter part completely with due deference to the judicial brains that framed this act with due deliberation."

In these authoritative and similar terms, Srijute vehemently argues his case before the judges who raise their drooping heads and scan the comma during a drowsy afternoon. Srijute is an eminent lawyer tracing his pedigree to several generations of brilliant and respected men of law, who had a fame for unseating and reseating Zemindars. Srijute only carries the traditions of his family to their worthy end and his own legal talent is unquestionably of no small importance in the many complicated cases where wealthy men are pitted against each other. His keen and piercing intellect reads through the lines, behind the words and punctuations, detects many flaws in the opponent's reasons, in the documents that constitute the controversy and in the codes and Acts from time to time enacted by his own illustrious Government.

He is, true, rather slow in his submissions but his cool composed

emphatic manner the somewhat nonchalant indifference and arrogant contempt with which he treats his opponents, have won for him more suits than for anything else during these three decades. Genius has its regard and the genius of Srijute is respected in no meagre measure.

There is against Mr. Srijute an equally noteworthy star in the legal firmament. Mr. Lakpadi's rise to fame is an instance of pure merit succeeding against all the disadvantages of life both personal and otherwise. He is a favoured child of Fortune and of the benevolent powers. He possesses no charm either of person or of pronunciation, but he is a man in the public eye—in his Government eye too!

As a lawyer his mode of attack is different from that of Srijute, for he does not cling by the code or attack it but simply states the Law on the question and plunges straight against his opponent in a tirade and exposes his poor adversary's ignorance of Law, and his claims. You cannot say he has an attractive accent, but his fluency and his cogent reasoning are his assets. Still he lacks the hairsplitting talent of Srijute who demands with a Shylock's fervour the letter of the law.

Mr. Batchelor works in a different branch of law, altogether, in a more humane cause we might say. His business sometimes saves from the clutches and reach of law many fellows who escape. Brief, snappy and polished, his arguments carry judgment only a bit less often than the impartial mistress slips out of this man of etiquette and polished manners. This victorious lawyer, the friend of the criminals, feels proud between his papers, when he reads his own name 'saving from the gallows.' Though he does not always save, the reporters and the papers are kind, for they take but the best parts of the man.

Mr. Pungent Permit is an interesting lawyer for both the lawman and the layman. He meddles—for what else does a lawyer do except meddle in another's affairs and create trouble—in the civil as well as the criminal branches of law, though he carries the

palm in the latter. One cannot easily disbelieve his statement of his case, so lucidly and in such simple words presented to the court. Even if they fail as truths, they are not unreasonable and his rude but emphatic assertions lend a more plausible effect. I saw him lose once against a Bengalee lawyer when in the course of arguments Mr. Permit exclaimed irritated, 'I need not go to Bengal to learn law,' and his clever opponent with a readier wit retorted, 'that accounts for my being here.' But this failure has not hindered him in his pursuit or lowered his prestige. Witty, interesting, and strong on the criminal line, he subordinates law to talent and common sense on the civil side.

Mr. Vesuvius, in his pits turban and his attractive walking stick, carrying a decent regard in the benches, is another figure to be reckoned with. There is not an peculiar merit in his slow simple talks, probably his writings have deprived him of a more fluent talk, but he invokes decided cases in their hundreds to his aid, citing cases he had himself argued which he calls the judges to follow, and if sometimes old decisions are against him, he corrects them now from the bar.

These are at the helm. Lower down in the profession we have thousands fighting for the crumbs in each other's hands or whiling their time, jauntily fitting along the courts in their black wings. They sit in judgment too—on their very judges and their colleagues!—in Club corners and Court corners. There are still others with wealth at their back courting the zealous mistress to save themselves the gibes of their women at home. Every one trusts in the strange wheel of Fortune which must perforce turn. Will not patience and perseverance pay in the end, they eagerly ask. Surely, they must pay, you will concur in the absence of any clients.

"Say, old man, if you had fifty pounds in your pocket this very minute, what would you do?"

"Realize I had somebody else's trousers on!"

"How do you account for your success as a futuristic painter?"

"I always use a model with his nose."

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

— P. RANGAPRASADA ROW, M.A. —

A fine tiny tale to read if you want a bit of excitement before you gulp down two cups of tea, three cakes and a gentle ripple of smile if you happen to know the Hero or the Ghost—for every place has these two—Ed.

HOUSE No. 4, Sempole street, Regpore, was believed by the inhabitants of the street to be haunted. It was not only not occupied by any one, but people feared to approach it in the dark. Raman, a daring man of the street, much given to brag, scoffed at their fears. He said to them one morning, "There is no devil there, but what has been created by our fears. I will sleep in the house to-night. Damn it! No nonsense will come to me."

He took an early supper, and going to the house alone in the night, occupied a front room. After a while, he slept on a cot there. "Ding! Dong! Ding! Ding!" sounded the bell in the police station near. Ram awoke with the sound, and looked around him. All was dark in the room. But Horror of Horrors! he heard the patter of feet in the next room. All the hair (by the bye, our hero had little hair on his head) stood on end.

Meanwhile, the sounds advanced towards the door of the chamber, making our hero shake from head to foot, and cling to a tottering pillar for support. Soon, the door opened, and a ghastly figure thrust its face through the opening—pale, horrid, and unearthly.

Ram summoned all his courage, and making a desperate effort to speak, said tremblingly, "Who the devil—you ——" The other words died on his lips.

The horrid apparition said, "Who the devil are you?" Both stood facing each other, like two figures in a pantomime, neither daring to move forward, speechless and motionless. At last, our hero, bolder than the other, said less tremblingly than before, "Who the devil you are to be afraid of?"

The other looked at him keenly and broke into a fit of violent laughter. It was demoniac in character, and in the awful stillness, which pervaded the house, seemed more demoniac than it really was.

"Ha! Ha! Hu! Hu!" were the loud and resonant sounds that proceeded from the mouth of the horrid apparition that opened and shut, constantly, like the door of an automaton, showing a huge cavity inside, bounded on the north and the south by rows of teeth, many of which seemed to have taken a French leave of the rest, and gone to an unknown destination.

Ram stilling his rising fears, again asked in a quivering voice, "Who are you?"

"Fish! Don't you know me!" He twisted his ugly mouth into a thousand shapes, now making it resemble a water-spout, anon transforming it into the shape of a big frog. Then, he began to dance round his chamber, in the manner of a Zulu, cut a caper in the air, which brought him to the ground, upside down, heels over his head.

Not caring a brass button for his fall, he began to do some wonderful acrobatic feats, continuing his difficult position. Then, all on a sudden, he stood up, and jingled his bells. In the flood of moonlight, which streamed now into the chamber, the astonished hero saw a weird, ghastly figure, measuring 10 ft., his long cap which stood on his head, like a towering pyramid, alone measuring over 3 ft.

"The buffoon, sure, who is an actor in the Sundara Vilas theatre, Regpore," cried the astounded Raman.

"The same, your workshop (corrupting 'worship into workshop!')

"Dash it! what do you do here, every dark night?"

"I rehearse the part I am to play the succeeding day."

"Curse you! By saint Narakasura, I swear that you with your bells and shoutings make a noise louder than all the devils in hell."

"Ha! Ha! Hu! That I do, my warship (again corrupting 'worship into warship.')

"Why?"

"My part is to excite the laughter of the audience by some means, and that I do by bellowings, screechings, hootings, shoutings, cursings, jeerings, etc., I am a buffoon by profession."

"Yes, that is true. But you make a noise louder than all the crackers in Madras on Deepavali night."

"That I do with a purpose."

"What?"

"I wish to frighten all the inhabitants of the street into the belief, that the house is haunted, and thus prevent them from going here, and disturbing me in my avocation. Have I not succeeded?"

"You have, to a miracle."

"Secondly, I have frightened the owners themselves into the belief, that I am a devil haunting the house, and thus prevented them from ever coming here and occupying the house. There is no other house to get through my rehearsal in, so convenient as this house. My house has an upstairs, which so adjoins that of this house that with a somersault I can go to the upstairs of my house, and people are none the wiser for it. Good night! I go to my house, and you, to yours."

He opened another door, facing his upstairs, and with a daring and skilful somersault, he landed on his stairs, like a kicked foot-ball, rolling himself into that shape approximately as he made his short, aerial excursion.

Now that the secret had been known to another, the buffoon made no more visits to the house since that night.

Our hero bragged of his having driven away the devil from the house by his magical powers, and thus the whole of Regpore rang with his glory. "He is a true hero," cried they, one and all. "He has freed us from the devil. May God shower his choicest blessings upon him!"

Competition Jokes

Doctor's friend: "Do you believe, doctor, that your old medicines really keep anybody alive?"

"Certainly" returned the doctor. "my prescriptions have kept three chemists and their families alive in this town for the last twenty years."

A certain teacher taught the boys about parsing. In order to test them he asked a pupil to parse the sentence "Mary, milk the cow." When the pupil reached the last word, he said, "cow" is a pronoun, feminine gender, singular number, third person and stands for "Mary."

"Stands for Mary?" said the teacher, "How do you make that out?"

"Because" replied the boy, "if 'cow' did not 'stand' for Mary, how could Mary milk her?"

"Well, Ramoo, I see your brother has bandaged his hand. Has he had an accident?"

"Yes sir, reckless driving."

"Ah, a motor car, I suppose."

"Oh, no sir,—a nail."

The teacher was giving Balu a grammar lesson the other day.

"An abstract noun", he said, "is the name of something which you can think of, but cannot touch. Can you give me an example?"

"A red hot iron rod," was the reply."

S. Sundarachari,
Kumbakonam.

The guest of the evening was an explorer. He was a brave man. He was also bald-headed. Quite like a billiard ball.

"And now, ladies and gentleman," announced the proud host, "we shall have the pleasure of hearing Mr. Silas Jungle describe some of his hair-raising escapes!"

M. D. Narayan,
Bangalore.

Woman:—Please, will you show me the way to my house, as I have really lost my way.

Traveller:—What is the number of your house, madam!

Woman:—Sorry, I don't actually carry the number in my mind at present, but I can tell the number by seeing on the door!"

Mohamed Beig,
Madras.

Mrs. Brown:—"The servant that works for me must be very economical!"

Servant:—"My last mistress discharged me for that very reason."

Mrs. Brown:—"What! For being economical?"

Servant:—"Yes, ma'am. I used to wear her clothes!"

Miss. M. T. Susilamani,
Bangalore.

Father (to his son studying for law):—"If you are finding your college work too little I shall only be too glad to take you to my office during your spare hours."

Son:—"No, father, I am finding my college work too taxing and shall be glad if you will send somebody to relieve me a little."

Govindlal, D. Shah. B.A.,
Ahmedabad.

A certain teacher after explaining the dyeing of colour on silk asked a student who was inattentive.

Teacher:—"Murthi, do you know how to dye?"

Murthi:—"Yes sir, there are two methods, sir."

Teacher:—"What are they?"

Murthi:—"Suddenly By hanging and by poisoning, sir."

G. R. Venkatesh,
Bangalore City.

He: "I am sure cupid had nothing to do in arranging the alphabet."

She: "What gives you that impression?"

"If he had been doing it, he would have placed U and I much nearer each other" was the answer.

A. Your wife does not hear very well, does she?

B. No, but she never misses anything the neighbours say about me.

Teacher: "Now, John, we will parse the sentence 'Robert refused the sovereign'. What is 'Robert'?"

John: Robert is a donkey.

Science Professor: "Now, who can tell me which travels the faster—heat or cold? A pupil (promptly)—Heat, of course. Anybody can catch cold."

J. Narasimhachari,
Bangalore.

Young school mistress, who had dropped in to see her fiancé on her way to school, questions:—"What is the sweetest thing in the world?"

First child: "Sugar."

"Wrong", said the teacher.

Second child: "Honey."

"Wrong again," she said.

Third child shrewdly: "Kisses".
The teacher blushed.

A man with a rich growth of hair on his head patronisingly sympathised with a friend who was going bald.

"I am sorry you are fast losing your hair", he said.

"Yes, but hair and brains do not go together," was the sarcastic reply.

Miss. J. Kadwata,

BIHARQUAKE.

— BY S. V. N. —

Something to pull you out of the depression of the Behar calamities—Ed.

EVERYBODY, right down from the milkman's mother and straight up to the Home Members's cousin, cannot have missed that Nature's enforced dance at the House-Collapsing at the cost of the surprised citizens of Bihar. But no one seems to possess an organized brain of so intense an intelligence as to unravel the mystery: how a mere quake in the uppermost corner of India came to be known as Earthquake. I bet my dearie's cosy knee hat (I mean cap).

Not even the clever Sherlock Holmes will try his hand at the very lip-open of the question. It's a tough stuff. As tough as a grey-haired drumstick. Needs a sharp handling, you know. For, what the deuce does the Publicity Department tom-tom to the effect that the Earth has experienced an excessive shock when not even an infant's cradle in Turkey fails to oscillate? Let alone Hasan's Hut and the Cartmen's cottage. I tell you barefacedly, I cannot put up with this exaggerated version concocted to upset the tranquil mind of my boyhood chum far far away. This outlet for their superfluous fat will be tapped. I will see before I am blind that this shall be installed in "Mr. 1934" as Biharquake instead.

Ordinary rules of journalistic etiquette warrant me to have a go at both the head and tail of the tale of "Disappointment Stricken Nathan," I repeat, magazine mongers, not "Terror stricken Bihar." I condemn that sort of rot.

It was while I was focussing the attention of my boss to the enhanced scale of pay in the Head Office and making him swear "Depression, Business Dull" thousand times that a thundering "CRAW CRAW" sound with the time tuned steps fell in my ear with a crack. I wondered whether the criminal population in restricted subjection has been let loose and a

general amnesty unexpectedly announced. Just like the damage of a seven-domed palace and its power of marvellously developing into ruins when a bloated bomb is unintentionally thrown, my office went to cracks like a child's fancy in a newly bought tin slate. No Eucalyptus, no Turpentine, can revive its lost architectural elegance. That nature's cruel bestowal corked my lofty aspirations for a raise in the salary. The present day's weather is congenial to expand the rise in temperature and not in my wages.

Eager and anxious to know how my newly wedded wife Vilasini, withstood the terrible catastrophe, I rushed to the street where we parked ourselves, witnessing on all quarters of the vicinity, confusion, corpses, casualties.

Ah! Baba! What fairy tale greeted me you think! Take it from me, Earthquake is not Quaker Oats. My wife; not found. Our house wiped away. Perhaps a blot on the escutcheon of Bihar. And in its stead stood a huge debris, revealing the awkwardness of my nut-cracker, my wife's never-travelled-trunk, so on and so forth. I performed a few impoverished Texas Tommy steps and began a scrutiny: which would have frozen your spine. I was, in fact, between the devil and the deep sea. Every cell in my brain suddenly turned cool mourned like a modern Niobe.

Luck comes hand in hand with misfortune. An idea swept the fog from my brain. I started assuming the air of a Boy Scout, removing basket by basket of victimized bricks and rubbish, all the while cherishing a fond hope of releasing my sweetheart from the clutches of the quake. I perspired. The quantity I cleared was equal to that of a Bishop's Beard.

I refused to be crushed by the bludgeoning of fate, you see. My exploring fist hit at a soft matter and I endeavoured to balance a kiss on its cheeks. Great Great God! It barked

and beamed forth with its face as if suffering from mumps. No living, dead, buried or cast to the bears, author, can describe my extreme disappointment at the sight of my Norwegian pet. I would have bitten her in the ankle but for the growing throng of goggling spectators. I uttered a gurgling bleat like a wounded sheep, when it licked my leg. A keen desire to show a solid recognition of my magnanimity, eh? This bit of chip put the coping stone in the incomplete edifice of my PARADISE. I stopped chasing rainbows and it is for you to decide whether my paradise (Now in the Press) should more aptly be named after the FOOL'S.

A strong knot in the thread. I forgot, if I may say so, to convey you that news that I rear a sly love in my withering LOVE GARDEN and since all the searching expeditions have been forced to a logical conclusion of filling up the column "Mrs. Nathan Not Found," I am naturally bound to think that she is paying me by the same coin. Ultimately with her disappearance, she has left in the world four shocks of far greater intensity; one to her cancer-stricken mother at Shanghai, brother at Pattipatti, niece at Newfoundland and last not least her lover at Philippine Island. This affects all the hemispheres, (Or am I wrong?) and it is no wonder the meteorologist christening it as Earthquake.

No patriotic punching machine ever opened a relief fund in aid of "DISGUSTED NATHAN." So I am by duty bound, if any of my readers, chance to have a copper opportunity of facing my Vilasini, to ordain you in the name of Providence to forward her to me, Nathan, Care of Editor. A dealwood case most welcome and a V. P. P. will be an uninvited guest. Though the Earthquake has left the town, my purse is still having occasional leatherquakes. If you want to know the exact dimensions of my pretty goose, please be kind enough to rub at 'Pears Encyclopaedia' where it is inscribed in blooming letters, the length, height, width and breadth and the size of the bangles on all legs and hands. Right-ho! Will you hoodwink me?



The lights had gone out in the bus and the tall man asked the young lady, who had got on at the stop, if he could help her find a strap.

"I've already found one," she said.

"Then would you mind letting go of my necktie?"

The fond mother was "showing off" her small daughter's ability to play the piano and the little girl was doing rather indifferently.

"She makes a few mistakes, of course," explained the mother, "but she plays only by ear, you know."

"Unfortunately, that's the way I hear," sighed the visitor.

"Hey, mister, do you know enough about football to act as referee?"

"Mon, I know enough about football not to."

The meeting had been rather stormy.

"Oh, do try to talk a little common sense," shouted one of the opposition, "That would be taking an unfair advantage of you," replied the speaker, quietly.

"You seem idle!"

"The boss likes to see me idle."

"What!"

"This is the complaints department."

Passenger: "Sorry, old man I can't pay you. You can't get blood out of a stone."

Taxi-driver (taking off his coat): "And what makes you think you're a stone?"

Mother was telling stories of the time when she was a little girl. Little Harold listened thoughtfully as she told of riding a pony, sliding down the haystack, and paddling in the brook on the farm.

Finally he said with a sigh, "I wish I had met you earlier, Mother."

Probably the colour movies will have the success that one producer foresees when the public gets tired of the off-colour ones.

"I'm sorry, but I make it a rule never to lend money. It ruins friendship."

"Still, old chap, we were never what you might call wonderfully good friends, were we?"

"You love your wife, don't you?"

"Of course I do."

"Yet you mean to say that you caught this fellow making violent love to her and you stand for it?"

"Well—er—yes. You see—"

"Why didn't you give him the licking of his life?"

"I'm just waiting. Waiting, that's all."

"Waiting? What for?"

"Waiting till I catch her with a tiny little bloke."

"What is your view of kissing?" I asked a flapper.

Said she: "I haven't any; I always shut my eyes."

Green: "Is your wife fond of listening in?"

White: "She prefers speaking out."

Minister (calling): "And what does your mother do for you when you've been a good girl?"

Margery: "She lets me stay at home from church."

He was a simple Welsh lad. "I love you, Lleila," he whispered. "And I," she faltered, "love you." Their lips met. And there let us leave them.

Marathon runner (coming in an easy last): "Did you take my time?"

Timekeeper: "I didn't have to. You took it yourself."

The Boss (to chief cashier): "I wish you wouldn't look so worried, Jones; you've put us to the expense of having the auditors in for nothing at all."



Poet:—"But I tell you I've put my whole mind into this poem."

Editor:—"And I tell you we're not buying blank verse."

—Devidase-B. Kapadia.

He:—"Why did you let that Indian professor kiss you?"

She:—"Well, he asked me in Tamil, and I wanted to show him I understood."

Mr. W. D. Alderson, Madras

Results of "What does It Represent" Competition.

Correct Solutions of "What does it represent" Competition follows:—

- | | | |
|-------------|--------------|--------------|
| 1. Riding | 5. Attacking | 9. Ploughing |
| 2. Shooting | 6. Kissing | 10. Resting |
| 3. Reading | 7. Fighting | 11. Sailing |
| 4. Chasing | 8. Digging | 12. Flowing |

The first Prize of Rs. 30 has been won by the following competitors and the prize amount has been divided amongst them.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. GNANAM AMMAL,
C/o Dr. Daniel, Arogyavaram, Chittoor Dt. | 16. G. B. KRISHNAN,
859, Sparks St., Rangoon. |
| 2. Dr. M. C. NANJAPPA L. M. P.,
Sub Asst. Surgeon, L. F. Dispensary, Mudigere. | 17. P. JOHN SIGAMONY,
Logie Estate, Talawakelle, Ceylon. |
| 3. T. S. CHINNASAMY IYER,
Station master, Vizayamangalam. | 18. K. A. M. PALANISAMY CHETTIAR,
News Agent, Pondicherry. |
| 4. A. MUTHYALAYYA NAIDU,
Woodyard St., Vizagapatnam. | 19. A. SUBRAMANIAN IYER,
60, Lalkhan St., Chidambaram. |
| 5. K. V. SREENIVASA RAO,
C/o Dr. K. U. Narasimha Rao, L.M.P.,
Old Town, Tenali. | 20. M. V. MANIER,
Law Books dealer, Kottayam, Travancore. |
| 6. P. RATHAKRISHNAN,
C/o A. R. Pattabirama Chettiar,
Cloth merchant, Coimbatore. | 21. A. K. DHARMA RAJ, B.A.,
Ayilam Village, Kottayi Post,
(via) Palghat. |
| 7. C. KUPPUSAMY, III Form,
C. Section, Board High School, Chittoor. | 22. K. MADHAVAN NAIR,
Merchant, Edathara, Parli Post, S. Malabar. |
| 8. MAMADOOR KESAVAMOORTHY,
S.S.L.C., Fort, Gooty. | 23. MURIEL STEPHENS,
Nallasathu Estate, Valparai P.O.
(via) Pollachi. |
| 9. K. RAMACHANDRA NAIDU,
12, Galler St., Blackpally, Bangalore (Cont.) | 24. N. B. THIRUMUDI CHETTIAR,
Betel leaves merchant,
West main Road, Negapatnam. |
| 10. M. G. MUTHUKRISHNAN,
26, H. Kumbara St., Bangalore (Cont.) | 25. M. T. SUBRAMANIA PILLAI,
51, South Car St., Tuticorin. |
| 11. C. TIRUVANGADUM RAJU,
78, First Road, Chamrajpet, Bangalore City. | 26. R. M. KHAN,
Ooregum Office, Ooregum, K.G.P. |
| 12. WILLIAM ANWARDT,
F 41, Austin Town, Bangalore. | 27. K. BAGHAVACHARI,
Train Clerk, Villupuram. |
| 13. SOURI RAJAN REDDIAR,
C/o Haji M. Mohamed Yusuf Maricar,
Shopkeeper Tirunallar Road, Karaikal. | 28. A. R. SWAMINATHAN,
C/o K. N. Ramakrishna Iyer,
Goods Clerk, M.S.M. Ry. Ranipet. |
| 14. G. N. SUBBA ROW,
Clerk, Mysore Market P.O. Mysore. | 29. K. THIRUVENKATACHARI,
863, Esplanade, G.T. Madras. |
| 15. S. M. RADHAKRISHNAN,
86, Patlu Perumal Chetty St.,
Walajapet. (N.A. Dt.) | 30. C. J. JAYARAM MUDALIAR,
88, Adam Sahab St., Rayapuram, Madras. |
| | 31. E. COWEN,
28, Bellards St., Perambur, Madras. |

THE SECOND PRIZE

This has been won by the following successful Competitors.

1. A. V. Sanmuganathan, Anuradhapura. 2. K. A. Azmathullah, Mysore. 3. 4. F. B. Stanley, St. Thomas Mount. 5. Bedadakota. Gopala Rao, Rajahmundry. 6. D. Ramakrishna Rao, Guntur. 7. M. Bhashyam Aiyengar, Purasawakam, Madras. 8. B. M. Murdeshwar, Mangalore. 9. M. Rangasamy, Tuticorin. 10. Adavi-Rama Rao, B.A., E. L., Ellore. 11. S. Balakrishnamurthy, Rajahmundry. 12. R. Krishnan, Ootacamund. 13. 14. 15. 16. Dr. M. C. Nanjappa, L. M. P., Mudigere Post. 17. K. Satya Jogarow, Anakapalle. 18. V. R. Sundararajan, Omalur. 19. Liliyan, Vepery, Madras. 20. K. Sivasubramanyam, Gudallore. 21. P. S. Rajam, Salem. 22. S. W. Lazaro, Calicut. 23. Dinavahi Venkata Kameswara Rao, Masulipatam. 24. Chodavarapu-Madhusudhana Rao, Masulipatam. 25. M. S. Loganatha Mudaliar, Vepery, Madras. 26. T. R. Sarangapani, Trivellore. 27. K. L. Ganapathy, Mylapore, Madras. 28. K. V. Haridas Rao, Karur. 29. Palacholla Satyanandasagar, Cocanada. 30. D. Hanumantha Rao, Dhenuvakonda. 31. R. S. Natesa Sarma, Mannargudy. 32. C. G. Von Sintzgy, Tatanagar. 33. T. Janarthana Mudaliar, Bellary. 34. N. Ethirajan, Ammcor. 35. R. N. Jagaraj, Bangalore Cant. 36. Suryanarayan Desai, Bangalore City. 37. R. Rangarajan, Trichinopoly. 38. S. Subramania Aiyar, Trichy. 39. Mrs. M. D'Cruz, Calicut. 40. C. V. Doraiswamy Aiyar, Tirupattur. 41. R. A. Alasingarajar, Mandya. 42. Gnanam Ammal, Arogyavaram Post. 43. K. Kesavan, Tanjore. 44. C. H. B. Madava Rao, B.A., Masulipatam. 45. T. K. Sethuram, Kaachigooda. 46. 47. 48. A. Subramaniam Iyer, Chidambaram. 49. L. Bhavansankar, Trichy. 50. P. Rajagopala Aiyar, Tirukkoyilur. 51. K. A. M. Palanisamy Chettiar, Pondicherry. 52. R. Parthasarathi Iyengar, Pondicherry. 53. N. Rajagopal, Tiruvannamalai. 54. P. Kumaran, Tellicherry Post. 55. S. N. Swami Iyer, Madura. 56. W. Tumathi Devi, Komaloesvaranpet, Madras. 57. T. R. Krishnan, G. T. Madras. 58. P. Veeraraghavan, Madras. 59. T. P. Subramanian, Royapettah, Madras. 60. V. S. Moos, Krishnagiri. 61. M. T. S. Manian, Tuticorin. 62. A. S. Narayanaswami Aiyar, Kaloore Village. 63. G. Krishnamoorthy, Greampet. 64. V. K. Mohanvelu, Bangalore City. 65. K. Venkatraman, Nellikuppam. 66. M. Virabhadran, Kilambakam. 67. T. K. Ganapathi, Ammayappan Post. 68. S. R. Krishnamoorthy, Kumbakonam. 69. N. S. Balasubramaniya Iyer, Tiruvarur. 70. B. R. Gundu Rao, Tirupattur. 71. G. Lielavathy Bai, Cochin. 72. V. Ramiah Chettiar, Nagore. 73. T. V. Muthiah, Santhapuram. 74. M. A. Abdul Rahim, B.A., (Hons.) Vaduvur. 75. M. S. Sambasivan, Tiruvarur. 76. V. K. Raman, Madras. 77. K. L. Juneja, Karachi. 78. K. Satyanarayana, Satyanarayana Pet. 79. S. M. Thyagarajan, Broadway, Madras. 80. R. Ramaswamy, Negapatnam. 81. W. S. Saravanam, Walajabad. 82. M. G. Rajagopal, Mysore. 83. N. Bindumadhava Rao, Kamalalayam. 84. P. Ganapathy Iyer, Golmuri. 85. C. Vasudeva Rao, Basavanagudi. 86. G. Bheemappa, Gooty. 87. Miss. J. Kamala Bai, Mysore. 88. K. Ramachandra Naidu, Blackpally. 89. B. K. Krishnamoorthy Rao, Avanigadda. 90. Belamana D'Murti, Lalbag. 91. S. T. Mangalanar, Maraloor. 92. H. Katuarachchi, Ceylon. 93. L. V. Adhibetty, Ceylon. 94. Miss. A. K. Mangalakshmi, Vepery, Madras. 95. A. Perumal, Thottapalayam. 96. K. Surendranatha Pillai, Ellore. 97. Govindaraju Venkata Rao, Nuzvid. 98. Asu Ram Kakar, Karachi City. 99. T. Mohan, Madras. 100. Abdul Kyyum Sait, Pondicherry. 101. K. Govindaswamy Naidu, Pattukkottah. 102. P. M. Anantharama Iyer, Arvanguy Post. 103. K. M. Basavannaiah, Siruguppa. 104. T. Natarajan, Ulsore. 105. S. Renga Rajander, Tallakulam. 106. Mr. Justin Molegode, Ceylon. 107. M. P. Lakshman, Badagara. 108. K. Niranganam Nair, Repalle. 109. K. S. Ramachandran, Bangalore. 110. C. S. Hariharan, Egmore, Madras. 111. C. T. Raju, Chamarajpet. 112. S. C. Moodalakshmi, Sivaganga. 113. I. Arunachala Nadar, Satankulam. 114. M. V. Jogarao, Guindy. 115. Vakkalanka Seshagiri Rao, Peddapuram. 116. S. R. Narayanasami, Atur. 117. Y. Vemula Reddy, Madras E. 118. S. Kuppasami, Balespet. 119. G. Sivarajan, Budalur. 120. C. Venkateswami Rao, Cuddalore, O.T. 121. M. P. Lakshman, Badagara. 122. A. Wilson Raj, Royapuram, Madras. 123. Abbas C. Degani, B.A., Rangoon. 124. R. Viswanadhan, Palayur. 125. V. D. Krishnamurthy, Mahrattipalyam. 126. Narayana Rao, Vizag. 127. C. R. Venugopalan, Chittoor. 128. E. R. Palaniraju Naidu, Erode. 129. K. S. Hagniswami, Tiruppur. 130. M. N. Hari Rao, Kottur Village. 131. V. Ramadas, Vizianagaram. 132. C. H. Venkateswara Rao, Kondapalli. 133. M. Janakamma, Mysore. 134. C. R. Venugopalan, Chittoor Dt. 135. Narayana Rao, Vizagapatam. 136. K. Fazla Ali Esq., Bodinayakanur. 137. 138. T. S. Sivaprakasam, Trichinopoly. 139. S. E. Lostrick, Ceylon. 140. V. T. Eliavu Hai, Travancore. 141. Pola Lakshmi Narayana, Vizianagaram. 142. N. A. G. Rajuloo, Ootacamund. 143. T. Sivarama Sastry, Panamerathupatty Post. 144. S. R. Anandham, Mylapore. 145. N. K. Biswas, Calcutta. 146. A. Appen Iyengar, Sattur. 147. Miss. N. Ahalya Bai, Triplicane, Madras. 148. V. 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As you find the solutions, write them on the Free Entry Coupon given on the next page and post your attempt to reach our office not later than the closing date namely, the 20th April 1934.

1		ING	6		ACK
2		AME	7		IME
3		UMB	8		ACT
4		OOK	9		AGE
5		ARE	10		AME

(For the coupon see next page.)

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2. The solutions must reach Funny Magazin office before the evening of 20th April '34. Entries received after the closing date will not be considered. Corrections or Alternatives in the same coupon will disqualify the competitor.

3. Solutions must be addressed to The Competition Editor "The First Letter" COMPETITION.
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- | | |
|---------|----------|
| 1. SING | 6. |
| 2. | 7. |
| 3. | 8. |
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| 5. | 10. |

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