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Number 1 Free Contest Prizes Rs. 155

FUNNY

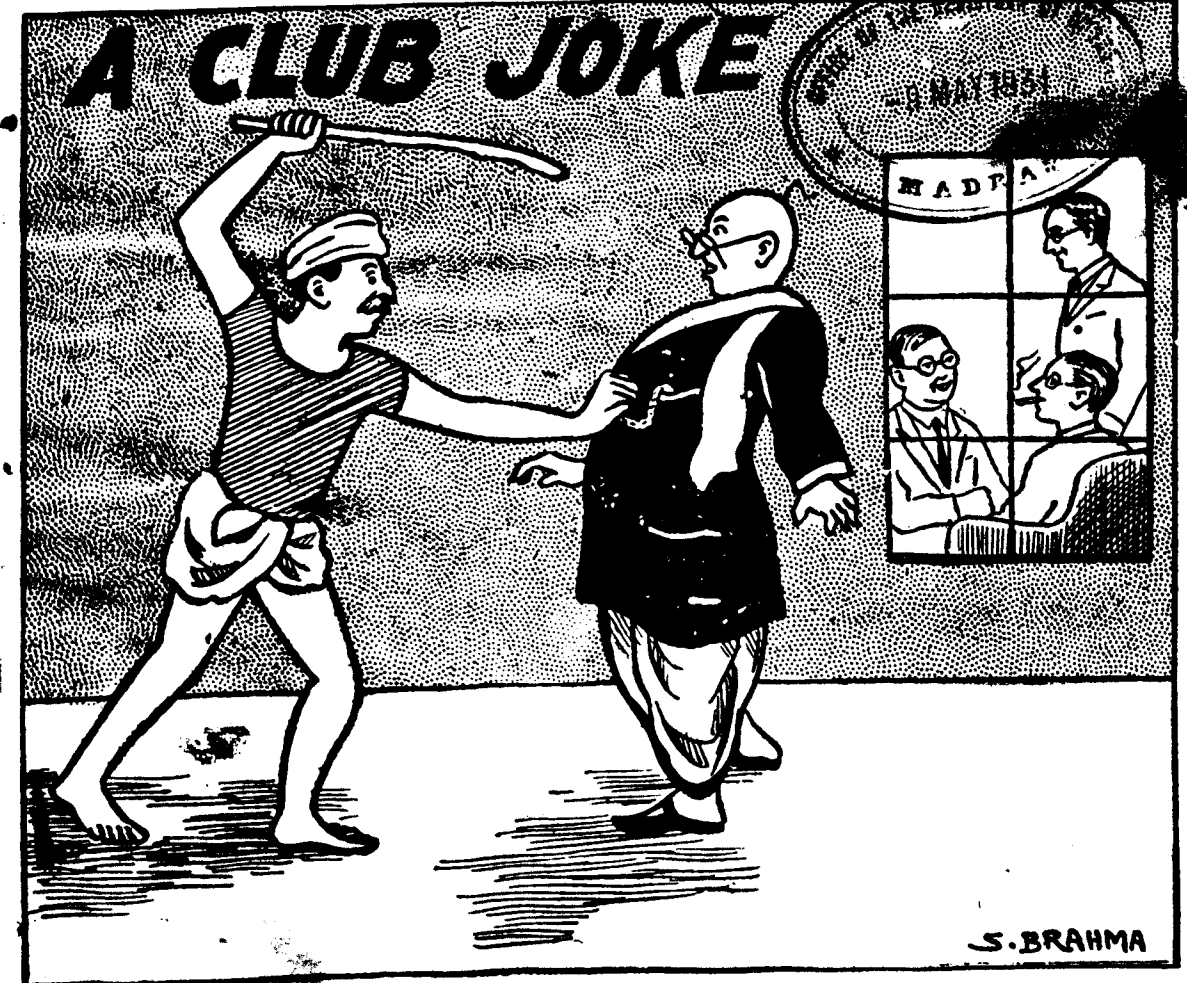
MAGZIN OF INDIA

A FORTNIGHTLY

VOL. I

MADRAS, 5TH APRIL 1934 1993

No. 17



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To Our Contributors.

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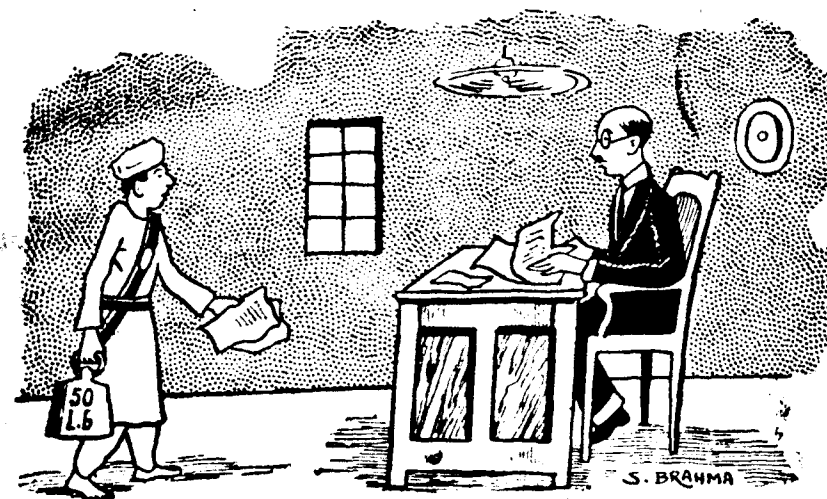
Funny MAGZIN

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

Vol I.

MADRAS, 5th APRIL, 1934.

No. 17



Peon, newly entertained:—Please, Your Honour, here is the paper and here is the weight, sir.

SIPS & TIPS:

Deafness cured by a trip in aeroplane: the latest from the plane cruise.

But, some of the buses cure men of all earthly ills.

Constables are as bad as bad conduct:

Certainly, because they lead to the criminal court.

Wanted divorce on his golden wedding day—says a paper.

Surely, that is not a hasty fellow.

Son:—What is a committee?

Fa:—A committee is a body of men who keep minutes and waste hours.

When a man listens long on the phone without speaking, it is almost sure to be his wife at the other end.

Why do some women beget so many children?

Because they do not wish to take the risk of their husband's displeasure if he should have no heirs.

What is the opposite of "Crooked Stuff"? Answer: "Straight Stuff."

In the language of the Brotherhood of Burglars, the former means "Stolen property" and the latter "Lawful property."

What is the secret of living for a hundred years or longer?

Complete ignorance of the secret.

You can wish a man many happy returns; but not on the day he returns from the Andamans though after ten years' stay.

Why are some anxious to get "threatening letters"? asks a Correspondent.

Surely, what better sign of prosperity do you want?

A lady certifies a new tonic as the best remedy for sleeplessness.

Evidently, the good lady hasn't heard some of our learned University lecturers.

The principal speaker on his way to the S. P. C. A. Anniversary meeting was gored by a bull.

Not his fault though, because the poor bull knew nothing of the victim's mission.

Dr. O. V. Raman says that there is no heaven or hell. Consequently, the popular slogan for directing people to go to the place other than heaven is likely to fall into disuse.

Cheap Japan gramophones are said to be strongly made. Anyway when one of these machines was started the metallic noise it produced sounded very aggressive.

It is reported that the Mohatta Market, Karachi, once the stronghold of the boycott agitation has accorded a right royal welcome to the Governor of Bombay.

Evidently this is an instance of a market change!

That the Madras representatives in the Legislative Assembly are able speakers is the considered opinion of a correspondent. Ability to deal out words must, therefore, be taken to compensate for deeds.



'Lawyers off to Ooty for their holidays', says a headline.

A brief respite as it were.

It is estimated that a razor travels across the face at 30 miles per hour.

So we must be careful not to take corners too quickly!

An American claims to have invented a bullet-proof shirt.

But what we want is a laundry-proof shirt.

What am I to do when the servant breaks more crockery than what could be deducted from her wages? queries an anxious reader. We advise him to increase her wages.

'House for sale' runs an advertisement. 'No illegal charges'

Well, what about Legal charges.

'I wonder how an artist lives?' says a reader.

Yes that's where the art comes in.

We hear that a baker in Straits Settlements has won a prize in the Irish sweep.

Well, he kneads the dough anyway.

Some wealthy misers never realize that they are alive.

But their relatives do.

What is the first thing that strikes one on leaving a Madras Coffee-hotel? queries a reader.

The loss of one's Umbrella and sandals, of course.

How long can a person live without food? asks a reader.

We refer him to Gandhiji.

Some men awake from their dreams when they hear the alarm clock.

But many awake only when they hear their wedding-bells!

We read of a boy in Paris who sees everything upside down.

So the world must seem a perfectly normal place to him.

'Unemployment decreases' runs a headline.

Well, that is this fortnight's fairy story.

A man was charged recently for having three wives.

No doubt he pleaded he didn't mean any harem.

A new company has been floated in Kotwal chavady for supplying the potato needs for the city.

Mash production, eh?

A reader complains that he is unable to open a strong box of his.

Why, that's easy. All he has got to do is to label it 'With Care' and send it somewhere by rail.

'Early morning cold dips make a man athletic.'

Yes. We did a record high jump when we put our foot in one, on a cold day.

'Monster Sale' advertises a shop in Madras.

Where are we to keep the darn thing if we buy it?

'Mud-baths gives one a skin like velvet' says an American beauty expert.

Well, what about crocodiles?

'Rubbish brings the Corporation a tidy sum of Rs. 500 a year' says a reader.

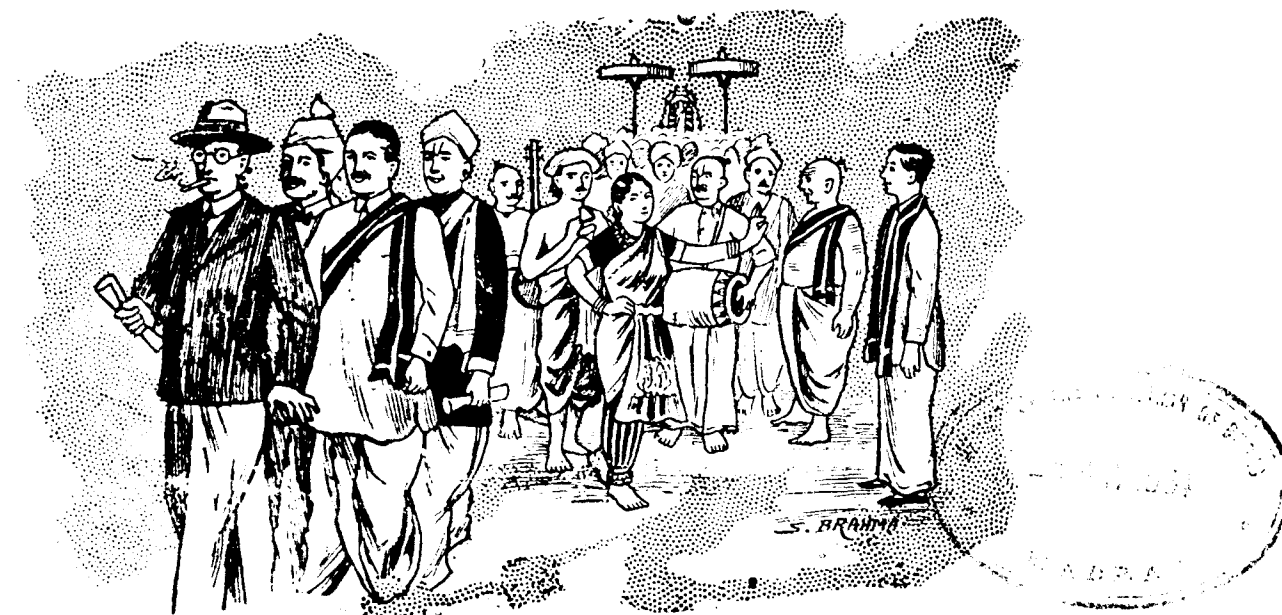
We know a local serial writer who has beaten that record!

Nowadays marriages are fast and furious.

Yes, she's fast and he's furious.

Life: Its Lure & Logic

By "RUBIKON"



Stylish!

Or, refined!

Which is the better of twain?

That was the problem that Mr. Jonah Kearam was out to solve.

There was nothing that he did touch but left his mark of style on it. Not that Mr. Kearam was a widely travelled man over the seven seas and nine continents (including those submerged in the Indian Ocean and those that are emerging from the Polar regions), or that he had gone round the whole world, no matter what its divisions into Kingdoms or Dictatorships are. Mr. Kearam, if we are not mistaken, had not left the shores of his Indian motherland. But within its limits he

had done plenty of moving about. Hence he thought, and justly too, that he had a right to change his dress as completely as possible, adopt the western style of food and living and, above all, change his name to Jonah Kearam, though this last stroke gave him some trouble and annoyance.

For, his name was Janakiram, a name which sounded too Indianish, if not boorish. It was his sincere opinion that his parents had no more right to inflict any name they liked upon him for life, any more than they could inflict a wife without his consent, as he had too often found it to be the case with Indians whom he sincerely pitied.

Some of his friends did laugh when first they had to

handle the new name 'Jonah Kearam'. But Mr. Kearam had the stuff of the true reformer in him; and no true reformer there was that could not stand the gibes and jeers of ancient, immobile and stagnant crones.

Kearam lived down the sneers of his friends and fellow officers. That is the way with the world. It tries to pull you into the old groove. It would scare you by sneers and satire. But, if you only have the hardihood to persist, you not only live down the old crones; but they begin to admire you for what they call your "grit", or "stamina" or "originality."

So it was with Kearam.

Kearam, the laughed at, became Mr. Jonah Kearam, the man who had always something new to say, who looked at things as others did not; the man, in short, who did exactly the way that others did not or would not—or, to be precise, Jonah Kearam was the G. B. Shaw of his circle.

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"What do you make of this?" he asked one day of Sarath and Raja and Jeelal. "Now look at that dancing girl, Raja. Let me ask you. Tell me honestly if piety is the feeling that her presence can inspire in a holy place like the Hindu Temple."

"Are you not a Hindu?" asked Jeelal.

"What does it matter, so far as this dancing girl is concerned, whether I am a Hindu or not?" asked Kearam.

"What I mean is, if you are a Hindu—" began Jeelal.

wards religion as towards one's own country."

"That is quite a queer kind of patriotism, I should say," answered Kearam.

"There is nothing queer about it. As a matter of fact, that is what every man does. The Christian, true he is a most scientific critic of other faiths; he would hold up to severe search every thing that he finds in other religions; but when he comes to his own, he would justify or explain the very things that he condemns in the

business with any thing connected with religion."

"True, Mr. Kearam," protested Jeelal, "you don't mean to say that we people are prepared to back any kind of false philosophy or wrong doctrine simply because we are born in it. Far from that."

"Then what else does your patriotism in religion mean, I should like to ask?" put in Kearam.

"What I mean is that we hold to a certain faith because our ancestors whom you cannot lightly treat, drew



"I am not, for a truth, I am ashamed to be one. But let us assume that I am a Hindu: what then?" queried Kearam.

"If you are a Hindu, you ought to be as tender as others are towards their own religion. That is my view of it," claim Jeelal.

"I am entirely opposed to it. It is just because I am a Hindu, I should brush out all that is low and impure in it," said Kearam.

"My dear Kearam," put in Jeelal, "there is as much live patriotism to-

faiths of others. That is the case with every follower of every faith. Given the same story, each would claim that there is a peculiar beauty in his own faith, not in those of others," argued Jeelal.

"That may be with those that follow a creed, right or wrong; but with me," Kearam spoke vehemently, "there is nothing like my religion or your religion. I do not follow a faith simply because my great grand-father followed it. With me, it is 'Test and Trust.' I have no other terms of

their soul sustenance from it, because we regard such an attitude of theirs as one demanding our reverence as well, we have to make out a strong case before we can condemn our pious legacy with being defective in any matter," argued Jeelal.

"Mr. Jeelal," protested Kearam, "I want some thing more than the mere weight of my grand father's spectacles approbation. I want cold clear argument."

"Do you mean to say that all the devoted men of any religion were not

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thinkers and that they moved as they were led by their whims?" asked Jeelal.

"Though I wouldn't go so far as that, I am afraid it is very near that when you would knock out pure and simple logic out of this business," laid down Mr. Kearam.

"Nobody disputes the rod of logic to rule over things to which man works through thinking. Still, in

the lightning zig-zag in the dark stormy sky. You can't miss it. It is there in every religion. We call it Faith....."

"Faith! Splendid! Faith! the negation of reasoning. No, no, Jeelal, I am a plain blunt fellow, Mr. Raja. To me, Mr. Sarath, faith conveys no meaning except something that you would shun especially when you are

manner; it may not appeal to me; nevertheless, I cannot mix up Faith in any matter in which I employ reasoning; least of all, will I debase by bringing about an unholy alloy between faith and reasoning in a matter like religion. That is my straight and simple view of it," spoke Mr. Kearam.

"What is it?" asked Raja.

"What is what?" from Sarath.

"Why, don't you hear?"

"Yes, I do."

"Whence is that?"

"Evidently from Kearam's."

"How can that be?" asked Jeelal.

"Why, surely it is from Kearam's," assured Raja.

"That is real funny," they agreed.

It was a sudden impulse. Jeelal, Raja and Sarath, the men who worked with Mr. Jonah Kearam, thought they would visit their friend of advanced views and enjoy some chat with him.

The very air was thick with Evolution; with Agnosticism; with Naturalism and other isms, too scientific for ordinary folk to approach in hours of darkness or without guides.

Jeelal and his friends approached Mr. Kearam's—the very home of the grim Muses of science. But the music that came from within was of a very peculiar kind.

They could not explain it; nor could their discussion throw any light on the music. Without waiting to be admitted within, the three entered the hall, pushed aside the curtains that led to the passage within, proceeded straight to a small hall, when their eyes met a sight—they could not believe the evidence their eyes and ears deposed.

There was Mr. Jonah Kearam; there was no doubt about that. Not the Kearam of prim suit and hat—not the Kearam of trim chin and nutty rette in his lips—not the Kearam to whom anything of faith, of belief was as an abomination to his soul.

Kearam was there.

His head clean shaven, with a tiny tuft of hair on his crown in the most orthodox fashion, with the marks of his



religion, it is not mere logic," said Jeelal.

"Exactly; that is my point. You people want to take shelter behind something in addition to reasoning in matters of religion. What is that you would smuggle along with reasoning? Come out, Jeelal," demanded Mr. Kearam.

"There is nothing to smuggle secretly or stealthily. It is plain as

approaching the neighbourhood of reasoning," shouted Mr. Kearam.

"But, Mr. Kearam, evidently you have very poor idea of Faith or have formed a very poor opinion of it. Else you would not exclaim against Faith in this manner," answered Jeelal.

"No, no friends; I do not run down Faith in a light-hearted flippant

caste painted on his person, seated cross-legged, with his silk *dhotie* to prevent pollution, his wife by his side, the priest chanting incantations, with the magic men beating away on the drums as they yelled prayers, a mighty puja or worship was in progress—the two worshippers being Mr. and Mrs. Kearam.

Somebody breathed into the ears of the dumb-founded three that the only daughter of the Kearams had come under the sway of some evil spirit and that the same unwanted spirit was being worked of the possessed child.

Jeelal and his friends could not make out whom the more to pity: Mr. Kearam or his poor child: only they learnt that facts are sometimes stranger than fiction; that love is often stronger than logic and that spirits are sturdier than Science.

BETWEEN THE LINES

A driver while engaged in salvaging a sunken steamer found an air pocket at a depth of 60 ft. and a case of whisky on the steamer. Deliberately unscrewing his helmet in the air pocket, he promptly got drunk on the whisky but returned to the surface unscathed. He is now applauded by all for his iron nerves and exceptional coolness.

It is therefore suggested that those who desire cool nerves might try copious draughts of this famous liquor.

The British Fascists, who were charged with administering castor oil to a member of their party, are now acquitted on the ground that the case was not strong enough.

Presumably it was a case of a weak dose of castor oil.

One day an officer of an English regiment staggered into camp and complained abusively that an unarmed highway man had the impertinence to waylay and rob him of his watch, money and two loaded pistols. It is surmised that the highwayman might have taken the loaded pistols in order to remove the reproach that he was unarmed.

Where my Darling Missie?

A Youthful Fancy

— BY S. A. K. —

Missie.

Yes, I won't give out her name for fear you might do some mischief. Be content to know that I always called her Missie. She was a charming little girl. The friendship between us had begun only ten months ago and has by now developed into a sort of mutual attachment. Yes, I do love her above all earthly things, for I cannot but do so. During those ten months I had visited her house several times, but could not have a chat with her as my stay 'here' was very short.

"The next time when I meet her I will confess my love and boldly ask her to give an Yes or No!" This was the thought that haunted me at all times and everywhere.

And at last—thank Heaven—one day I saw her standing in her garden, gathering flowers. She was humming a soft tune. It was only natural that I should be glad—Glad beyond imagination when I saw her.

"Missie, why gather you these flowers?" I asked by way of introduction.

She started as she heard the voice and suddenly paused. "To present you with," was her calm and sweet but sudden reply.

"You are never at a loss for fair words. Why are you so particular to present them to me?"

Missie cast down her head and said "You will—no! Nothing! But now, tell me I heard that you are attending the Tutorial Class at Y. M. C. A. How many days have gone by since you came here?"

"Only two weeks."

"Then what prevented you from coming over here till now?"

"Oh! don't think otherwise. I was not able. That's all."

"How do you like the life at Alleppey?"

"Somewhat well," I replied. By-the-bye Missie, let us have a talk together about something serious. For a long time since I have been thinking to ask you one question of great importance. Can you guess what it is about?"

"How.....I" she smiled with a blush.

"Previous to ten months," said I in an earnest voice glancing round to see whether we were alone "my eyes had never beheld you. But even at our first meeting itself I felt enchaind and enraptured and experienced an instantaneous and vivid impression to which I had been a stranger till then. From that day I have often thought to ask you one question and dared not speak it out. But when the moment came I found myself tongue-tied and could not utter a single word. Now, I ask you, Missie! I love you. Can you love me in return? Will you be mine?"

Missie remained silent and confused, her eyes down cast, her lips quivering and her heart heaving with emotion. She was almost trembling. Confusion worse confounded she had never undergone before. After a few minutes she raised her head, still because of coyness drooped it again quickly. But her last glance rested on my eyes—a glance of tenderness, love and modesty.

"I—I just want to say one thing. So w-w-why we were good friends. Y-y-ye-yes, I-I-lo-lov." With these few words she was almost going to fall down as if she fainted and I opened my eager hands to clasp her to my heart and to kiss her rosy cheeks, when suddenly a thrill passed through my body. I was transported to the seventh heavens. For a moment I stood motionless as if immersed in eternal joy. I was elated with pride. Alas! my dream! I found myself transported from my cot to the floor.

I opened my eyes. Where my Darling Missie! She had vanished. The lamp was still burning brightly on the table. There was "Les Miserables" lying open just beside it in the same old page that I left it on the previous night. "Up-Up-My friend and quit your bed" shouted my friend Mr. Jack'Obbs from outside my room. "It is almost time to go to Y.M.C.A."

I rubbed my eyes and recollecting the incidents of my dreams I wished my friend "Good Morning."

Gentleman-Burglar

— BY M. V. V. R. —

A stately, majestic landau-bodied limousine stopped before the fruit godown of Mr. Muthiah Chettiar, and the occupant of this grand showy automobile who would be on the right side of his forty, got down the car with the ease and calmness of one who was accustomed to cars, right from his birth. Getting down the car, he sent his visiting card which

bore the nomenclature of "Pranavas, M. A., L. L. B.," through his chauffeur who returned with a dark burly Chettiar following him. As soon as this Chettiar saw Mr. Pranavas, he made a deep salaam and said "Good morning sir, what can I do for you?"

Pranavas:—Since I mean giving a dinner to His Excellency the Viceroy to-morrow evening I want some 3000

good fruits for dessert. Have you got them?

Chettiar:—Yes sir, we have Batavia Oranges, Kulu apples, Kabul pomagranates, Vizag sapotas etc.,

Pranavas:—Well, have you any good mangoes?

Chettiar:—Of course, Salem mangoes, the sweetest and the most sumptuous. I can give any number you want.

Pranavas:—Then keep them ready. Three thousand Salem malgova and oranges, well packed. These fruits are to be given to the man I will bring in a short while.

Chettiar:—As per your wish, sir. The cost including

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Copies of the FUNNY MAGZIN bearing the March Lucky Numbers must be sent to the Manager, FUNNY MAGZIN Office by Registered post. The copies must reach the office not later than 25th April 1934; Copies must be intact. Mere forwarding of the wrapper containing the number alone or the copies received in the FUNNY MAGZIN office after 25th April, will not bring a prize.

Note: Removal of Competition Coupons alone is allowed in the prize winning copy of the Lucky Number Competition

the packing charges for 3000 mangoes as per specification will come to Rs. 150, sir.

The gentleman, opening his long purse pulled out a bunch of currency notes from which he counted fifteen 10 Rs. notes and handed them over to the Chettiar. No sooner did he hand over the amount than did the chauffeur start the big handsome limousine which dashed off in a breakneck speed towards the Mount Road.

At Mount Road, the car stopped in front of Messrs Keshavram & Co., the leading jewellers and diamond merchants. The gentleman got out of the car and entered the premises of the jewellers when a person who looked like the proprietor or perhaps the manager of the firm approached him and said "Good morning, sir, would you like to see some Blue jaggars and some pigeon blood rubies.

Pranavas:—No I would like to see some gem-set jewellery. I want a diamond-set brooch of a very good pattern.

Manager:—Yes, sir, Here you have got a number of beautiful varieties for you to select from. This is the Heart pattern, this is the Banyan leaf pattern—

(The gentleman selecting one which seemed to be the costliest one.)

Pranavas:—How much does this cost?

Manager:—This costs just Rs. 3000.

Pranavas:—Three thousand. Anything less?

Manager:—No, sir, the price is fixed; you needn't worry yourself about higgling here.

The gentleman then drew forth his long purse once more and counted the currency notes and found the amount was short of the amount due (i.e., Rs. 3000).—Therefore turning towards the manager of the firm, "Sir, my present purse is not enough now. Can you kindly send somebody along with me with the jewel in the car to my house. I will pay him the amount and take the brooch."

The manager thought for a while whether it would be wise to accede to his customer's wish. But anyhow, there was the beautiful landau bodied car and noble rain of the purchaser which

stood him in good stead. So the manager said:

"Well sir, as you desire, I am sending this clerk of our firm along with the jewel. You pay him Rs. 3000 and take possession of the brooch, sir"

Pranavas:—All right. The jewel costs three thousand. Isn't it? so saying, he jumped into the car and the clerk beside the driver's seat. The car now raced towards George Town and stopped before the fruit grove and the clerk of the jeweller's shop got down the car. But the gentleman seating himself within the car itself told the Chettiar who was standing at the entrance "Well, Chettiar, send that three thousand along with this gentleman, will you?

Chettiar:—Yes, sir,

Pranavas:—(Turning towards the clerk of the jewellery firm) S.r., now take the three thousand from the chettiar. Give me the jewel.

No sooner did the clerk give the brooch to gentleman in the car, than it raced off and the chettiar asked the clerk, "Have you brought a cart to take those three thousand, clerk."

"Why, sir, have you got all the three thousand in coins? Why not you give them to me in currency notes so that it might be much more portable."

Chettiar:—What do you mean? Are you a bit moon-struck? You are talking about coins and currency notes. How are you going to take the 3000 mangoes which he has asked me to give you?

Clerk:—Oh God! The Sait, my boss would be awaiting Rs. 3000 with parted lips and straining eyes. How am I to face his wrath," so saying the clerk fainted on the spot, which necessitated a doctor's arrival and all the imminent hubbub which brought the police to the scene, who as usual promised to find out the criminal but more often than not, failed in their attempts, since those who burgle now-a-days take to their profession only when they are much more intelligent than those who will hound them.

According to the Madras Excise Minister, the prohibition experiments started in Salem failed miserably. Generally all 'dry' efforts end that way.

Sure Tip to Race Goers

If you want to win big money in the races, follow the following method:

Take with you an adequate supply of money.

Bet only on races with six or less than six runners.

Back every horse in the race in such a way so that whatever wins you may make a profit.

Note the words, "in such a way." That means a lot. Mathematical ability is the prime requisite of this system. You will have to do some high speed mental calculations with the complicated "odds" on offer and make your bets in mathematical proportion.

If you are clever enough and Dame fortune be on your side, you may win some money. If not, be assured, the bookmakers will enjoy the results. Anyway the tip will result in gain to one party or the other

Character of Cities

Madras is a city of lost opportunities.

—writer in local daily.

Bombay is a city of pavement dwellers.

—Daily Paper.

Calcutta is a city of lost superiority.

—Anonymous.

Delhi is a city of revived splendour

—Anonymous.

London is a city of Ten thousand commandments.

—British Weekly.

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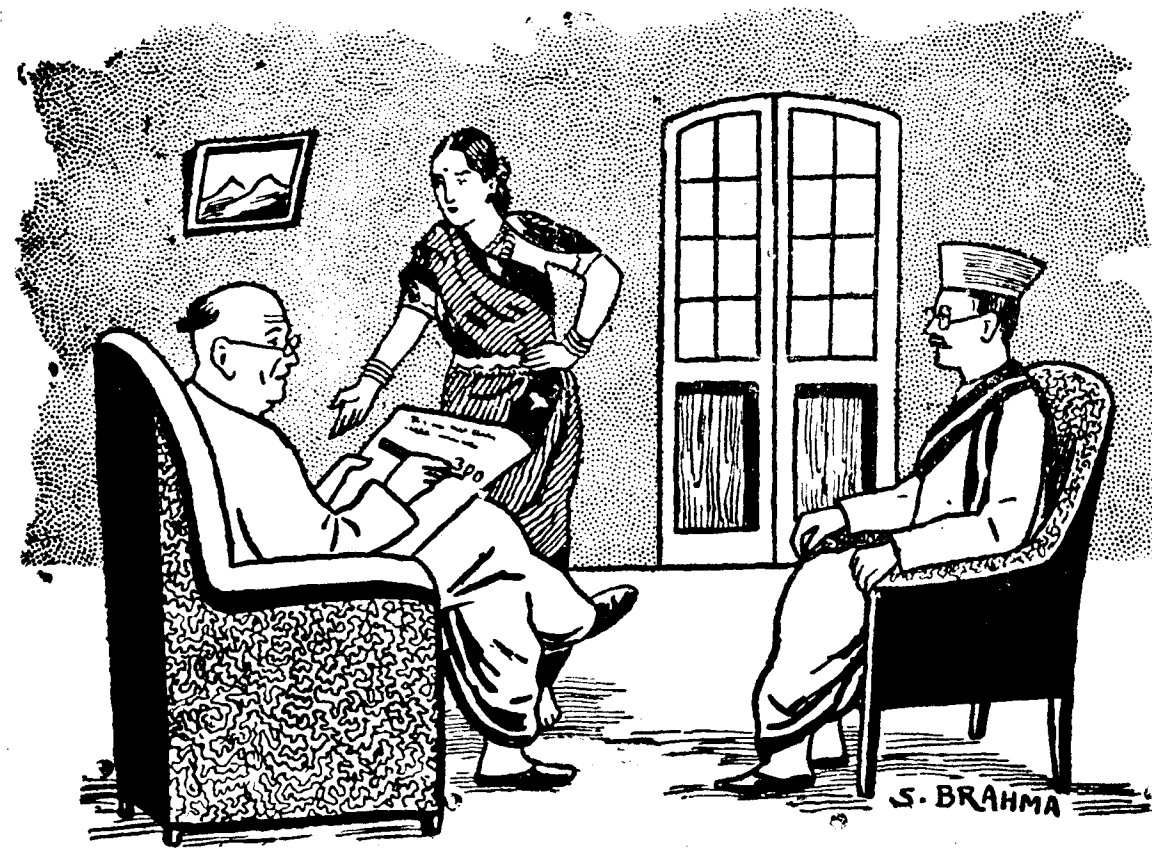
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JEALOUS CHARITY

— By "Vagarthha" —



Mr. Vinaya was a person who made the idea of perfection in the Creation of the World a mockery: the World is sweet and lovely, but there is nothing in this lovely World of ours that is one too many or a needless extra: so we think.

YET: Vinaya was one to listen to whom was like drinking honey and milk emulsified into a lovely halwa: his speech was a harmony of the sweet and the delicious. You felt that in Creation, with Mr. Vinaya moving about, honey was a superfluity—a mere needless waste of creative

work on the part of those responsible for the make up of our globular abode.

Little wonder, then, if Mr. Vinaya should call on Rao Bahadur Pisunamurthi and find the Rao Bahadur listening patiently for an hour on the great and sublime duty of supporting the Unemployed Maid-servants Mandir.

Not that Rao Bahadur cared two brass farthings for maid-servants or their he-goats: but Mr. Vinaya had a way with him that even Pisunamurthi found it simply irresistible. He knew as Mr.

Vinaya poured the touching tales of the privations so unselfishly endured by the band of maid-servants of our mother-land, he was being led away by the charmer Vinaya, till at last he knew not to what desperate donations he might be lured to.

He listened; he thought; he stared; he was scared; he screamed to his wife; "Santha, Santha, come here, just for a minute; do come; Mr. Vinaya of the Unemployed Maid-servant Mandir is here."

"You think I have nothing else to do but to draw an

idler's pension; sit in the verandah and listen to the adventures of those that dance in the halls of the maid-servants Mandir?" asked Srimathi Santha Devi, who, though not of quite a luring exterior, was second to no Hindu wife in the care and vigilance with which she managed her husband's hoardings and house properties.

"Santha, Santha, don't be hasty, good woman. Just come out for a second," pleaded Pisunamurthi.

But Mr. Vinaya was a person who needed no help whatsoever in the great cause that he had undertaken to devote his time and talents for.

He got up; went in to Santha Devi; made his *namaskarams*; offered his salutations; and expressed his reverence for her, because, he said, her presence reminded him of the immortal painting of the divine Laxmi herself. He felt, he expressed, that clarifying and elevation of soul that one feels, though he lacks the heart to reveal, in his soul when he stood in the presence of Santha Devi.

A few more of Mr. Vinaya's soul impulses, which he communicated with that sweetness and simplicity and sincerity which only he could command, brought Santha Devi to the verandah where her beloved husband sat harmless to the world; indifferent to its wealth or vanity, with only a pious and prayerful eye on the sheet calendar to watch the expiring month, to get ready for the pension date on which to draw his pension, to hand over to his spouse and win a tardy smile, for, that good lady would

sometimes wonder whether Pisunamurthi had the heart to hand over monthly that paltry pension to her hands which had never received such trifling sums!

That is about days gone by.

Srimathi Santha Devi was drawn by Mr. Vinaya: out she came; she heard; she sighed; she thawed.

"Dear, why not give our nite to the gentleman?" she asked.

"That is why I called you, Santha," replied the husband.

"And where the list, Sir?"

"Madam, that is the list."

"This is the list Santha", Pisunamurthi said. "The thing is, Santha, what shall we put down?"

"Good mother," began Mr. Vinaya. "Why worry the revered Rao Bahadur? There they are, in the list, the names of the kind-hearted donors."

"Kind-hearted, you call them, sir?" Santha Devi asked with an angry grim.

"Dear, just read the names, let me see."

"Dewan Bahadur Vipra-nañda—Rs. 150."

"The old goose hasn't yet got his daughter yet married," grunted Santha Devi.

"Sir Abhaya Dattanna Rs. 250."

"Splendid! His wife hasn't a diamond necklace! Fancy Sir Abhaya's vanity," laughed the wife.

"Rao Bahadur Dullayya Chetty—Rs. 300."

Santha pouted her lips, "Has that man any sense?"

Not even a crazy old car! Yet Rs. 300 subscription. Have these people any sense?"

"Sri. Lakka Laxmamma Garu. Rs. 50"

"Ridiculous! not even two years since the case she fought against her husband: the woman comes coolly in a list like this!" wondered Santha Devi.

More names and the figures against their names, the old Rao Bahadur read; and asked, "Santha, Mr. Vinaya is waiting, you see."

"True, dear, whose is that name there?"

"That is my brother"

"And you didn't read that!"

"I haven't come to that," apologised Pisunamurthi.

Santha stood up to her full stature: "Dear, it is a lie. You had a motive in not telling me. What does your brother subscribe? You haven't told me that."

"Rs. 350."

"Superb! Rs. 350 your brother throws away. You plead for his children! Why, it is plain you don't care for your own children: that is plain as daylight."

"Santha, what is it you want me to put down in this list?"

Mr. Vinaya was a shrewd man. He immediately plunged in; "Rao Bahadur, you have to respect the revered lady's feelings. It is not a question of money."

"What shall I set down, Santha?"

"Why ask me, Sir?" roared Santha,

"Lest you should discover some new motive in anything I might say. You give the figure yourself, Santha."

Now Santha was a lady of the highest feeling of self-respect, yet she was not one given to vain-glorious charity.

But on this occasion, her sense of pride for her own home and family, struggled keenly with her caution till at last she burst out. "Sir, you know your brother: you know his position, you know how his wife looks down upon me and my poor children. You can do what you think best."

"Shall it be Rs. 350, Santha?"

Mr. Vinaya humbly suggested. "Sir, for the universal esteem that your goodself and your revered wife enjoy,

you cannot be made equal with your juniors in age."

"I am not sure he cares for the feelings of his own children," almost sobbed Santha Devi.

"Shall it be Rs. 350 then?"

"Dear, I do not care if my children beg. I can never be in the same level with your brother's people. I don't care what happens."

Rao Bahadur Pisunamurthi gave Rs. 100; and still the town talks of the wonder more often than the Behar quakes.

A new york millionaire returned to his palatial home after a winter in Italy.

"You bin to Italy, I hear," said a stay-at-home acquaintance

"Yes!"

"What's it like?"

"Why, like a boot, of course," answered the other contemptuously. "Ain't you ever learned your geography?"

"When I was a lad," continued the millionaire, who was telling his fellow members at their annual dinner some of his troubles in early life, "I walked to Devonshire. I found a job and, after five years' hard work, managed to save enough to buy a bicycle."

There was a gasp of astonishment.

"Not long after this," began the other afresh, "I got a letter from home. Mother was very ill. So I jumped on my bicycle and rode to London, just in time to hear the doctor say that Devon air was the only thing that would save mother."

His audience gasped.

"You didn't take her back?" they said.

"No," replied the millionaire, "I dragged the old bike into the room, let the wind out of the tyres, and mother's alive to-day."

*

"Is it the motion going down?"

"No, ma'am."

"Is it the stopping that does it?"

"No, ma'am."

"Then, what is it?"

"Answering questions, ma'am."

Rs. 100 in Cash Prize

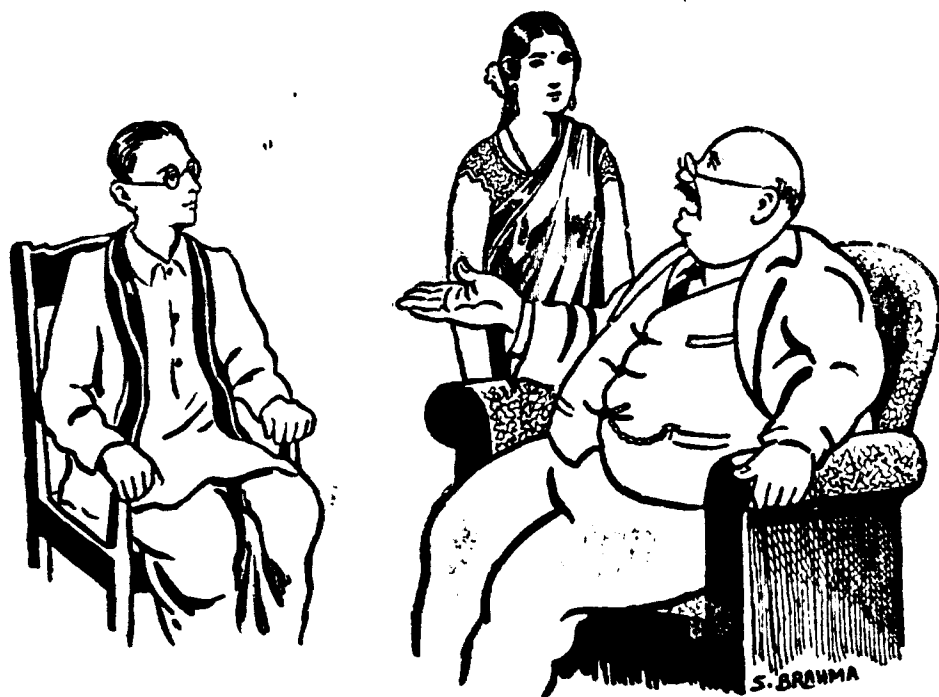
IN FUNNY Magzin

APRIL LUCKY NUMBER SCHEME.

Every issue of FUNNY Magzin published during April dated 5-4-1934 and 20-4-1934 have unduplicated numbers printed on the Front Page of the wrapper. Twenty of these numbers have been selected at random and kept in a sealed envelope in the Manager's possession. A week after the publication of the issue of the 20th April '34 the envelope will be opened and the list of Lucky Numbers will be published in the issue of Funny Mag., dated 5th May 1934. The 20 copies bearing the 20 lucky numbers will be paid at the rate of Rs. 5 per copy.

Ragho's Revenge

— By "ARBELA" —



"I am not an old world man..."

"He is a B.A.!"

What magic in those two letters! What great pull if the first of the two happens to be an "M!"

But do not imagine that I am a disgruntled grumbler; that I am not an M.A. or even a B.A. myself; or that I am a fellow barking at any fellow that is better than myself because I am myself not a B.A.

No, I do not wish to tell you whether I possess those University tails at the end of my name or not. Whether I am one that came out of a University with flying colours and swaggering tails at the end of my name, I do not

propose to enlighten anybody.

Suffice it to say that Swarup Rao, M. A., retired Deputy Collector, attached a great deal of importance to these magic letters. Why he did so is more that I can divine.

Perhaps, a gentleman of Swarup's position, education and, above all, his regular pension, cannot but feel towards a young graduate belonging to the subsection of his own highly exclusive and high caste in any other manner.

Bharatram was the B. A. He belonged to the very subsection of the caste to which Swarup belonged. Needless

to say that the old gentleman was looked upon as the very centre of modern light unwarped by the new-fangled ideas of modern movements: he was looked up to as the pillar and mainstay of all that was ancient, bygone, or virtually forgotten.

The only wonder was that a man of Swarup's sturdy and fearless orthodoxy should be so much attached to a young man with such an unorthodox or anti-orthodox title as "B. A." But then, he was himself a distinguished master of Arts of his University; he owed his entrance into Government service not a little to his own brilliant academic qualification. Only natural

that he should hold in high esteem the University qualification that had kicked him up so high.

Saroja is a damsel of to-day; Swarup the orthodox owns Saroja Bai as his daughter:

How can that be?

Not an out-door game in her school, not an expedition of her class-mates, without finding Saroja Bai as the

One exception Saroja made: that was towards Miss Hardindread, the lady principal. Not that Saroja had any particular reverence towards that learned lady Miss Hardindread: but, what with the ferocious look of that lady and her severely bony and tall structure with a pair of shell rimmed spectacles mounted on a very prominent nose, nobody dare connect Miss Hardindread with any-

at the invitation of a forged letter, dressed in the best manner he could and find that he was befooled along with the lady who was implicated in the joke.

Requests for the photo of this lady teacher or that came in by every post: in the same manner, photos of gentlemen in quest of educated wives came by the dozen, because, as soon as Saroja saw an advertisement in the papers,



leader or the one who took the initiative.

She was full of jokes—so many of them as would fill any decent Magazine bent upon furnishing blushing—rather, unblushing—thrills.

Not once or twice did she address hopelessly crazy love-letters in the name of some of her lady-tutors, especially if any of them put on an extra coat of piety or purity or laid claims to ultra immunity from the charms of the male sex.

thing less serious than the last chapters of the Book of Revelations or something not far removed from a sphere of torments and sufferings.

Not once or twice did Saroja write luringly inviting letters asking some gentleman to tea at the house of some of her lady teachers and set spies to watch the confusion and scene to which her pranks gave rise.

Many a time did some poor fellow walk into her college

immediately she wrote for the photo of the gentleman in the name of the lady-teacher who happened to incur her displeasure just at the time.

Saroja managed secretly to open the letters of her teachers without rousing their suspicions and answered them too. No doubt, the replies sometimes led to confusion, if not suspicion. It was not till some time that the poor ladies of her college came to understand that there was somebody in their midst letting

loose random darts which brought in such unwelcome guests ending in such unpleasant jokes.

Not that Miss Hardindread in any way encouraged such practical pleasantries — not even that she tolerated such jokes as coming from the thoughtlessness of irresponsible girlish innocence.

Far from it.

Miss Hardindread took the most serious view of the matter.

She collected as carefully as she could every such instance of practical joke played upon the members of her college lady teachers; she prepared the details of the jokes; collected all the girls of the college; read out to them Guilt No. 1, Guilt No. 2, and so on, until she exhausted all the "guilts" as she called them.

Miss Hardindread promised to deal suitably and punish adequately the criminal if she should only find her out:

Which severe threat had the only effect of sealing the lips of the girls: for, whatever might be the childish exuberance of Saroja or her college mates, from one thing they were free: that was that they never sneaked stories against each other.

The triumph of the mischief of Saroja was complete: none of her friends would betray her: and all the girls thought that the cause of the innocence of Saroja was vindicated against official and dictatorial tyranny.

How the lady teachers felt as Miss Hardindread read out the name of every teacher and the joke of which she was

made the victim need not detain us.

Suffice it to note that the poor victims found it harder to stand the savage exposure of Miss Hardindread as more cruel than the jokes that were perpetrated against themselves.

But Saroja cannot always be a college girl. She cannot run through all her life victimising learned graduate spinsters and precipitating them into scenes they were the least prepared for.

Swarup, the retired gentleman, was a man of the old world: see he must his daughter wedded as befitted his position, his caste and his high qualifications.

It was his words:

"He is a B. A."

Swarup spoke to Saroja, "He is a B. A., Saroja. And, surely, if only he slips out of my hands, there are lots of people who would snatch him and run away with him."

"That is very funny, Dad, Does that mean that Mr. Laxman cannot take care of himself? If he cannot, how is he going to keep his wife with him which you want to present him with?" asked Saroja.

"Saroja, good child, it wont do to be always playful and make sport of serious matters. You must get to be serious, my dear child," appealed Swarup.

It was a fatherly thought of Swarup's that he invited Mr. Laxman to his house and called in Saroja to let her have an idea of the fine young man that he had chosen for her. But Saroja could no

more stand a ready made Bridegroom than you could fit in a pair of shoes picked out from a heap.

"Saroja, this is Mr. Laxman, B. A., he is a B. A. Mr. Laxman, you see I am not an old world man, though they say I am old. I like my Saroja to have an idea of the kind of choice I am making for her," spoke Swarup.

Swarup left Saroja to have a chat with Mr. Laxman.

"Mr Laxman, it is real kind of you to have come. But your coming round here reminds of the numbers of young chaps I got over to our college for the sake of my lady lecturers. But my dad is a good kind old heart. I am so glad to have seen you. Do come round when you can," shook hands and off went Saroja.

But, playful, as Saroja was, a small serious bit of real life too she was passing through.

Ragho was her friend—a bit more than a friend—he loved her; and she too felt at times drawn to him—not that it materialized into love yet.

She sent him a note, as she thought it such good fun, about the interview Swarup arranged for Saroja.

To Ragho it was more than a joke.

It was a tragedy!

There was crumbling before him, when he read Saroja's note, all that the dream of life held dear for him. He was not a B. A. He won no medals from the college though he had an almirah of cups and shields and bats for his splendid championships in games and boxing.

But Swarup was a screw.

He cared a rap for games; he hated them. He would say, "Do I owe my position, power and pension to those games? Ah, if I hate anything, it is games."

Ragho knew Swarup.

A moment's thought:

He wrote a note to Mr. Laxman in the name of Saroja and asked him to meet her in the Chandbagh at 7-30 p.m., asked him not to mind the late hour; but the matter was pressing; just near the banyan tree; to be seated on the bench there—and requested him to send a reply whether he would kindly do so.

The letter was made to reach Mr. Laxman at 7-20: he sent a reply as hurriedly as he could to Saroja that he would comply with her desire; and he hastened to the appointed place to be punctual.

Mr. Laxman's note reached Saroja just before the appointed time of meeting: Mr. Laxman wrote he would be so glad to meet her.

So glad to meet her!

For a moment Saroja was puzzled. But only for a moment. Ah, she knew at once that it was the joke of Ragho! Ah, here was Ragho playing the same joke that she had played with so many of her own college Teachers.

Poor Laxman! she thought.

She hurried to the place lest some thing untoward happened to Laxman because there was no time to stop him.

She was hardly at the spot when she saw Mr. Laxman reach the bench which he sat

The Torch Lights Act

— BY K. V. —

(Passed by Mr. Apollo, in the presence of the innumerable stars and Mr. Luna.)

Whereas it is found most expedient to promulgate and express clearly the various laws of Torch Lights it is hereby enacted as follows:

Name.

This act shall be called 'The Torch Lights Act'.

Meanings.

Torch means a cylinder like or box like or any other similar thing containing one or more batteries (whether with electricity or not) and a bulb.....vacuum or otherwise..... that may be used to produce a sudden light. And it shall never mean an inflammable stick or rope that can be carried as light.

Bearer means a person who holds or uses a torch.

Receiver means a person on whom the light emitted from a torch is thrown or focussed.

Bearer.

A bearer may use his torch whenever he pleases.

A bearer is at liberty not to use his torch even in dark nights.

A bearer shall have every kind of authority and control over his torch.

A bearer need not be the owner of the torch. He may get it by hook or

on—only to drop between the two pieces into which the plank broke with a crash!

Playful, Saroja was, but never cruel: She rushed to Laxman's help and lifted him and learnt about the note she was supposed to have sent.

"Mr. Laxman, I have played many a joke like this. But it has come round to me. I would like you to keep out from my father's way, poor Dad. I know it is Ragho's revenge!"

by crook: by buying, borrowing or stealing.

Torch.

A torch tho' under the control of the bearer, shall have its own discretion not to give light.

A torch is subject to internal troubles such as exhaustion of battery and loss of bulb, which are evidenced by its remaining without even a slight twinkle.

A torch shall continue not to give any light unless a thorough overhauling is done by the bearer, or generally by the owner, and until the said troubles are reconciled.

Receiver.

A receiver may do whatever he likes or thinks fit if a torch is focussed at him or a part of him.

"A part" in the above section shall also mean the receiver's house, wife, sister, brother or any thing or person in whom or which he takes special interest.

A receiver shall automatically become a bearer if he manages to wrest out the torch from the bearer.

A receiver may, out of clemency, return the torch to the original bearer after giving sufficient instructions not to use the darned thing once more on such people as himself.

Liabilities of Bearers.

A bearer shall be liable to

(a) Severe scolding and vociferous curses if the receiver happens to be an orator.

(b) Hoo Hoos and Ho Hos if the receiver turns out to be a person liking mocking.

(c) Showing of teeth and making of faces if the receiver has a tendency to act.

(d) Gentle sermons if the receiver is an orthodox one.

(e) Tremendous blows followed by thundering threats if the receiver has in him the spirit of sport and boxing.

A bearer shall in no way offer any resistance to the above.

If the bearer fails to observe the aforementioned section he may have the misfortune of losing any of his limbs as a result of the consequences.

Miscellaneous.

Receivers shall have special powers to use their intellect in their dealings with the bearers.

This act shall not apply to the bearers belonging to the fair sex.

This act shall come into force from this minute and shall continue until it is repealed.

ALL OVER A POLICY

By L. R. S.

BY about the middle of February last, I was granted leave of absence by my benign Boss, as I had applied for it even as early as the 15th of January. This leave, although for the very second time I had taken after my service for about the past 4 years, and that too only one week each time, was, I understood later on loss of pay. It should be remembered here that the hours of office are such that one would never dream to have a minnte for recreation, to add to which, there are practically no holidays, not even Sabbath days allowed. This is also a policy of the World.

Seeing that I have been running down in my health all these years, I thought it prudent to take up a Policy. I expressed my intention only to my intimate chum, Muthu, as I was sure it wouldn't leak out from him. Now, there came on me another worry, viz, to decide in which company I should take up a Policy. Of course, this is a nice problem for one who is not constantly in touch with Insurance Business.

Some days elapsed. I received a letter one fine morning from Muthu saying that he is negotiating with several Insurance Companies. Whatever liberty Muthu might have had with me, I did not like the idea of his negotiating this for me. I was very much upset. I wrote a very stiff letter to Muthu reprimanding him for his behaviour, in which I brought over to his mind that I confided the secrecy of my taking a Policy to him only on the specific understanding and condition that he would never let it out and that he had no business to take the law in his own hands, without at least consulting me if he should do it. This letter I sent him, for the first time in our history, by Registered for acknowledgment.

Three days later, I received a letter from Muthu stating I was mad to have written him such a letter and that if he were with me at that time he would have given me a nice box on my ear.

I was so much wounded by Muthu's letting out my secret of taking up a Policy that I could no more think of him as an intimate friend of mine, nor could I appreciate the spirit in which he had written the reply letter. Being exasibed, I wrote another Registered letter per return post asking for an unconditional apology for his behaviour within 24 hours of the receipt of the letter, failing which I told him, I would sue him for breach of trust and damage to my reputation in the eyes of Insurance Agents. The

postal acknowledgment to this letter was received after 2 days. No apology! Probably poor Muthu thought I was joking with him.

All along I was one, who should stick up to my Policy friend or no friend, whatever the circumstances might be and at any cost. So, I lost no time in writing to my Solicitors, Messrs. Dombherry & Arumoonjee giving them copies of my correspondence with Muthu and a brief of my case, marking that the matter was urgent. The next day they wired me to send Rs. 500 for instituting charges as out of pocket expenses. I wired then the amount.

A week elapsed. No letters either from Muthu from my solicitors. I was put to a great deal of worry. I could not help sending a wire to my solicitors asking them to expedite the plaint against Muthu. Three days afterwards, I received a letter from my solicitors stating that they had sent a letter of demand to Muthu and after waiting for a week, they intend instituting the proceedings. A copy of the notice, of course, was sent to me and information of the readers, I give that below:

"TRUE COPY"

DOMBHERRY & ARUMOONJEE, 8032, Law Cha
Solicitors Etc., Etc. Noilpatti Street
Vishapet, 10-2-
MUTHU, Esq.,
Mayala,
Taglap P.O.

Dear Sir,

We are instructed by our client, Mr. Igam to inform you as under:

- (1) That our client and yourself were intimate friends and that he used to tell all his secrets over to you.
- (2) That on or about the 28th ultimo, our client confided to you a secret which you faithfully promised that you would never let out.
- (3) That subsequently you led our client believe that you had left out the secret.
- (4) That our client wrote to you to submit an unconditional apology and you failed to do so.
- (5) Our client estimates the damages to his reputation by way of breach of trust to be Rs. 20,000.

Take notice that unless within a week from the receipt hereof, you pay the said sum of Rs. 20,000 together with the costs of this, our notice, to our client or to us on his behalf, a suit will be instituted against you without further notice, and you will be held responsible for all the consequent charges and expenses.

Yours faithfully,
FOR DOMBHERRY & ARUMOONJEE,
Sd. KUMBHAKARANA,
Advocate.

Now, let us wait for a week and see the next issue of Bhai Funnin for the further proceedings.



A SCENE FROM "RAJ RANI MIRA"

OUR KINE CORNER

Comming Attractions

ROXY

Mask of Fu-Manchu.

(A METRO-GOLDWYN
MAYER PICTURE.)

(Featuring:—Boris Karlof, Lewis Stone)

Karan Morley, Myna Loy, Charles Starret, Jean Hersholt, etc.

"Weird catacombs, uncanny oriental torture chambers, spectacular Asiatic palaces, a mysterious death rent, a Robot hurling artificial lightning—these are but just a few of the thrills that mark the presentation of the "Mask of Dr. Fu Manchu."

Boris Karloff, whose sinister portrayal of the monster in "Frankenstein" we have seen, gives another thrilling story of Dr. Fu Manchu who kidnaps and tortures scientists who find the tomb of the Asiatic leader Chengiz Khan. In his make up, Karloff is terribly convincing. While attempting to pit a Scotland Yard detective, Dr. Fu Manchu fails which brings his downfall. Lewis Stone acts as the Scotland Yard detective and his performance as usual is par excellence. Karen Morley, Charles Starret, Myna Loy, Jean Hersholt, and David Torrence, play the supporting roles to success.

LOOKING FORWARD.

(M. G. M. PRODUCTION.)

(Featuring:—Lewis Stone, Lionel Barrymore, Colin Clive, Bernita Hume, Elizabeth Allan etc.)

This Clarence Brown production deals with the story of the vicissitudes of the owner of a London store with his employees and his and their families. Lewis Stone as Gabriel Service the managing director of the shop who is determined to carry on his business even during the days of slump, gives one of his best performances. Lionel Barrymore as Benton the old Book-keeper who is axed and who feels the days of depression is brilliant. With two veterans of the type of Lionel Barrymore and Lewis

Stone how can a picture fail to appeal? Some of the mannerisms of Barrymore are conspicuous by their absence in this picture. Another noteworthy feature of this picture is the love affair admirably played by Elizabeth Allan as the managing director's daughter and Colin Clive as the secretary. Colin Clive looks wooden and unresponsive to the amorous advances of his bold lady love and his performance seems, to lack interest. Philip Holmes though he is but given a very small role, he is good as the son of the managing director.

PARAGON.

Forty-Second Street.

(WARNER BROTHER'S PICTURE.)

(Featuring:—Warner Baxter, Bebe Daniels, Ruby Keeler, Una Merkel, Guy Kibbee, George Brent etc.)

This gorgeous dancing and musical comedy of Warner Bros. is the first of its type, and "Gold Digger" and "Footlight Parade" followed Ruby Keeler. Mrs. Al Jolson makes her screen debut in this picture wherein she proves her dancing capacity. Though her acting cannot be rated with supers yet her dancing ability is unquestioned. Warner Baxter as the producer of the Show gives an excited and restless study and it is Bebe Daniels who is to have led the dance but for the accident though the first half of the picture is full of back stage story, the latter gives some beautiful dancing ensembles; to see them even is a joy for ever.

Nagan-Ki-Ragni or Karma.

(AN INDO-HIMANSU RAI
PRODUCTION.)

(Featuring:—Devika Rani, Himansu Rai, Abraham Sofaer etc.)

Though Madras was delighted sometime back by witnessing the English version of this picture "Karma" the Hindi version of it

"Nagan-Ki-Ragni" is coming shortly to please the Hindi-knowing public.

As has been previously observed while reviewing the English version, Devika Rani gives beautiful and vivid portrayal as the Maharani of Sitapur and Himansu Rai as the prince of Fayanagar. Abraham Sofaer as the holy man gives a satisfactory performance. The settings are truly royal and the technique flawless. Though photography cannot be said to be perfect, some of the recording is of the highest order.

WELLINGTON.

International House

(PARAMOUNT PRODUCTION)

(Featuring:—Peggy Hopkins Goyce, W. C. Fields, Rudy Vallee, Stuart Erwin, George Burns, Bela Lugosi etc.)

This production which aims at filming a ridiculous picture is ridiculous itself since in more places than one it is too childish and unsuitable to be successful. The little success it has achieved is mainly through the efforts of Burns and Allen belonging to the American Vaudeville Shows. W. C. Fields has for his part but two or three good jokes to crack, and Peggy Hopkins Joyce, appears as the woman who successfully marries four millionaires.

The main story underlying centres round a Chinese scientist who has invented a new television set which receives items as they are happening and the representatives of all nations coming to bid for the right. The American representative who is in love with an American scientist's daughter though quarantined for measles, manages to outbid all the others and escape with the help of an American round-the-world flyer's invitation to go with him.

Kid from Spain

(UNITED ARTIST'S PICTURE.)

(Featuring:—Eddie Cantor, Lyda Robert, Robert Young, Ruth Hall, John Miljan, Noah Beery, etc.)

Eddie Cantor, is in excellent form in this picture as an ex-college boy who is innocently involved in a bank robbery and has to flee across to Mexican border. There he is introduced as one Don Sebastian a famous

bull fighter, by his friend Ricards in order to put the wrong officer in the wrong scent. Complications follow with the result that Eddie has to face a bull which brings immense fun and cartloads of laughter. He clowns, dances, impersonates and sings, and in all these he exhibits his proficiency.

Lyda Robert is really good and beautiful as Rosalie, while Ruth Hall does justice to her role of attractive Anita. As Eddie's friend, Ricards, Robert Young is always gay and friendly. Like all Cantor's films this is also ripping with spectacular scenes, dancing ensembles, and melodious music. The opening scene of a young lady's dormitory which allows for a sumptuous display of shapely legs of Goldwyn girls is really a thing of beauty. The Mexican scenes with romance and comedy touches and also the bull fight which offer Cantor chances to be funny, are some of the highlights of the picture. It is really a treat unto those who like such comedy stuff. Though this picture cannot boast of a multi-colour nature like "Whoopee," and also spectacular flower dances as in the picture "Palmy Days" yet the bull fight, a Spanish entertainment, amusing in itself, and Cantor's getting out victorious from the bull fight, by the use of a towel soaked, or drenched in strong anaesthesia, is amusement of a superior order.

A Scotsman went to Australia and began boasting about his countrymen.

"We run everything in England," he asserted, "the House of Commons, all the industries, the City, the Law, everything, in fact. I suppose you find it the same here?"

"Oh, yes," replied the Australian, "we have a lot of your countrymen here, but our worse plague is the rabbits."

The inspector had put the pupils through a stiff examination, in which they had given every satisfaction. Then he proceeded to ask a few questions.

"Can you finish this proverb?" he asked of a diminutive youngster. "People who live in glass houses —"

Bewilderment was expressed in the child's face, but after a short interval he answered:

"People who live in glass house can't ave a barf."

SAKKUBAI

(AN AURORA PICTURE)

Cast.

K. R. Saradambal—Sakkubai.
K. R. Rajamanickammal, Gangabai.
S. Madurai Achary-Mithru Row.
M. D. Parthasarathy-Vishnu Chettiar,
C. R. Balavishwanathan-Sri Krishnan.
S. Mahadevan-Sooranatha Row.
R. Viswanathan-Kabeerdoss.
M. V. Rajoo-Gangadhara Row.

Director-A. Narayan.

It is really a matter for congratulation that an amateur cast with no experience whatsoever in the talkie field should fair so well in their maiden attempt itself. It is a maiden talkie attempt not only for the stars that feature in it, but also for the director and the canvas man, though Mr. A. Narayan might have produced pictures of mythological and Puranic interest during the silent days yet this is the first talkie he directed.

The theme of the film deals about the ever interesting topic of a devotee of Lord Pandarinath being helped by him, in times of the suffering of his Bhaktas.

Sakkubai is one such, to aid whom Lord Krishna rushes ever and anon and saves her from the cruel, nay, wicked and atrocious treatment meted out into her by the devil of a mother-in-law and the deuce of a husband.

It looks as though K. R. Saradambal has been created for the role of Sakkubai. She very well conveys through pertinent facial expressions and bodily movements all that the character is expected to convey to an audience. When she is branded how

much she suffers you can learn by simply seeing her face, which is an ideal index for what passes intermind. All success to this young actress.

Madurai Achary as Mithru Row, an idiotic husband portrays the role in a satisfactory manner giving a comic relief to the existing tragic tension of the story. Krishna himself has some good song-bits which he sings in a satisfactory manner. The songs in the picture deserve a note of honourable mention. They are not entirely of classical tunes devoid of mass appeal and they are also neither of only tipy tunes having only the appeal for the vulgar mass. The songs are of tunes that are a harmonious blending of all varieties catering to the taste of all, both to the intelligent connoisseur and also to the layman.

The picture can't boast of any good and costly settings since the film itself does offer but little scope for the same. When one witnesses the picture a bit critically, he is liable to think that the picture could be improved in the directorial side very much and in the editing room a little. But any how as it is, with the super histrionic talent of K. R. Saradambal, and mythological interest in the film, the picture is bound to be a success. We can boldly say that this is one of the very few Tamil pictures worth seeing now in the field.

He went to a football match to see his favourite team play, but they were badly beaten.

He pushed and jostled his way out and just outside the gates saw a man, stooping to tie his bootlace.

With a well placed kick, he sent the man flying.

"What did you do that for?" cried the indignant stranger.

"Bah!" he growled. "You're always tying your bootlace!"

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IT MAY BRING YOU A PRIZE.

For particulars see Wrapper page.

THE BUSINESS SIDE OF THE BEGGING WORLD

— BY "BALSAM" —

RICE may get cheap. Kinemas might cut down their rates; even Sir George Schuster might be selling postage at 25 per cent reduction rates to clear old stock.

But one thing you can't shake off or cut down in numbers: that is, our Beggars. The city alone, if rightly reckoned, claims about 10,000 beggars—or as the Botanists would classically call them—*mendicis Religiosi*. Perhaps there are more, but not less.

Nor has each district any reason to feel ashamed that it is not supporting a fairly large population by charity because beggars do not care to burden with the chattels of this vile world of



remittances. That is a great deal more than what some of our Governors can boast of: for, some of them would consider themselves lucky if they can manage their affairs, while ruling a Province here, and live within their income and not be forced to get from Home.

But the prosperity of our Begging friends at which the Police authorities look askance, is not attained by mere idleness. They have their arts and make-ups. They have need for capital or stock in trade.

Our religious friend here is getting ready early morning. There is his dressing and decoration for his line is

ours. There are thousands of them in every place: more densely to be found where there are venerable ancient Temples with ample provision in them for the sumptuous support of these care free children of our Motherland.

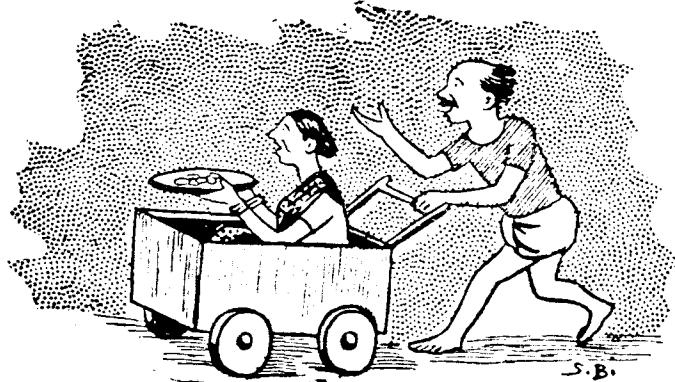
You feed them, as you do, through a sense of religious duty. But it would be a poor student of Indian life, foreign or Indian, if he runs away with the idea that this Begging Brotherhood do not attempt to help themselves to a decent competency.

As a matter of fact, every one of them does try his or her best to add to



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the religious mendicant. With his marks and beads, his prosperous and well-fed person, you might miss the starved and pinched look of the needy man. But, charity too often is given not to relieve the starving; it is given to purchase blessing from a devout mendicant.



This holy man is pious as well as maimed; not that he is really maimed, not that one of his legs is broken.

You can watch him as he gets his right leg ready for the exhibition at the busy market or in the crowded Temples on festival days. When he has "dressed" his leg as only he can, and he has wrapped himself appro-

woman, the helpless sister, the forlorn daughter of our land left in the streets with a child or two, you can never miss

Wherever you may roam on your way home, by bus or tram, in market or station or stall, there she is with such appealing looks; or, maybe, she

is actually suckling a baby, or promising a crying one some milk bought with what you are going to give her for the sake of the poor babes!

Yet, such is the need of the Trade or Profession, that very often, this forlorn sister of ours has no baby of her own; she gets them every morning or evening from the mother or mothers



priately, you will see him a maimed, helpless aged man, with a bleeding broken leg and the bone sticking out. Surely, stone heart must beat in that man or woman that cannot throw down an anna or two for such helpless fellow-being in such a sacred place too.

You may miss such artists as those with broken limbs; but the poor, poor

for a definite fee. But that is Trade.

But, it is not mere pity that is worked upon: there is the tang of romance in this business: it is the lover, the steady and true lover; no matter if his wife is broken down; no matter if she cannot walk; but part he shall never from her, he says. So he makes a cart and there he is wheel-

ing her all the world over. Is that not enough to merit your charity?

But how long can he push her along: So they change places: the husband becomes the broken down man, unable to walk, but the pious wife, out of mere duty, wheels him along and who is the Indian lady that can see a faithful sister of hers doing such service by her lawfully wed husband that will not give all she can?

Mr. And Mrs. Kohan were touring in Italy. When they arrived in Pisa Mrs. Kohan pattered her 260 rounds up the spiral stairway of the famous Leaning Tower, leaving her husband below. She leaned far out from the topmost rampart, waved a scarf at her husband and shouted, "Hi! Come on up."

Kohan looked up to the top of the tower for the first time and shouted "Becky, Becky get back! You're bending the building."

The doctor told the film actress she was run down and needed a change.

"A change?" said she. "Do you know that during the last eighteen months I've had three husbands, four cars, three jewel robberies, eleven cooks, two divorces, and seven landlords? What other change can you suggest?"

A lift-boy in one of the big stores hated to be asked needless questions. One day a fussy old lady entered the lift.

"Don't you ever feel sick, going up and down in this lift all day?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am," said the boy.

"Is it the motion going up?"

"No, ma'am."

"The world's a small place," said the bore. "For instance, last year in Paris I met a man who lives in the next road to me. Later I met him in Venice, then in Rome, again in Alexandria, and finally I crossed the Channel with him. What'd you think of that?"

"Why didn't you pay him what you owed him in the first place?" asked the man in the corner.

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MEMOIRS OF JAI SINGH

The Indian Sherlock Holmes

The Sensational theft at Joe & Co., Mount Road, Madras.

— By P. R. R. —

A sensational theft took place at Joe and Co., Madras, on the morning of the 6th of March, 1930. A valuable diamond ring was found missing from its place in the jewelry-box in the premises of the shop. Several ladies of rank and wealth came to the shop that morning and made valuable purchases. While thus engaged, a diamond ring was found missing from its place in the jewelry-box.

Then a hue and cry was raised by the clerk, engaged in selling the jewellery, touching its loss. All the ladies were examined minutely by the female attendants in the shop, to no purpose. Only Sarojini, the daughter of a millionaire, refused to submit tamely to the examination, and returned home in high indignation at the insult offered to her by Mr. Joe.

The next morning Mr. Joe went to the house of Sarojini, in company with the detective Jey Singh, employed by him to investigate fully into the matter. The detective was a most extraordinary, super sleuth, entertaining novel and strange theories regarding several criminal offences, differing entirely from those of the ordinary detective, which, however, in the end stood the cross-fire of examination, and landed him safely to harbour.

The Madras Police with one accord believed Sarojini to be guilty of heinous theft. But he believed her to be innocent, because she refused to be examined by the attendants in the shop. Her innocence rose in revolt against the searching examination in the shop, which tended to throw suspicion on her character. Therefore she was not guilty of the criminal offence, laid at her door by the proprietor. A guilty man is more anxious to show to the world that he is guilt-

less of the offence he had been charged with than an innocent man. Consider the oaths, the sighs, the weeping, and the theatrical display he makes, to convince his accusers of his pretended innocence. This was also true of other things. A shallow man, lacking learning, makes a much greater display of learning than the truly learned man, and so on.

The other ladies, going through the examination readily, aroused his suspicions, as being more anxious to prove their innocence than Sarojini. One of these he believed had stolen the ring and concealed it somewhere in the shop. His theory was, however in its embryo and required further investigation to bring it to the light of day, and sustain the fire of examination. Saying something sotto voce in the ears of Roy, he went to his shop, in company with him to determine the place, where the culprit had concealed the ring. This was an essential step to the discovery of the criminal, who he believed belonged to the supertype of criminal.

The first thing he did on his arrival at the shop was to search thoroughly all the secret places in the shop, especially the jewellery box, if it afforded a place for the concealment of the ring. His efforts proving futile in the case of the former, all his efforts were concentrated on a thorough examination of the jewelry box.

The jewelry box was circular in shape, but at the bottom, on its right, was a little open box. He examined it and found it full of gum, which was used in gluing the diamonds to their places in the several compartments in the jewelry box. He examined the outer surface of the gum hoarded in the box. He found an impression of a ring in one of its corners, but no ring. He concluded from this, that the criminal when an alarm was raised

on the loss of the ring, having no time to conceal it at any other place, had glued it to the gum in the under-box. The culprit had not however, taken it from its place, for the thorough but futile examination of the criminal by the attendants in the shop after the theft made the supposition untenable.

Well, the culprit had not taken the ring from its place, nor the other ladies, excepting Sarojini, for they were subjected to a thorough examination without any result. Sarjoni, then, he concluded held possession of the ring unconsciously. Thus, by a mysterious freak of destiny, the criminal and the innocent changed places, and the innocent Sarojini held the position of the criminal. He must investigate this thoroughly, and from the mazes of intricacy in which the whole case lay wrapped up, he must evolve the truth. Taking leave of Roy, he returned to the house of Sarojini, and searched the whole house for the ring, excluding the jewelry boxes, and the secret places for the concealments of the ring, but his efforts proved futile. Well, the ring was not anywhere in the house. Hence, it must be on the person of the lady, Sarojini.

Wonderful! Strange! Inexplicable! How nature masks the criminal, and brings forward a world of condemnatory evidence against the innocent. He lighted a cigar, and seating himself in the private-chamber of Sarojini, said to her in the course of conversation, "Madam, will you allow me to examine your gown, which you wore yesterday. I know you are innocent, and this is a way of establishing your innocence" in a hesitating voice, feeling that he was speaking in a paradox to her.

"It is on the coat stand in the dressing room," she said to him, fully confident that he would soon establish her innocence.

The detective went into the dressing-room, found the diamond ring sticking to her gown in a corner, and taking it to Sarojini, showed it to the puzzled and astonished lady. He said to her, "The culprit concealed it by sticking it to the gum in the little box at the bottom of the jewelry-box. When an alarm was raised on its loss, you rose up hurriedly from your seat in the jewelry-room, opposite to the little square box containing the gum. Then the diamond ring over which you

This Poster Business

— By "NADAR" —

INDIA has suddenly gone Poster-mad. Wherever you may cast your eyes, you are sure to see some Mammoth Poster, announcing in bold types, fabulous amounts of Prize money offered by some local Vernacular Paper, the advent of some naughty film with lots of sex-Appeal, and advertisements relating to anything from Asafoetida to Dimple Scots' Whisky.

My friend Venkat has made a special study of posters in general, and this has developed to such an extent, that having once tasted blood he has now acquired a habit amounting to almost a mania of studying posters in general and drawing the most unwarrantable inferences as to the

swept your gown unconsciously, stuck to it through the gum on it. That is the real fact. I must now discover the criminal."

He took the ring showed it to the enraptured proprietor, Roy, and with his permission, stick it in its usual place in the square box. The next morning, a well dressed lady came, and offering to buy a diamond ring, shyly inserted her hand into the square box, to take back the stolen ring when the clerk's hand shot out with the speed of lightning, and caught hold of her hand, which he held firmly, as in a vice. The clerk was the disguised Jey Singh.

She was soon arrested by the Police, placed before the Presidency Magistrate for trial who on her own confession found her guilty of a big theft, and sentenced her to four years' rigorous imprisonment. Mr. Joe thus recovered his valuable ring and Sarojini's innocence was established.

wares which they are depicted to commend.

He has been peculiarly observed by the advertisements of a firm which announces its whisky, through the medium of two horses. Now Venkat ever since he lost 285 Rs. at Guindy, detests horses, and he cannot see why any beverage excepting marriages sweepstakes and such like gambling 'ads', should require the services of these animals to advertise its merits. So he assures me that though he has nothing against this particular whisky, in future he is going to drink Sankar's Lime Crush, because the poster advertising this latter beverage has a charming young Malayalee girl, with a tumbling of the above beverage, adorning the poster.

Having thus made up his mind on this matter, he next turned his attentions to another poster, which advertised an egg substitute, for vegetarians, to be used in the manufacture of cakes, biscuits and sweets. This advertisement depicted two cooks, both of them hale and hearty, one erect holding 'Bondas' egg substitute in a dish and the other prostrate among the ruins of eggs. The second cook is the object of ribald laughter on the part of her more stable colleague. Venkat regards this ridicule, as being in the worst possible taste. He is also strongly of the opinion that the artist has begged the whole question.

The said egg-substitute, Venkat argues is just as brittle as eggs and in that case why should not the cook with the substitute have fallen and broken her stuff, and the cook with the eggs remain on her feet?

On another poster my friend observed a lion sampling a bottle of some body's body-building tonic. Outside the Zoo, Venkat's experiences of these big games is practically nil, but he is quite firm in the idea that a lion is quite strong in itself and it did not need something to make it more stronger. Further if the poster was to be credited the tonic was only fit for the strong people.

But though Venkat has drawn such fantastic conclusions from posters, his deep study of them has resulted in a wonderful discovery. According to him, the poster could be used as an effective political weapon. He says that his invention would revolutionise electioneering and he has termed his discovery as the 'Personal Poster.'

Here is a sample of how it is to be used in election time in the political field.

'Mr. Applam Chetty, once a famous smuggler from Pondicherry, converted to the Justices party!'

'A professional Animal trainer, favours free tax.'

'A distinguished Indian Hockey player, votes against the Corporation's amusement tax.'

'The village idiot supports the self-Respectors party.'

Well readers, what do you think of Venkat's invention? If any of you folks intend contending for seats in the M. L. C., or in the Corporation, just drop a line to Venkat, paying of course a nominal fee. He will then get you a variety of efficient men such as the world's tallest man, shortest fattest ugliest etc., to parade the roads with a big poster on his back, with bold letters. 'The world's fattest man votes for Mr. So and So etc.'

AN ODD PAIR

— By P. S. R. —

SMART pretty girls in Western complexion and of Indian birth and accent, loving young couples half Indian half English, their arms passionately locked in each others, idling pairs cooing and cuddling, but all of the same species, filled in their hundreds the Western Warehouse in the Commercial Street. An evening at the Warehouse is ever tense with excitement. Love has its terrible trials in the Warehouse because it much depends on purse, and purse has to bow before purchase at the costly Western Hall. Often it happens that Cupid sends his dart from the Wares, one girl vying with another in her purchases, her victim lover trying in the bid and when he loses, he loses not only his vanity but, very often, his pretty girl also to his rival. But there occurred a freak in the course of the dart sent by the blind little boy when it struck the seller Andrew Long himself, from a pair of shoes he sold to a customer.

If the frequenters in the Warehouse were interesting the Warehouse itself offered a greater attraction in its latest fashions in fabrics and costumes. That was the chief reason why the haunters of latest Parisian style, in their eagerness to keep pace with their Western models, popped in there every evening to note the latest changers and to cast off the old order for a newer one. Whether

their partners or companions could afford the weekly fashion call that the Air Mail brought it never touched the softer chords.

But, this is useless reflection, and to cut a long story short one evening, a new skirt, backless frontless and sleeveless the latest Parisian style, hanging delicately on a charming cardboard feminine model, was the centre of keen eyes. Pretty young girls had charming soldier youths by their sides, and old dames had their retired military men. But within the throng chivalry had forgotten to honour a lonely young woman who looked about anxiously. She looked longingly at the latest skirt, at her empty purse and then to her vacant side to the young man who had promised her a token before an evening's picture. She turned wistfully to the gate but her man did not appear to turn up. Miss Winny Short, for that was her name, was really short, whether she was named to suit her build or her build suited her name, it is for psychologists who will now answer the question, what is in a name, on this fresh light. But Winny was short and plumpy and these two by the way are inseparable and relative terms and the girl would not have been unattractive to the philosophers who still emphasise that youth is beauty, and to the unlike poles which must attract. She did not stay long in that forsaken solitude for Andrew

Long, the proprietor seemed to have noticed her sad plight.

You have not seen Andrew Long of the Western Warehouse if you have, you will remember him, lean and tall of six feet two, with a conspicuous ostrich neck. The popularity of his stores was attributed to his sociable, serviceable qualities, and his witty garrulousness.

"Hullo! I haven't seen you for long. What shall I show you please," enquired the genial proprietor.

"Thank you, nothing. I am just expecting Mr. Sandheap," she answered.

"Wouldn't you like to choose your purchases in the meantime. I shall pack it all and keep things ready for Mr. Sandheap. This skirt is the latest, the most modern, why it is Norma Shearer's pet costume, Connie Bennets' favourite and the French madmoiselle's raving."

"Thank you, Mr. Long, I would choose one when Sandheap comes."

Andrew Long did not wait further but spread a hundred colours before Miss Short who chose a light tan, but the skirt itself was not easily procured as it was a rather rare size she needed.

The proprietor seemed to bestow an unusual attention on Miss Short. He took her round the hall forgetting several hours at show cases explaining things she already knew but still showed keen about, tarrying in crowded corners just exchanging harmless stares and smiles. The pair reached the huge rack where shoes of all kinds from buck's skin to doe's skin and reptile's from high heeled to low heeled, from Oxford to Cambridge patterns in various sizes of the women's, men's and children's were arranged in an orderly heap.

"Any shoes please," asked the business-man.

"Yes, I have a tennis match tomorrow. I play against the Chinese girl," she answered.

"I have Crawford shoes, beautiful for tennis, which the Wimbledon champions use....." began Mr. Andrew Long.

"Oh! I knew it, I would like to have a pair if it is not very costly," she cut him short.

"Cheap just fifteen rupees less 10 per cent less for you," and Andrew

MY WIFE AND HER PETS

— BY (VISHAYA G.T.L.) —

Women, everywhere are the same the cause of all ruin and root of all evil. Yet do not be misled to think that I am a misogynist. Far from it, but a married man's life is a HELL on earth. Not a day passes but my better half always has some complaint or other or some imaginary grievance for which I am undoubtedly responsible and when she says that, it is indisputable. Something or other goes wrong, the cook makes a mess of her knowledge of the culinary art, I am hauled up to answer for the delinquencies.

She is more often troubled with a complex and I could only surmise it must be the inferiority complex which makes her assume an absent superior

pulled down several boxes of shoes. His fingers served the shoe-horn as he softly pressed her heels into each pair.

This process continued rather long as neither of them seemed anxious about the right pair, and though fresh faces poured in and out Short did not secure her shoes.

An assistant who did not see the wantonness behind his master's game, ran to their rescue with the proper size and Long personally packed the pair of shoes. Sandheap did not turn up to fulfil expectations and Winny Short returned home with her huge purchases and a credit slip.

As Short opened her packet at home she found to her surprise an odd pair of left shoes. "Did Long play the trick with a purpose?" she wondered, or "Was it the assistant's fault?" She dropped into a spacious rattan chair. The next morning saw her the first customer at the Western Ware-house with her odd pair for an exchange. Andrew Long laughed a loud long laugh and retired to the corner with Miss Short. As his hands fitted the pair again, he stopped low, his lips bordered on Miss Short's, a curious sight—Long, long and lean, bending over Short, short and plumpy, an odd pair you will think.

air. The consequent disaster of such a stolid behaviour gives me the creeps—from a tiff it develops to a bigger and looming storm of a wordy warfare in which by mischance I always come out second best.

Further, a sense of a latent spirit of rivalry constantly oppresses her mind and the cause of this is no less an object than her venerable neighbour and mischievous mixx Mrs. Lilavathi Rangachar, who has taken up the life hobby of imitating everybody else and this unconsciously provided the proverbial 'Red rag to a bull'. Kantha (my better half) who prides herself on the originality of her notices this and fessents. Not satisfied with being the master (?) of the household, my being and soul would not stop with that but she must reign supreme the unrivalled, and uncrowned queen of the neighbourhood also. This time her malice inclined towards having a MONKEY as a pet. She had had many a pet, cats, dogs parrots and what nots, of every kind, colour, breed and pedigree but now she must needs proceed one step further to be still more original to out-beat herself in her pet-mania.

'The last straw breaks the camel's back' and this proved the limit. She ragged me but I vowed I must have my way and say this time. I was soon to be disillusioned as to my powers as the master and to learn I had reckoned without the host. I strongly resented, argued and stormed but SHE was adamant and further argued they were after all our ancestors (?) as one thing—me-bob had proved and as such very sensible creatures.

Pets, as a whole are a nuisance, with the cost and care they involve, but a monkey—Heavens—is worse—always in the way and to be never left in peace and certainty of your things being left unmeddled was trying. In the end, a hefty blue-faced specimen of the pithicoid type, made its way into the otherwise peaceful household.

The very first day of its arrival there were many accidents. My papers were strewn about, my fountain-pen was a mere reminiscence of its original shape and form and my sanctum-sanctorum presented the dismal appearance of a visitation of earth quake. I remonstrated but it was ruled down by my wife with her superior smile.

'It is after all new to the domestic atmosphere and in due course of time

that spirit of mischief will certainly wear away, to disappear ultimately and will prove amenable" she retorted.

But events to follow proved how far she was correct and it is easier for the Ethiopian to change his skin or the leopard its spots than for the monkey to drop its spirit of mischief or my wife to change her purpose.

In its jubilant and playful spirit, as Kantha termed it the field of operations of her pet did not end with the household but extended over a wider field of the neighbourhood. It was a regular nightmare to me and nothing short of dispelling that living plague would please me. Many were the quarrels that I was unwillingly dragged into and between the 'Devil, and the deep sea' I was always in hot water. It was a regular 'Hobson's choice' with me between an irate neighbour who was justified in his protests and a severe court-martial at home with the wife presiding.

But suddenly the end came. The heartless mixx—my wife—who did not feel the least sympathy when it was me that was worried to death, was driven mad when the pet in her blind flight, to evade capture, dashed against the wall swerved and with a mad spin hit the beautiful Queen Anne flower-vase and brought it down with a thundering crash. She had picked it up as a cheap bargain and the only one of her possessions most valued because it could not be copied. The enviable possession was an useless heap in a trice and the loss was the more felt because it was the most treasured.

Poor soul, she was deluged in tears and in that wrathful moment the dismissal order was signed and its doom was sealed beyond repeal.

The 'OUR ANCESTOR' pet made its hurried exit of the domestic household to the manerie in our town to join its own kind.

This is her sore point still and acts at all times like magic. When I find myself slipping away in any losing argument, the mere mention is sufficient to ensure victory.

"Are you on speaking terms with your wife yet?"

"Well, I'm listening again."

SISTERLY NEIGHBOURS



Husband:—Anxiously come from office "Radha, how is our Vipra? Why is he lying down speechless? How long has he been like this?"

Radha:—"You see, dear, Vipra was crying with severe pain in the stomach when you started for your office; so our Lalitha brought and gave him some powder; our Madana Bai opposite gave him an ounce of some medicine; Miss just going gave him some pills in honey; Sessa only an hour back gave him a mixture; ah, there is Priya Devi with some medicine too. I don't know why he does not even open his eyes. Every five minutes somebody is giving some medicine."

"MY LUCK"

— BY "SEEORES" —

SO after all life is worth living in this world, and somehow, something happens to be the turning point in a man's life, and there are only very few that do not experience such a change, either for the better or worse, either steadily or suddenly. Such a change had suddenly dawned over me—only for the best.

I shall be a millionaire from this day for did I not get the much coveted amount of the first prize in the Never built college raffle? Not a few thousands, mind you, that could be

rolled up and put in your trousers pockets, but exactly five lakhs of rupees dumped into my lap by an inscrutable Providence.

But curious.

Now that I had so much money, I sat still, meditating on all this good that I could do and the distress I could relieve for my family and my own self.

My wife—you might have known her if you had ever happened to come to my place—was bounding about the room like a rubber ball thrown on the

ground by Gama the wrestler (if he ever chose a ball instead of man as he usually does.)

"A fine house in Ooty, A Rolls Royce," she was shouting, as she bounded round and round.

'Listen to me, wealth, and that too newly acquired, is a great responsibility' I said, 'We must try to help—'

'Oh,' she cried 'as if anybody cared to help us. Anyway I am the first that you must help, in as much as you drew me away from my happy home—'

'Tut, there were, nearly a dozen of you, all girls' I said.

'There were only ten of us and not a dozen as you put it'—she corrected.

"I won't argue. Anyway I clearly remember your father thanking me

from the bottom of his heart, with tears in his eyes (sorry, 'in his eye' for he was blessed with only one eye) for having relieved him and his blessed wife (my cursed mother-in-law) of a great burden."

"Oh do not be silly. Did you not say that I was your angel and don't you remember how I proved to be really one ministering you with my smooth hands round your brow—"

"Yes, Yes, I remember, how it has left a deep scar also, but anyway, will not a lakh or two satisfy you?"

"Oh, two lakhs. Thank you very much. Here is your cheque book!" and the book that serves as the paper drainage to rob a man of his wealth, was produced and there the lady was handed over a cheque in her name for 2 lakhs to be paid to the bearer or order.

"So, after all these years of married 'happiness' I was able to free myself from the clutches of a devil in the form of a woman who happened to be my wife, for which my cursed Grandma was responsible for did she not like to see her only grandson (I was then nine years old) married before she took her departure from this world? Well, it did not end there. For then came my brother-in-law, (a rogue of the first water, who had somehow managed to get thro' his S. S. L. C. after a 10 years campaign) and the blessed lady that brought him forth into this world, before she gave birth to my wife. My brother-in-law was strictly businesslike. He would not like it that all the people should say that the brother-in-law, of a millionaire was rotting in the roads of Madras, with no proper status and no ways of earning a loaf of bread for him and for his dear old mother, whom he expected not to live long, (May God Grant at least his last hope) and further his affectionate sister would not be happy if he and their mother were like that. He did not want me to hear that the brother-in-law of a rich man (and a popular man) had been taken to the civil jail because he could not pay back his creditors. The long and short of all such business ended with a cheque from me for the lucky fellow for 20 thousands and not a pie less, but on one condition, that under any circumstances, neither he nor his brother may not even their ghosts, were to haunt my house for ever. Now, I felt I was clear of my wife, brother-

in-law and above all my mother-in-law all in one stroke for two lakhs and a half—rather cheap.

Then came those blessed fellows who care for everything in the world, from the kitten that swallowed a dog in a village, to the Viceroy that attended a Cinema Show in Delhi. I mean the newspaper reporters. Fifty of them, even a Viceroy would envy me, for it is rarely that he is so much interviewed. They all enquired, not as how I would be saving my wealth, but as in which enterprise. I was going to invest my money. Having disposed of them by saying that I have decided nothing, I felt rather tired of staying in my room the room I was occupying for the last ten years for a rent of Rs. 7 which I am due to the owner for three months since he happens to be my friend Chander.

I strolled down across the Mount Road, and entered the House of Lords, (not that body of people who amidst smoke and liquor decide question concerning the universe to which they assume they do not belong) but that one of Neo Komala Vilas. I thought that I was all alone there, but as I turned my head, I saw at the next table, a young beauty of sweet seventeen, gazing at me with appealing eyes. Beauty, too was in distress. I begged to be seated with her, and soon we were discussing about various things, from Mahatma's campaign to the Test matches. Then I ventured to say 'you seem to be in trouble.' She nodded her head to confirm my doubts, but said that she would rather discuss about her troubles if I would be pleased to take her to my house. It was reasonable that one's affairs, especially that of the fair sex should not be talked about in public and so we were in five minute's time in my room. Well, on the way, in my role of the reliever of her troubles, I made bold to take her hands in mine (ah how soft were they) and promised to help her, only if money could set right a wrong.

She sat on my bed with me and began her sad story. She clung to me and kissed me and told me that her life would no more be sad. Poor girl—I pitied her, I kissed her lips. Those sad lips and sad eyes that bewildered me—What was that—Why should there be so much laughing—I seemed to close my eyes and opened them.

There was beside my bed Chander—I heard him say in hard tone 'Well, when you have done kissing that pillow, will you please arrange to have your samans cleared out of this within 24 hours!' Oh, what a dream!

Cohen and Macpherson were matched, and at the sixth the latter drove a beautiful ball straight up the fairway. Cohen followed, but went into the rough. After smiting about wildly he managed to get clear.

"How many?" queried the Scotsman.

"Three," replied Cohen.

"Why, I counted ten maeel," roared Mac.

"Was it my fault if I had to kill a grass snake?" asked the resourceful Cohen.

A golfer played a long ball which struck an elderly man on the head. The injured party approached the golfer in indignation asserting that the injury would cost the latter five pounds in compensation.

"But I shouted 'Fore' distinctly," said the player in defence.

"Oh, did ye?" said the old man. "Well, I'll take four quid, but I'm bound to say I didn't hear ye!"

"Yes, I ought to know Cambridge," the young salesman was saying. "I've just been sent down from there."

"How thrilling!" said the pretty customer. "What did you do?"

"Oh, nothing wrong—promotion from our Cambridge branch, you know."

It was time for him to leave, but it was raining cats and dogs. "You can't go home in this. Stay the night, George," she urged. "I'll just go and get the spare room ready."

When she returned, George was missing.

An hour later came a knock at the door—and in walked George, soaked to the skin, with a parcel under his arm.

"I've been home to get my pyjamas!" he said.

'The Bet'

— By VELU —

RAMANUJAM Iyengar was a middle-aged, cherub-faced, globular-bodied man whose very appearance shrieked benevolence. He had also a box pleated neck, and a series of chins which started at the usual place, and ended up somewhere near his waist. Though orthodox, he took great pride on his personal appearance and always dressed immaculately. He invariably wore a spotless white turban because, he was as bald as a basin, and a turban helped to cover up the deficiency.

He caught the 8-55 Electric train, every morning from Saidapet to Beach for he worked in a firm as a cashier, and would never talk with anybody, instead of which he would bury himself in his paper.

One morning while Mr. Ramanujam Iyengar was travelling as usual to the office in the 8-55, two young smart and well grown men boarded the train at Mambalam. After a minute or two one of them muttered something in an undertone to the other and they both laughed, looking meanwhile intently at Mr. Ramanujam Iyengar. Evidently the latter felt the gaze for he looked up at them and browsed still closer into his paper. Soon their voices obtruded on him. "It's what's known as the Pandya turban", one of them said, looking intently at Mr. Iyengar's head-gear.

"An old fashioned crank, evidently", replied the other, in a pretended whisper, loud enough to be heard by the man in question.

Ramanujam Iyengar glared at the speakers and adjusted his spectacles, but immediately they withdrew their eyes from his head-gear.

"I wouldn't be seen about the roads with such a thing on my head," said the voice emphatically.

"Oh it's all right, but no one uses feathers on a turban, otherwise it's quite O. K." replied the other.

"Feathers and plumes are all-right on hats but on a turban they look ridiculous" rejoined the first voice.

By this time a third man's curiosity was aroused and he asked the other two as to where they had seen feathers on turbans.

One of the smart young men openly pointed at Ramanujam Iyengar's head. The third man looked interestedly at the turban.

By this time Iyengar was very much intrigued, for he was positive he had not adorned his turban with any feathers or such new fangled ornaments. But a cold suspicion began to prey on his mind. Perhaps the wife had stuck some silly feathers. Women as a rule are generally very stupid and capable of any foolishness. Or perhaps the children might have done it.

So stealthily his hand crept up to his turban and removed it. Close inspection proved that there were no feathers on it.

"There you are Rajan!" exclaimed one of the young men to the other. "I win the bet you see he is bald, as I tell you. So you take me to the talkies as agreed."

THE "TAMIL NADU" BONDS.

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Fifty thousand Bonds at Rs. 5 each are issued which are repayable at the end of six years from the date of issue at Rs. 6 per bond. A sum of Rs. 25,000 will be set apart to be distributed at Rs. 5,000 per year, in the shape of prizes among the bonds-holders.

For full particulars, please apply to:—

The Manager,
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At the Psychological Moment

— BY S. MANI. —

RAJAM was the only daughter of her aged father. A mere slip of a girl, she was his only joy, his one gleam of happiness in the midst of torturing memories. Yes. A rock of safety in the surging ocean of distress. The clock of Time had not proclaimed the commencement of her fifteenth year. Yet—a thousand times emphatic YET—merging from the age of girlhood and entering upon that of woman's exceeding loveliness, she was in sooth an angelic creature. It was in her, he concentrated his final flicker of hope. Such is our heroine.

When girls attain maturity, fathers become the fuel to the fire of anxiety. At least, so it was, with Mr. Kittappa—father of Rajam. As she decidedly crossed the age of rubicon, he began moving heaven and earth to find out a suitable spouse for his daughter. He was very superstitious. Hide-bound, if you know what I mean. He tried and tried, but could not get a single horoscope, which was in complete agreement with that of Rajam's. A table of high-piled horoscopes was ever his constant companion. He took no rest and it seemed that he and sleep had shaken hands and bidden each other an irrevocable farewell.

"Things don't turn up in this world," snapped Kittappa, one day, to his beloved Meenakshi. "At least things worth having don't; we have to chase them and grasp our fox when we get on terms."

"So it is," panted Meenakshi. "Striking while iron is hot and all that sort of rot, you know, are not much-cry-and-little-wool stuff. They carry sense about them. By the by, have you not heard that a young man with a large fortune has come to stay in our neighbourhood?" roared she tensely.

Kittappa pursed his lips dubiously and then proceeded.

"Yes. I have. Almost all young ladies of our vicinity are having tete-a-tete with him. Setting their caps at him, you know. For he is single and—"

Meenakshi got up.

"Then why not you also play a trump?" growled she gruffly. "No cross, no crown. Just have a stab at it, you see!" she went on inexorably.

Her tone was a bantering one. But, for all that, there was a hearty grip for Kittappa, when they kissed each other a few minutes later, just before going to bed.

Kittappa did accordingly. As luck would have it, the young man's horoscope tallied in every minute detail with that of Rajam's. Alas! the happiness that Kittappa experienced at that time. No tongue can tell.....no pen can describe the huge joy that filled his heart. Why should I say more? The marriage was settled and Muhurtham was fixed.

The great day dawned. It was one of those topping mornings. The sun was shining, the wind was blowing and everything in the garden looked beautiful. *Paradesakolam* or the procession started exactly an hour before the auspicious time. Hari, the bridegroom, was conducted to the nearest temple where the breaking-of-the-coconut-ceremony was performed duly well.

Muhurtham approached. Purohita were chanting Vedic Mantras, ladies were singing religious songs, brahmins were invoking the blessings of the god to the pair-to-be, and Hari stood up with the *thali* in hand. An honest candour sat on his forehead like a diadem more precious than any artificial crown that ever adorned a monarch's brow. There was a tense silence. Just as the silence, when Beelzebub, with Atlantean shoulders, stood up before the Stygian council to plead his devilish counsel.

It sort of happened all of a sudden. Hari was about to tie the *Thali* round the neck of Rajam, when alas! the river of ceremonial progress was ruffled by a about, "A wire! a wire!! a wire!!!"

Everybody looked round. A man decked in Kakhi, with a turban of

the same ilk, entered the sanctum sanctorum of the marriage pandal, with a telegram in hand. Then he called for Hari.

By this time, Kittappa was frozen from the tip of his spectacles to the soles of his feet. His feelings held him speechless. He was too deep in a morass of remorse to be able to articulate. One might easily find the fauna and flora of the tropics in the icy horrors of hyperborean regions, but not a trace of the existence of a drop of blood in the fallen face of Kittappa.

"Out of the frying pan into the fire. What to do? No other course but to fold the hands, set the teeth and await the inevitable."

So saying he tore open the telegram and gave the thing a rapid eye.

"MAY GOD BLESS THEE AND THY HUSSY" *Ragu*.

It was only a felicitous congratulation of Raghavan, a friend of Hari and not any dashed unpleasant tidings, as our poor Kittappa thought. A gleam of happiness shone in his eyes. He became happy. Very happy. Just as a man on the scaffold when a messenger bounds in with a reprieve. Having in possession a mercurial temperament, Kittappa was soon lifted from the depths to the heights.

Married!

With a beating heart and shining eyes, Rajam got into the luxurious limousine that was waiting outside to take her to her lord's house. It was with very great reluctance that she stepped out of her house, with all its numerous memories of her childish escapades.

Now dear editor! Rajam has become a mother of a tiny little blighter, by name, Konthai.

Will you kindly apprise of the glad news, through your premier fortnightly, to all your regular readers?

An elderly woman 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."

VICTORY OF VENU

— K. S. K. —

VENU had been brought up in the most orthodox fashion. His father who was past sixty winters had been a clerk in the Taluk Office now enjoying the benign pension of His Majesty's Government. He had scrupulously adhered to the dictates of Manu as far as possible and in spite of certain lapses he determined to lead his only son also through that righteous path. Orthodoxy was rampant in every aspect of his life. He had great affection for Venu but at the same time took offence at all mal-practices. But he was zealous that his son should not

remain a petty clerk like himself. Hence Venu's prosecution of higher studies.

Venu was now in the Junior Intermediate class. His arduous work and assiduous study had deservedly won for him distinctions in several subjects. In short he proved the envy of his class. In sports also his zeal was none the less vigorous. He had captained several teams during his scholastic career and when he now entered the portals of the University College his enthusiasm waxed hundred-

THE NEW STYLE (STUDIES OF STORMY LIFE)



Artist:—Dearest Sundar, there it is: all that money is yours. You have richly earned it: that is 5,000 Ra.

Sundar Bai:—The wife: How did I earn it all?

Artist:—That is what this painting of yours got me.

Sundar Bai:—But you were quarrelling with me all the time.

Artist:—Yes, I wanted to paint an angry beauty, I thought I would make you angry and paint you; and the Judges at the Arts Exhibition unanimously agreed that never had they seen such ferocious possibilities in an angry woman. So I easily carried away the highest prize."

field. Of course, it must be said to his credit that he was really distinguishing himself in the field of sports too.

Side by side with this appreciable progress in studies and sports Venu remained the true proto-type of his aged father: he never once failed to perform the morning, noon and evening ablutions to the very letter of the code, nor did he ever indulge in fanciful soaps and powders as is the current fashion among the irresponsible and care-free student folk of the day. Venu also grew his tuft of hair profusely and never used a safety razor nor had self-shave.

Complying as he did in all other respects with his pious father, Venu could not any more put up with the incessant inconvenience caused by his tuft. It was felt most irksome while in the play-ground. His keen enthusiasm and careful observation was often marred by the tuft suddenly loosening itself dishevelled and falling on his face and sides of the neck. The unpleasant sensation caused by the deposit of too much sweat on the head also woefully made him uneasy and was an insuperable obstacle to concentrated study. A happy bath after sports was also not allowed him since it took a long time for him to dress and arrange the tuft.

Civilisation also looked upon the tuft at the back of the head as most awkward and very often the dandies and several other fashion-mad youths now and then cracked jokes sarcastically, of course, at his expense. Some of them pulled the tuft off when he would have only just finished tying it firmly and neatly. Unfortunately this practice of sarcasm was carried to great and serious lengths. And the merry ones of his class resolved to play a rather costly prank on him. The scene was arranged to take place in the Vernacular class as it is only in such dry classes and with such helpless Pandits that boys could indulge in merry-making. But Venu, the diligent, was keenly attentive to the Pandit's lecture while the playful boys of the class were fast snoring after a sumptuous midday meal. The trick has been played and the entire class was soon rumbling in laughter. And Venu's undivided attention was diverted only then. He warily placed his black cap on his head but, sadly enough, it could not sit on it as usual. Venu began to feel his head and lo! what a surprise was it to him to find his tuft mounted triumphantly by a neat cardboard poster as big as a fan with the words written on it: "Havoc of the tuft, cut it off."

Irritation caused by such taunts which were indulged in too often touched him to the quick. And the climax reached on the College day. A big gathering was assembled in the hall and the items of the day's programme were being run through one by one. All were wrapt with attention their eyes being cast on the stage. As ill-luck would have it, Venu's tuft loosened itself and fell down hanging. While attempting to tie it again the thin edge of it brushed against the face of a gentleman visitor sitting behind him. Any other student of the college would not have taken so much offence since they knew Venu and his big distinctions. But the stranger being himself fashion-mad, grew wild with rage and rebuked Venu angrily. "I shall clip it off with my scissors when I get a chance next time."

This event on the College Day which was a veritable chastisement to his self-respect, threw Venu off his balance. He determined to do away with the tuft once for all. But

his father was the implacable impediment in his path. On the contrary his mother, sided Venu.

Backed by his mother's arguments Venu early in the dawn skulked from the house and straightway went to the barber's shop. He was all the while brooding over what his aged father would think on seeing him. Unfortunately the barber also seemed to be extraordinarily rude and inimical to him that day, for he was wavering and doubting. But Venu, firm and fearless only commanded him to do his duty. Thus winning in the tussle with the barber Venu was hastening his way home.

Meanwhile his father was making enquiries about Venu who would otherwise be punctual. Venu's mother thought that she had to play a part that day and triumphantly too. She disclosed the news to her husband that Venu would return with his hair cropped after the fashion of the day. And she strove successfully to cool down his anger by arguments pregnant with prudence, tact and commonsense. And sure as anything the father displayed the weight of his commonsense by deciding not to rail against his son for his deed.

Now, trembling with fear and having changed wet clothes he made bold to face his father, as it were.

"Venu, I don't at all blame you for having cropped your hair, but, I regret you did not inform me of the fact even before," his father spoke out.

Venu looked upon that day as one of victory for him and blessed God, man, barber and all for it.

MY ADVENTURE

Pretty Radha and I
In the soft May weather,
Bare-foot down the hills went,
Hand in hand, side by side,
Across the shallow lake
Blue birds on the hedges sat,
Chirping low and billing;
"Why," thought I, "not follow suit,
If the maid is willing?"
So, whispered I, "Radha, dear,
Kiss me—keep on kissing!"
Never more between us two
Word of love was spoken,
She, fairly kissed me, as a token
Of her love and consent to marry
Me as she was willing.

A DAMSEL'S DILEMMA

I do not like a man that is tall;
A man that is tall is worse than all.
I much abhor a man that is fat;
A man that is lean I sincerely hate.
A man of sense I cannot rule;
And, yet, I will not be a fool.
I do not like a man that is fair;
A man that is black I cannot bear.
All these I entirely hate;
And, yet, I love the marriage-mate.

S. RAMACHANDRAN, Salem.

From Mylapore TO Parry's (Paris)

A Chow-Chow of City Scenes

— BY RAJA KABBBOOR —

What a big jump from Mylapore of Madras across forests, lakes, rivers, mountains and oceans to the Paris of France! There are many of our gentlemen who have had this jump and in their estimation Paris is held in reverence. Many Indians who return from Western Europe will give accounts of it in a manner that even an average earning man in India is tempted to sell all his property and take everything he has to the last nickel, to the place which many admire and often express their regret in not finding such a place in this ancient land of the East.

It may not be a surprise to many to see some persons in Madras who make their pilgrimage to Parry's more than twenty times a day. Guess who he must be!

He is no other than our Bus-Driver whose indifference and carelessness means a matter of money to the Government, good holidays for himself and an end to the clamour of life, that is being tread by the wheels of the Bus. The difference between a cultured and educated man's journey to Paris and the Bus-Driver's is that one goes to Paris to spend what he or his ancestors earned while the other runs to earn his day's bread alone.

Why should they at all go to Paris of the West when we have it so near at hand in Madras? I would be guilty of impertinence if I were to put this question to any man whose ears are accustomed to the cheers of "Bon Voyage." I am sure my impertinence will have its reward of not less than a slap or two. Perhaps it makes me realize the real difference between the two, Parry's-Paris, though they are parasyllabically the same.

But anyhow Paris or Parry's is not a new thing to us. From sun down to set and set to dawn you can hear

the conductor's voice shouting 'Mylapore to Parry's,' one trying to excel the top voice of the other. If two or three buses start from the same place and join at any bus stand, there would be plenty of fun for a stranger to enjoy.

I do not know if I would be partial if I do not give you the fun the stranger enjoys at the cost of these poor conductors. If a passenger were to come at this juncture with a heap of luggage, his luggage would be divided among the conductors of the competitive buses often unequally and occasionally equally. The passenger then would be dragged from bus to bus by the coat and if the coat gives way, by the hand. Thanks, Heaven? The time has not yet come when bus conductors might drag us by the hair over which we spend a good amount of time and toilet in trimming, curling, combing and shampooing. They have no claim for the hair of ours, the growth and maintenance of which has cost us so much.

What a pity! The poor man is in a dilemma and he does not know which bus to board when the hospitality and the kindness of the conductors thus equally pull him. After much delay he may get over this and get into a bus. If it is a loss of time it is pardonable. But if it is loss of luggage and irreparable damage to the coat, I do not know what law could be found in the latest legal jurisprudence as just punishment for such deed.

Either to avoid this damage for their coat (The tailor's bill of which had yet remained unpaid in one of his cupboards which have given shelter and living place for mosquitoes and white ants who owe all their comforts of life to their generous and magnanimous nature which shares probably a part of S. P. C. A's work) or for some other

reasons best known to themselves, some of our public men have found out a device to keep the coat in office itself along with the files, while they go with their shirts alone, probably devoid of all buttons. But all that is by the way.

His adoration for his coat is so much, he often tries to avoid its use as far as possible and to carry on his work sometimes without it. He might hang it in his chamber as a memory of his father even heedless to the odour, the air is charged with. It is to him more sacred than the official Robe to the Mayor of a city. Then pass along your way in bus to Parry's. You come to Mount Road. You see sights of different kinds, not the one which could be seen when you board a ship to Paris. Especially at 10 o'clock, the busiest time, when people leave their home to office, schools, colleges and business places, you could see the busy cars running about in speed with their varying noises.

Nor amidst the bustle and the rumbling noise of tramcar, the shoutings of 'Original Vel' (Madras Race Guide) is not in any way less audible. Students of all types with their burden of books are seen running up and down, some to stationery mart to buy a new note book, thinking that the new books would regulate their studies, some to the coffee hotels to have a cup before they get into the college to stimulate their intelligence and some to have a puff of cigar or cigarettes, whatever they are accustomed to, or a pinch of snuff. While waiting for the bus you can see beneath the tree's shades some youth reading and re-reading in a hurry the letters of love which may be appointing(?) or disappointing.

It is very difficult to say whether some of these unfortunate passengers are more tormented by the heat, by the irksomeness or by some fighting cooks within the bus or by the cries of beggary without it.

What a marvellous change you find when you board a ship that sails in an endless ocean which washes the different shores, shores of historic importance, shores once enlightened by very ancient civilization and the climax of which is being brought by the invading strength of some opposite nation! Human memory, I don't think, is so frail as to forget the charms of sea voyage, the fresh and

April 5th, 1934

the moist air of early morning or the blessings of homeliness which the ships of comfort confer upon its passengers. Nor the unaccustomed sea-gor forget the sufferings and pangs of sea-sickness.

They are many reasons which urge one to see France and its Paris, the Queen of Cities. Paris, beautiful Paris, with its many graceful buildings and spires, broad roads, shaded avenues, superb gardens, gay men and women ply before us a thrill of its own beauty. The land that produced men like Victor Hugo, and others and whose bravery, courage & patriotism still remained to the last moment at the volcanic eruption of the French Revolution, is the dazzling spot in the story of Europe. If a person from India alights at Paris to whom French may be as difficult to catch as Tamil to Frenchmen, there would be many conglomerations, misunderstandings and misconceptions. But what one never forgets is "Monsieur" almost found in every sentence used by Frenchmen. Boulevards, the Eiffel Tower, the Museum and other monumental statues of great men who all contributed in some way or other to their liberality of French spirit are still to be envied by the nations.

The night life of Paris is a life which many in India might hate while in other parts of the world, they are applauded and appreciated. I dare say Paris is no place for 'teetotallers' and if anybody were to drink water in a cafe, he would be scoffed at as one who has insulted their national beverage, wine. The deaf ears are not deaf to the enchanting Paris songs. Songs and melodies of musical interest with dances of men and women is in no way less appealing to men.

Theatres of artistic beauty, actors of finest specimen of God's beautiful creation are seen more beautiful when their beauties are most unadorned, are the pride of Paris. It is of no mean civilization that makes the mind of fair sex forget their sexual differences and act on the stage with a live joy to delight her audiences. To see beauty in its true truth is one of the curiosities that rouses in its visitors.

We should not think it to be strange or unusual if an Indian comes back with a pretty French Girl arm in arm. The Indians from this "land of artists", should not leave behind them the beauties which they appreciate and

adore.—Superstition has yet to lay her hands upon these controversial happenings... Man is man after all... Paris will certainly have the unanimous reverence of this as well as the future generation. And so goes the world!

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.

Two men had been dining well and were returning home in the small hours of the morning.

"Come in for a parting drink," invited one. "If we go in quietly we shan't wake the wife."

The two crept in on tiptoe, but when inside the door one crashed into the hall table, and the other knocked over a chair. They looked at one another in horror, and the first whispered: "We must be quiet or we'll wake the wife."

"Oh, that's all right," replied the other. "She'll never hear with all this noise going on."

"I've forgotten what the other thing was I came for," said the small girl in the grocer's shop.

The grocer tried to be helpful.

"Was it cheese, bacon, butter, margarine, lard, tea, coffee, cocoas, sugar, jam, marmalade, biscuits, bottled fruit, chutney, bloater paste, potted meat, baking-powder, soap, soda, rice, tapioca, semolina, macaroni, currants, raisins—"

"I remember now. It was can you tell me the right time?"

The customer finished his meal and called the waiter.

"I would like to speak to the manager," he said. The manager came up a few moments later and bowed politely.

"You wished to speak to me, sir?" he said.

"Yes," said the customer. "You must have a remarkably clean kitchen in this restaurant."

The manager beamed.

"That's very nice of you, sir," he said. "Generally it's complaints I have to listen to. But what makes you think we have such a clean kitchen?"

"Well, practically everything tastes of soap," said the customer, coldly.

The Professor was greatly upset by the falsehood uttered by a lady student of his.

"How dare you lie with me like this?" ejaculated the irate gentleman.

S. Nanjundiah.

Rama:—I always rise with the cock and lie with the lamb.

Govind:—I never find any of them on your bed.

Uncle:—Boy! the rain will continue throughout the night—you take shelter here.

Boy:—I will inform the same to my parents yonder and come back.

A villager handed a telegram in a Telegraph office and after some time asked the Telegraphist.

Villager:—Did you send my telegram?

Tel:—Sent long ago.

Villager:—Where? I don't find it on the wires outside.

V. D. Krishnamurthy.

A man landing at a port was asked by a customs inspector if he had any dutiable article in his trunk. He assured the officer he had nothing except his own wearing apparel, but search disclosed a dozen pint bottles of brandy. The officer said "I thought you had only wearing apparel; what do you call these." "These," said the traveller, "these are my night caps."

M. Parthasarathy.

Shimoga.

April 5th, 1934

FUNNY MAGZIN

33



THE GIRL AT THE WINDOW

In the remote suburb of my native town,
I saw a young girl dressed in a gown.
And there stood a house between mansions,
Which look'd like European fashion.
East mansion was occupied by Mr. Kine,
West one owned by Mr. Rhine.
The girl's name, I know not yet,
I knew her by two names, Swan and Pet.
Mr. Kine was twenty-three and look'd quite young,
Mr. Rhine was twenty-five and quite strong.
The girl was perhaps ten and seven,
And was smart and beautiful then.
I saw her at the window of her house,
When she was sewing, jerkin and blouse.
Mr. Kine was a young student of St. Paul College,
Mr. Rhine was an officer of Josef cottage.
The girl liked needle and embroidery work,
And this she did from morn till dark.
Their house had two rooms in the upper floor,
One faced to the east, and other west, and had no more.
The eastern room was smaller one,
And was the bed room of beautiful Joan.
The western room was fine and larger,
And was occupied by her father and mother.
Gloomily, she sat one morn, at the window with
needle work,
A sound of whistle she did suddenly hark.
She then look'd through the window with an enquiry eyne,
And soon found that young lad Mr. Rhine.
She, I tell you, was clever and shy;
Naturally got aside a little by and by.
Ere long she had another look,
When she peeped through that window nook.
"Who is she and what is she?" he wished to know,
And she thought "to know of him" is (unbecoming) task.
Two or three days had not gone,
That "love at first sight" began to dawn.

It amuses me to tell you, gentle reader,
That before his love had grown deeper
Another sight was caught by Joan,
And that was very romantic one.
In the following morn I know not the date,
She awoke from sleep and it was too late.
And while opening the window to admit light
She had Mr. Kine an eye-to-eye sight.
Thus she saw Kine, from the east-faced room,
And Rhine from the other when she was gloom.
Both the young lads then began to nibble the bait,
For each was afraid to be too late.
Soon they sent off some beautiful letters,
You know, they were full of love matters
Do you know what was she then doing?
She began to start wooing.
Her letters to Rhine ended with "Sweet Swan"
"Sweet Pet" was the conclusion to another one.
From this I knew her by Swan and Pet
Still, I doubt I know not yet
Clever Pet would sit at the window and sew her blouse
Because she wished to see Kine in the opposite house
Mr. Rhine would see him from evening till dusk,
When he returned from office work.
Thus in eastern room, she stayed to see young Kine,
And from western one she would peep at Mr. Rhine.
But the fun lay in this, my dear reader,
The young lads did not know this each other.
Though Kine knew Mr. Rhine, and Rhine, Kine
But Kine did never speak with Mr. Rhine,
"I will win Swan" believed the officer
"She will be mine" thought the student lover
But the clever girl was regular to please both,
With long and fresh letters full of oath.
A great competition went on between the two,
Can you guess who was her True?

JENKINS' JEST

— BY M. J. M. —

JAMES Macleod was worried. He was a good natured man and had merely dismissed his clerk with a month's pay. He could certainly have handed him over to the Police for having robbed him, but he let the fellow go. And now the gratitude he received was a threat to expose him. True enough, legally he was not guilty of bigamy, but he feared the trouble he would have at home, with his wife, Eva.

Anyway, he would explain to her the whole situation before she heard of it from outside.

But in this he was forestalled. His dismissed clerk Jenkins had been to his wife before he reached home from office. No wonder, therefore, that when he put in his appearance at the door, she flared up at him like a cat.

"You, mean wretch," she cried out, "how dared you deceive me to marry you when you were already married!"

"Quiet, dear," soothed Macleod, "it's a misunderstanding. I'll explain."

"Explanations are useless now," angrily retorted his wife. "You are the husband of two women! Oh God!"

"Hear me first, dear," gently expostulated Macleod.

"I won't hear you. You've done enough harm. I am now neither wife nor widow," she

cried out in a tone of intense anger, grief and despair.

"You are a brute," she continued, "that's what you are. I'll no longer stay under this roof. I am going back to my mother."

Macleod observed that she had already packed up some of her things in a portable leather case, was dressed and ready to go.

"Don't be silly, Eva," he kindly protested; "don't be hasty. You never think."

"I have thought enough," put in the enraged woman, "to drive me mad."

And in spite of the entreaties of the bewildered husband, she left vowing vengeance on him.

Macleod loved his wife too much to think ill of her. But he knew that her great failing was her impulsiveness. She was an easily excitable woman with an explosive temper, which she had inherited from her mother. Otherwise she was very good and lovable.

Macleod was a patient and sensible man. He took this demonstration on the part of his wife as a lovers' quarrel, which could soon be made up. When his wife had cooled down, she would realise her folly, see things in the right perspective, and come back to him, so he thought.

But when he returned home again the following evening, there were no signs of his wife. Only a Police Sergeant was waiting for him. He grasped at once the object of the Sergeant's visit. He was a cool-headed man, but was a trifle vexed at the thought of the embarrassing ordeal he would have to undergo by the Police enquiry.

"The Inspector, Sir, wants to see you at the Station," said the Police-man.

"Very well. I shall be ready in a few minutes," replied Macleod.

In a few minutes he was prepared to accompany the Sergeant to the Police Station.

"I am sorry to trouble you, Mr. Macleod," said the Inspector, "but I thought it's best I should quietly talk to you about this."

He then eyed his visitor suspiciously and continued, "One Jenkins has given us the information that you are married to two women. Is that so?"

"That's false," hotly replied Macleod.

"May be," said the Officer, "but I have now with me a letter sent to you by your first wife, a copy of your reply to it, and the counterfoils of the cheques you sent her every month and....."

"But I can explain," interrupted the other.

"No doubt, Mr. Macleod, but excuse me when I say that the evidence I already have is most damning. Yet before I pursue the matter further I thought I might question you."

"Certainly," said Macleod.

"But I should warn you that whatever you may say may be used against you."

"Oh! that's alright," Macleod assured him nonchalantly.

"Well then! What of the letter?"

"The letter," explained Macleod, "was sent to my brother just after he died. You see it begins with the word 'dearest' and no name. He had secretly married her, then deserted her, and she only begged for some monthly allowance. I opened the letter and acknowledged receipt of it. I did not inform her that he was dead, but as you know the acknowledgment merely says 'with reference to your letter dated.....a monthly remittance of...will be sent to you.'"

"But why did you not inform her that he was dead?" questioned the Inspector.

"Because she would then have come forward as an heir to my brother's estate. This would have given publicity to his secret marriage, disgracing the whole family of ours because she was a domestic servant, lowly-born, and illiterate. In fact,

that letter had not been written by her."

"But my dear Sir," incredulously persisted the Inspector, "Why, why....."

He could not proceed any further for a young woman hastily entered the room unannounced and cried out.

"Oh! Jimmy, Jimmy, forgive me. How I wronged you! I searched out the woman. She is now lying in the hospital dangerously ill. Poor woman! She said she was the wife of Allan Macleod."

The Police Officer was puzzled. He shifted his glance repeatedly from Macleod to the woman, and from her to him, trying to fathom the mystery.

Macleod quietly rose from his chair and introduced her to him.

"Inspector, this is my wife."

They were sitting round the fire, swapping lies.

"When I was in Montana," said one of them, "I saw a mountain lion come right up to the camp one day. It was a fierce beast, but, with great presence of mind, I threw a bucket of water in its face and it slunk away."

"Boys," said a man sitting in a corner, "I can vouch for the truth of that story. A few minutes after that happened, I was coming down the side of the hill. I met this lion and as is my habit, stopped to stroke its whiskers. Boys, those whiskers were wet!"

Following a pocket-picking incident the victim was called upon to attend an identification parade at a police-station in the hope that he might spot the thief.

As he found himself confronted by half-a-dozen men of various types, the man said, diffidently: "I'm no good at this sort of thing, you know. I haven't been able to pick a winner for months."

"What's the matter?" asked the passenger in the back seat of the ninth-hand car. "Some sheep on the road," explained the driver. Ten minutes later there was another hold-up.

"Dash it," cried the driver, "I've caught up with those sheep again."

Mere Flourish

(S. V. D.)

According to press reports, Mr. William, T. Grant, American millionaire, is intending to start a chain of stores in India.

Really a comforting bit of news to the Indian Store owners in our country.

The popularity of Indian mangoes is said to be increasing in Great Britain.

A sign of the times when even mangoes would become a costly luxury to the poor.

Herr Hitler, according to Reuter, is resorting to fantastic measures to speed up birth rate in Germany.

Evidently, a farsighted man, for, in the next war more men will be required as cannon fodder.

The demand for reading matter in India is expanding enormously: —Local paper.

Yet, unless the demand is backed by purchasing power and the will to buy individually, the breeding publications in the land cannot hope to thrive.

"What is the good of having Agricultural Schools?" asks a correspondent.

Well, they are doing good work for the extension of what they call the "educated unemployment."

The political wheel in India is turning full circle. —Local daily.

This will enable many a patriot to turn complete somersaults.

Mr. F. L. Brayne of the Punjab, in his booklet "The village Dynamo" appeals to the village schoolmasters to take the lead in rural reconstruction.

Nearer home, the village schoolmasters appeal to the authorities for living wages, regular payment and protection of their interests.

Referring to the vast increase of biographies in the last ten years in

Western Europe and the United States of America, Mr. Philip Guedalla, historian and biographer, says that "it amounts a mass production 'as yet happily free from Japanese competition'."

It is to be hoped that the brainy Japanese will not take this jesting reference to their literary abilities lying down.

"The air is full of disarmament." —Empire Review.

But in the arsenals of the diverse Powers, "more armaments" seems to be the order for the day.

Hungarian social circles are said to be contemplating to adopt a new national dress.

Local enthusiasts of the nudist movement are expected to protest against it by issuing one or two strongly worded handbills in the vernacular.

"Flooding of Western markets by cheap goods from Japan".

—Headline in American paper.

At this rate, Japan may even essay to make the well-known adage "Carrying coals to New castle" to come true.

Crime costs uncle Sam 43,000,000 daily.

—American paper.

This special industry of America seems very costly.

There was a sudden screaming of brakes as the sports car skidded round the corner, struck a lamp-post, careered across the pavement, turned back into the road, bumped into three cars, narrowly escaped knocking down a policeman, hit a wall, and finally came to a stop.

A crowd rushed to the spot, and as they reached it a breathless girl climbed out of the car, and was followed by an equally breathless young man.

"Darling," she said, rapturously, "that's what I call a kiss!"

"Why doesn't a married man run after his wife like he did before marriage?"

"Well, you know, a mouse in a trap loses its taste for cheese."

Competition Jokes

"Doctor, my husband won't stop talking in his sleep. What shall I do to cure him of it?"

"Try letting him speak in the day time."

N. Venkataramana,
Madras.

Officer: (During sham battle). "Hi, you! Keep your head down. Don't you know you're exposing yourself to an imaginary enemy a hundred yards off?"

Private: "Yes, sir. But I'm also supposed to be behind an imaginary rock fifty feet high!"

K. Tirunarn Iyengar,
Bangalore.

"Ramu!" asked the Geography teacher "What do you know about Middle-Sex?"

Ramu: "It is neither female nor male."

Chemistry Professor: "Gopal!" Give the names of some Alum.

Gopal: Potas Alum, Chromic Alum, or—er—er—Shah Alum.

S. M. Iyer, Nagpur.

A farmer, in his old age, moved into the town to enjoy it, but his old love clung to him and he indulged in a small way in gardening pursuits. Visiting his friends in the country, and relating his experience in town farming he said: "I put outside my window a large box, filled it with mould and sowed it with seed. What do you think came up?"—Wheat, Barley or oats?"—"No, a policeman who ordered me to remove it."

B. V. Ram, Sivaganga.

"Is that an eight or twelve?" asked the admirer of Mr. Pillay's new automobile.

"Both" replied Mr. Pillay. "Eight cylinder; twelve payments."

Miss. M. N. Radhammal,

Mysoor.

"Have you ever seen any ghost?"

"No."

"Then, it means you are out of spirits."

"Which is the easiest art."

"Music."

"Why, so?"

"Because even the youngest fish knows the scales."

Nageswara Rao Chowdary,
Cocanada.

A milkman placed in his shop a card inscribed: "Milk from contented Cows," and a neighbouring butcher, not to be outdone, put in his shop the sign: "Sausages from Pigs that died Happy."

Camer Saleh,
Bombay.

Teacher: What is that which a cat can do and we cannot?

Boy: The cat can shake her tail and we cannot, sir.

A Blind Beggar: Please give alms to a blind man, sir.

Servant: Our mistress is not at home.

Blind Beggar:—I don't want your mistress, man; but only a pie.

Abdul Kyum Sait,
C/o Novelty Stores,
Pondicherry.

Executive Engineer: What are you here?

An Half English knowing Maistry:—

As your Honour is Engineer
My Honour is Maistry.

Father: Who is a good Songster.

Boy: A gramophone, Father.

G. Sankaralingam,
C/o Gopala Pillai,

Madur.

Advised by a German doctor, a gentleman long suffering from illness resorted to a hotel for change and rest. The hotel-keeper charged him £300, for ten days. The young gentleman paid the full amount after ten days, and some change to the carrier of the bill. When asked to write his remarks upon the Visitors' Book, he wrote:—

"I came here for change and rest. I enjoyed none of the two; the change the carrier of the bill took, and the rest the hotel-keeper."

S. Ramachandran,
Kumbakonam.

Husband: Leela, see the next neighbour. As soon as Joseph comes home in the evening his wife comes and kisses him.

Wife: Yes dear, daily I am seeing it.

Husband: Why can't you do the same?

Wife: Then permit me to go daily at 5 o'clock to Joseph's house.

Doctor to his patient who was suffering from fever.

Doctor: You stick to only vegetable diet.

Patient: Yes sir.
[The next day the Doctor came.]

Doctor: What diet did you take yesterday?

Patient: Purely I was on rabbit, sir, because it was the best that I could do since it ate away all the vegetables in my garden.

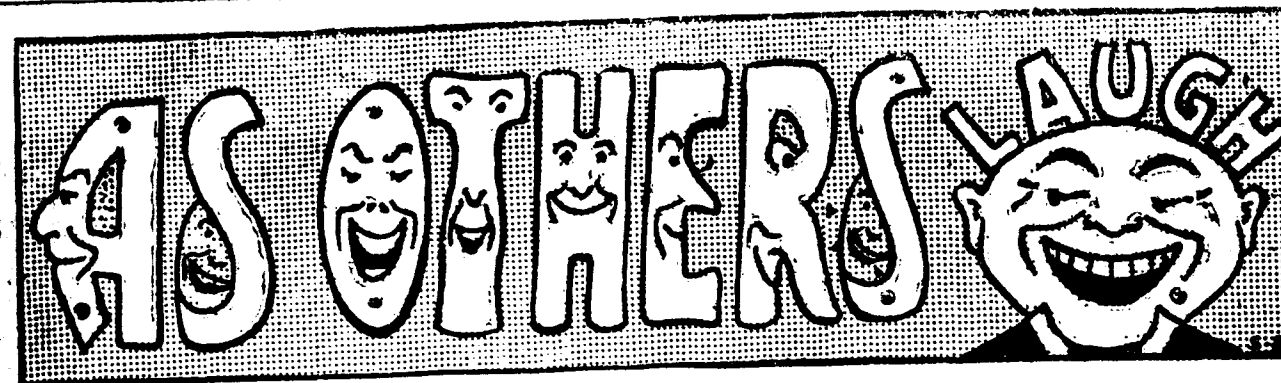
Venkateshaiah,
C/o H. S. Krishnaswamy, M. A.
Bangalore.

Father: "How did Kittoo do his History Examination?"

Mother: "Oh, not at all well, but there, it was not his fault. Why, they asked him things that happened before the poor boy was born."

He: "Would you lend me Rs. 10? I am making an heroic attempt to get out of debt."

N. Chellappati, Madras.



"Before I can allow you to continue taking my daughter out I want to know if your intentions—"

"Mother! Mother!" (from the top of the stairs). "He's not the one!"

"Do you believe that people follow the same occupation in the next world as on earth?"

"My mother-in-law won't. She makes ice-cream."

At a party a young man became a little elated and proposed marriage to a pretty girl present. The young woman replied, coyly: "Oh, George, you are so sodden."

Betty: "Heaven sends us our daily bread, doesn't He, mummy?"

Mother: "Yes, dear."

"And Santa Claus brings the presents?"

"Yes, dear."

"And the stork brings the babies?"

"Yes, dear."

"Then what's the use of having daddy around?"

The young man had proposed to the chorus-girl and had been accepted. Came the day when he was taken home to see mother, a forbidding-looking person.

"So," she said, with a ghoulis smile, "you are the young man who is going to become my son-in-law, are you?"

"Good heavens, I'd never thought of it in that light before."

The teacher was instructing the class in the use of familiar phrases. On the blackboard she wrote the words

"Nota Bene" (Note well), and asked if anyone knew their meaning.

After a long silence a little boy stood up

"Please, teacher," he said, "That's what father says when he's got no money."

"Well, of all the nerve," she said, as she slapped his face. "Don't ever try to kiss me again."

"All right," he replied, meekly. "If that's how you feel about it, get off my lap."

The film star approached her publicity man.

"Look here, I don't seem to be much in the news at present," she said. "Can't you think of something really startling for me?"

The publicity man looked thoughtful.

"What about being seen out with your husband one day next week," he suggested.

A professor was delivering an address before a group of business men. At its conclusion a manufacturer joined issue with him.

"Science is of no benefit to me," he insisted.

"What is your business?"

"I manufacture suspenders."

"And where would your business be," was the next question, "if the law of gravity were suspended?"

He had persisted in calling on her even though she had warned him of her father's decided opposition to boy friends. But the young man was getting desperate, and on this particular

evening when he called he had all his plans out and dried for an elopement.

Suddenly the door opened and the room was flooded with light. The young couple turned and faced a glowering parent.

"Who are you?" he asked the young man through clenched teeth.

The latter gulped and turned pale.

"I'm her brother," he blurted out at last.

"Daddy," asked the small son of a business man, "what is this business morality I hear people talk about?"

"Well, my boy," was the reply, "if a man comes into your shop and, pays a ten-shilling bill with a note, and as he is leaving, you find that he has given you by mistake two ten-shilling notes, the question is, should you tell your partner?"

Mr. Isaacs: "I sells you dot coat at a grand sacrifice."

Customer: "But you say that of all your goods. How do you make a living?"

"Mine frient, I make a small profit on de paper and string."

A married woman with a passion for the amateur drama seems to be constantly rehearsing. One afternoon someone called at her home and the small daughter of the house went to the door and said her mummy was out "at a play."

"At a play?" echoed the caller.

"Yes," said the girl. "Didn't you know that mummy was an immature actress?"

Results of "Animals" Competition.

Correct Solutions of "Animals" Competition are as follows:—

- | | | | | |
|----------|-----------|----------|----------|-----------|
| 1. DEER. | 3. WOLF. | 5. HIND. | 7. CAT. | 9. ROE. |
| 2. MULE. | 4. CAMEL. | 6. COW. | 8. BULL. | 10. HARE. |

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

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. K. T. RAMADOSS, Village Munsiff,
Nallambakkam, Guduvancheri, P. O.,
Chingleput Dt. | 2. N. RATHINAM, Ry. Contractor,
Chitvadigai Village, Hospet. |
|---|---|

THE SECOND PRIZE

This has been won by the following successful Competitors.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. K. NIRAMJANAM NAIDU,
Police Sub-Inspector, Repalle Guntur Dt. | 15 & 16 R. RAMAKRISHNA MUDR,
Chettipalayam, (Via) Dodanur, Coimbatore Taluk. |
| 2. NARAYANA MURTHY, B. E.
C/o. C. Subbu Rao, M. A. (Hons.) Assistant Master,
Govt. High School, Tumkur, Mysore State. | 17. C. R. VENKATACHARY,
105, Karuppa Goundan St., Coimbatore. |
| 3. R. V. NATHEN, Representative,
All India Reporters Ltd., Nagpur. | 18. S. KRISHNIAH,
III Form, C. B. H. School, Chittoor. |
| 4. M. A. CUNNIVELAN, Chief Secretariat,
Fort St. George, Madras. | 19 & 20. N. ARUNACHALAM,
C/o. O. P. Nallathambi Nadar,
Salt Merchant, Tuticorin. |
| 5. S. IQBAL HOSAN, C/o. Didar Husain,
Engineer, B. 1226/1, Kingkethi Road,
Hyderabad, Dn. | 21. V. B. NARAYANAN, Clerk,
District Munsiff's Court, Arni. N. A. Dt. |
| 6. K. THIRUVENKATACHARI,
C/o. T. V. Sreenivasan, Attorney-at-law,
363, Esplanade, Madras. | 22. T. S. RAMANUJAM, 15, Car Street,
Triplicane, Madras. |
| 7. B. V. RANGANATHAM,
Kotla Madappa St., Vizianagram. | 23. W. S. SARAVANAM,
32, Valamburi Vinayakar St.,
Walajabad, (Chingleput Dt.) |
| 8. R. N. SEETHARAMAIYER,
"Sree Rama Vilas" Main Road,
Vizianagaram City. | 24. K. S. LAKSHMANA SING,
Kayathoor, Enangudi Nannilam. P. O. |
| 9. A. S. NARAYANASAMY IYER,
Pensioner, Kaloor Village,
Chandragiri Post, Chittoor Dt. | 25. J. G. SCHAEFER,
Surulurpet, Nellore Dt. |
| 10. E. N. BAGHAVENDRA RAO,
C/o. Messrs Volkart Brothers,
Accounts Dept. Ballard Estate, Bombay. | 26. MAAS. J. MAJID,
Kadawata, Ceylon. |
| 11. O. P. N. MENON, Ware House, T. P. Co., Ltd.,
Golmuri, Tananagar. B. N. Ry. | 27. K. P. MENON,
C/o. Deccan Motor Service Co.,
Tadcherla N. S. Ry. |
| 12. S. BRAHMAYYALINGAM,
Buttiahpet, Masulipatam. | 28. N. A. NARAYANASWAMI AIYER,
Teacher, 23, Mahal 4th St., Madras. |
| 13 & 14. V. RAMIAH CHETTIAR,
Nagore. | 29. T. K. GANAPATHI,
Ammayappan Post, Tanjore Dt. |
| | 30. L. SREENIVASALU NAIDU,
13, Swami Pillai St., Triplicane, Madras. |
| | 31. Y. VENKATESWARLU,
No. 1249/A. M. V. Agraharam, Nellore. |

All Prizes will be despatched in due course.

ONLY ONE
SET!

NO ENTRANCE FEE! ONLY ONE
SET!

**Rs. 55 CASH
PRIZES.**

In "Countries and Continents" Competition.

FIRST PRIZE Rs. 30.

SECOND PRIZE Rs. 20.

Rs. 5 TO THE SENDER OF LARGEST NUMBER OF ENTRIES.

Closing date: 5th May, 1934.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO:

This is a simple and interesting Puzzle. Below on this page you are given ten rows of names of countries and continents whose letters have been jumbled. Each row when arranged will give you the name of a country or a continent. Among the jumbled letters there may be some unnecessary letters added to them. To guide you in finding out the names of the countries or continents easily, a part of the name either at the beginning or at the end has been given against each row. With the aid of these the correct names can be picked out very easily. Take No. 1 for example. The letters ACEFMNRYZ are given under the Jumbled Names column, and under the partial names column the letters nce are given. So the solution for the first row ends in NCE. The possible name of the country or continent that ends with nce is France. From the letters ACEFMNRYZ the word France, can be formed. So the solution for the first row is France. Similarly the other 9 names must be found out.

As you find the solutions, write them on the Free Entry Coupon given on the next page and post your attempts to reach our office not later than the closing date, namely, 5th May 1934.

JUMBLED NAMES.

PARTIAL NAMES.

- | | |
|--------------|-----------|
| 1. ACEFMNRYZ |nce |
| 2. ACDLOSTNP | Sco..... |
| 3. AAAILRSTU | Aus..... |
| 4. AAABDIINR |ia |
| 5. ADEEGLNNR |land |
| 6. ABEGMNRY |any |
| 7. ACDEILNR |land |
| 8. AACEFIMR |rica |
| 9. ADLNOP |land |
| 10. AIMNRSSU |ia |

(For the coupon see next page.)

Rules & Conditions.

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

2. The solutions must reach Funny Magzin office before the evening of 5th May '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 "Countries & Continents" COMPETITION, FUNNY Magzin Office, No. 6, Lawyer Chinnathambi Mudaly St., Sowcarpet, Madras.

4. The First Prize will be awarded to the competitor who sends in an all correct solution, that is one which agrees with the solution in the Editor's possession, and the second prize to the next best in merit. In the case of ties, the prizes will be equally divided. An additional prize of Rs. 5 will be awarded to the sender of the largest number of entries.

5. No correspondence can be entered into. The Editor's decision on all matters relating to this competition is final. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for solutions that may be lost, mislaid or otherwise.

6. Employees of FUNNY Magzin, and other Office publications, are not allowed to compete.

(Cut along the line).

FUNNY MAGZIN FREE COUPON.

IN "COUNTRIES & CONTINENTS" COMPETITION.

Closing date 5th May 1934.

1. FRANCE

6.

2.

7.

3.

8.

4.

9.

5.

10.

I agree to abide by the decision of the Editor.

Signature.....

Name.....

Address.....

The Superior Watch Co., Post Box No. 167, Madras.

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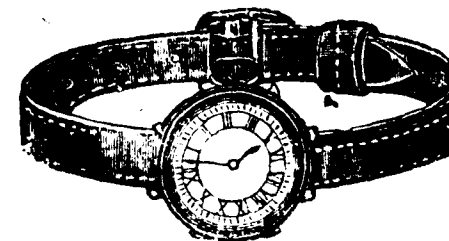
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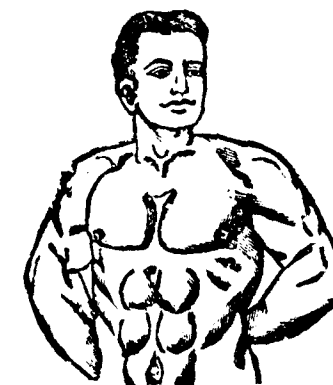
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