

THE PUNCH MAG.

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&

Contest Prizes

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20TH JULY, 1934

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THE FUNNY MAGZIN OF INDIA.

ISSUED EVERY 5th & 20th OF THE MONTH

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THE MANAGER.

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To Our Contributors.

Articles of a humorous nature are invited. Contributors may be sent: Copied Articles, if published, or articles on Science, etc., are not required.

The manuscripts must be legible and written on one side of the paper. Leave a margin of space between lines for editing and correction and some margin on the left.

Manuscripts should be sent to the Editor. Contributors must send a return address to enable us to return them in case of non-acceptance.

Reprints of manuscripts and articles will be sent to contributors on request. All communications should be addressed to the Editor.

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PUBLISHED ON THE 5th & 20th OF EVERY MONTH

Vol I.

MADRAS, 20th JULY, 1934.

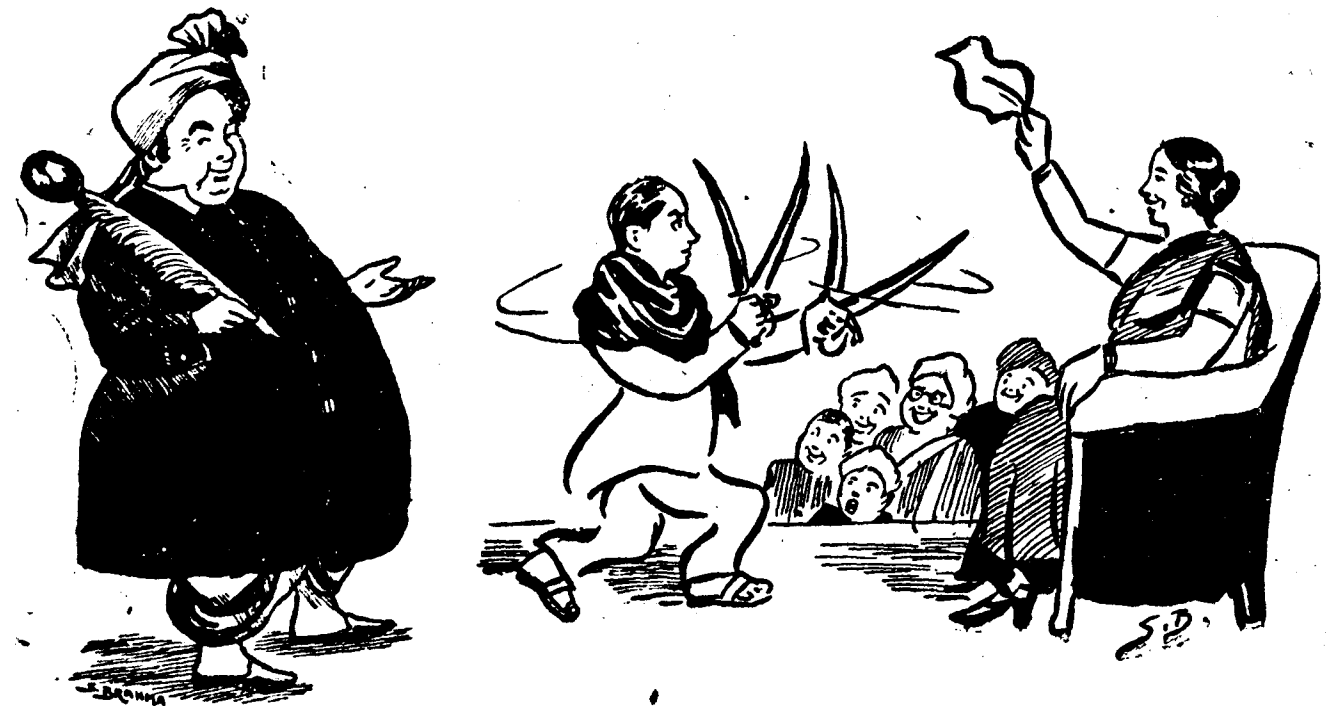
No. 24

QUITE AN AMUSING FUNNY HERO!

Dr. Varadarajulu Naidu, Candidate for M. L. A.

The Hero of the Sword of Paste-Board, Challenges a Hindu Lady

Mrs. Subbaroyan enjoys the antics of the Knight of the Swords!



Bhai Funzin:—Ah, What a rare chivalry yours, Dr. Varadarajulu Naidu! To stand as a rival to Mrs. Radhabai Subbaroyan, a Hindu Lady, who, for her services to India, might well seek comfortable Nomination instead of open, breezy Election, is a feat more glorious than that of the Knight of La Mancha's. You too, Naidu! You that removed the *thali* of your wife as it betokens slavery, as you so often publish in your flamboyant pamphlet and in your Autobiographies which appear in your own journal. That you should oppose a lady, a Hindu Lady, a Learned Hindu Lady like Mrs. Subbaroyan! Bravo! Hero with swords in your letter-heads, Journal and even dreams!

Bhai Funzin Speaks :

OUR HAPPY SECOND YEAR ! A WORD TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Happy Friends !

The Second year ! Yes, the Second year begins for our *Funny Mag.*

And no wonder too.

The last year—never mind squalls and clouds—we have had a happy time—brighter than expected.

Our jokes have been clean ; our laughter always dignified, and our smiles innocent.



True, You and I have had plenty of fun at our stylish sisters and fashionable fops. We never missed our hits and quibs against our young lovers and their adventures. And, if the sporting lover was a bit too old for the humour of that Youthful Archer, we enjoyed the joke with even greater zest.

But, never with any cruel intent or malicious motive :

It was, we confess, to enjoy ourselves—albeit at the expense of the lover and his lass.

We did not miss the pranks—the desperate pranks—of aspirants to office or honour or vain glorio usdistinction.

Nor did We fail in our attentions to the underworld of crimes—not that You and I

would condone their acts, but their follies and foibles have a pathetic humour about them—and surely We would not miss them.

For all the honest mirth these friends have given us, let us be grateful.

And, We shall start the New year, a Happier year yet, with these good friends ministering to us in our next "*Funny*."

Our Contributors :

Surely, they have Bhai Funzin's warmest thanks. And Bhai Funzin always deals with them with esteem and trust.

Yet, only the other day a gentleman from Mysore bodily copied a story that appeared a year ago in a Contemporary Magazine and sent it to us. Trusting to the regard due to himself, we made use of the story only to find, too late, that the regard and trust reposed was light-heartedly abused.

As between Magazine and Magazine, luckily there could be no harm done to our mutual good-will and decorum ; but, what the Magazines, both of them, regretted was that one who had a right to command our esteem, had let himself down in such an unhappy manner, as to cause pain to the esteemed band of a learned circle. But we shall trust that such exceptions will only prove the rule that literary circles do and will be objects of regard and trust.

A Request.

We desire that our Contributors will kindly certify that their productions are original, to avoid future inconvenience.

I remain,
Ever Cheerfully Yours
BHAI FUNZIN.

FUNNY MAGAZINE

123304.

Digs at the Dailies.

— 100-000 —

— BY K. R. N. —

From the 14th July '34 issue :
"When trifles worry you, you are run down"—*An advt.*

Specially if you think of the worrying trifles while you are walking along China Bazaar Road with cars about.

"You cannot escape birthdays"—*An advt.*

How about suicide as a means ?

"New Bodies for old"—*An advt.*

Now I have a shrewd notion why the septua-genarian married for the third time.

"Ideal in Hot Weather"—*An advt.*

Never thought it could be anything but a spell at some mountain resort.

"Spiritual Teachings—Helps one to pass from Darkness to Light."—*An advt.*

But you first need a light to read it in darkness.

"Dizziness and many other ailments are simply the result of Acid Stomach."—*An advt.*

Also, sometimes, of a lost Heart.

"Calcutta Weather Bulletins for ocean craft and river craft (if any)"—*Radio News.*

If the existence of ocean and river craft is so dubious, why the bulletins ?

"Weather forecast, General news bulletin, Market Prices, Jute and Gunny closing rates (In Bengali)"—*Radio News.*

We understand so much about these things that they might as well be broadcast in Chinese.

"Rural Reconstruction Series-Talk."—*Radio News.*

It was never more than that.

"Law Talks to Laymen"—*Radio News.*

Law always talks to lay men.

"A radio loud-speaking equipment has been installed in the High Court Beach also, but this works only from 6, p. m."—*Radio News.*

Even the few that stay there after 6 won't in future.

"12. 25—12.30 p. m. Interval."—*Radio News.*

Thank goodness !

"The French politicians have sounded Britain..."—*Editorial.*
Sound politics, in fact.

"Japan, Germany, Russia, which are amongst the most powerful nations in the world, are outside the League."—*Editorial.*

Is that the reason ?

"What hope is there of a stable pact making for peace?"—*Editorial.*

Why, of course, unrealised hope !

"Sir John admits excessive severity often defeats itself."—*Editorial.*

But maybe he doesn't like to drop it, because he remembers "every rule has an exception."

"Small-pox rages in Tiruvartur...a number of fatal cases have been reported.....several families have left for other places."—*News.*

No doubt, in preference to leaving for the other world.

"At night a dinner was arranged by Mr. Taylor of the M. & S. M. Ry. in Spencer's Rooms. In the morning he left for Calcutta."—*News.*

Let us hope it is not because he dreaded to face his guests in the morning.

"With a vote of thanks, the meeting terminated."—*News.*

I quite appreciate. How many times have I not breathed fervent thanks on the termination of a meeting ?

"Mrs. Cousins, during the course of her address, said that language was a great unifying force."—*News.*

I disagree. I tried it on a Rickshawallah who demanded more fare, and he gave me a black-eye !

"Sir Samuel Hoare said : I cannot do more than.....do my best."—*News.*

Whoever can do more than his best ?

"Unemployed" March to Madras—on foot from Gingee"—*News.*

What an employment !

The Problem of Rice

It is a caption in a Daily: but it is quite a Universal problem.

Wanted 3000 Sufferers

Quite a generous call by a great Doctor: but pardon us for not responding to the invite.

Asked by her teacher what she thought the word "nonsense" meant an imaginative little girl replied "Nonsense is when an elephant hanging over a cliff with its tail tied to a daisy."

DEENE VISITS COUSINS

WINNY MAGEN

— BY "RUBIKON" —

[Deene is always welcome; we are sure he is very much "Wanted" by us all; we will not—and cannot—forget Deene, or Dunderhead Deene, as he is known wherever his Adventures are known.—Ed.]

"S O you have come back, Deene," shouted Damu as the favourite chum was getting down from his car by the tennis-court.

"Hello, Deene," hailed Gora.

"Ah, Dunder; off like a rocket and back like Deene, back again, dear fellow, didn't

expect you so early; but so glad to meet you, all the same," shouted another.

"Why do you fellows look like so many camels doing penance in the heart of Sahara? Come along and have a smoke, each boy, here is the spool of 'rettes," offered Deene his cigarette case.

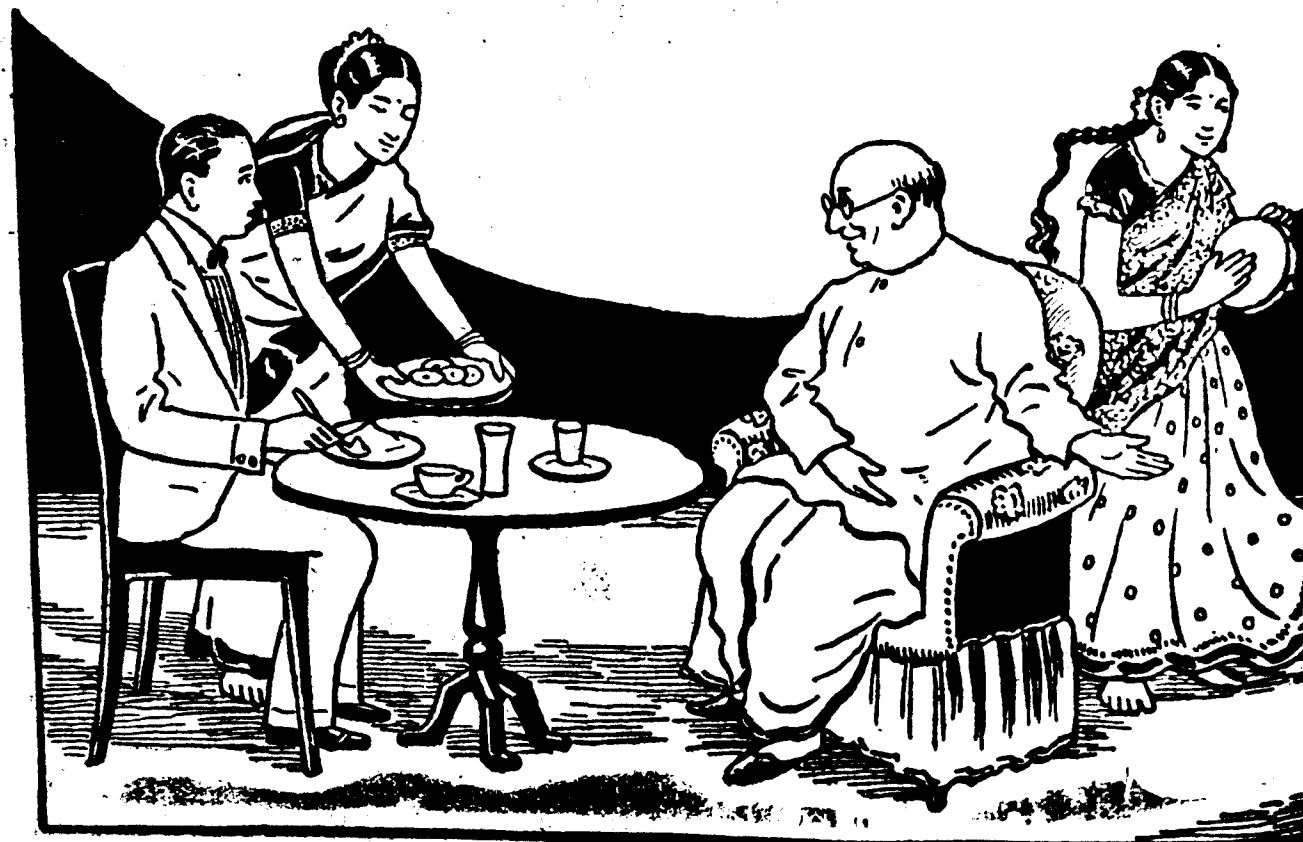
"But why *did* you dash in, so lightning like? Did you at

all go yester-noon to your Uncle's?"

"I did, old boy, but I couldn't stay there a second evening, I am sure," replied Deene.

"Why? Your uncle and aunt seem to be very nice bit from what you told us," remarked Damu.

"They are."



JULY 20, 1934

"Where is the rub?"

"Oh, the family, it is the family," answered Deene half smiling, half pitying.

"Family? How do you mean?"

"Such a large family; you have no idea—you impudent audacious brats of boys."

"My dear Deene, that is the bother with fellows like you. You chap never bothered over much about learning. Otherwise, my dear fellow, you would know that a very much loved writer, and you know his words are so often repeated, said that a man who marries and brings up a large family does more service to the state than he who remains single and simply curses the family."

"Really, Damu, did any fellow have the cheek to say that?"

"Yes, he is one Dr Goldsmith, you must know he is quite a popular figure."

"I suppose the medical cat wants large families to get more patients. But, is that Dr. Goldsmith a married fellow?"

"How many children has he?" asked Deene fixing his eyes on Damu.



S. BRAHMA

DEENE VISITS COUSINS

(Continued from page 6.)

when Aunt Laxmi Bai cries out 'Kausalya, why not you keep the *Sruti* on the harmonium; and you, Manorama, surely, you can sing along with your sisters. If you won't come and make friends with your cousin Deene, how on earth are you going to know your own people? Why, I don't think you will ever know your own people after I pass away and your uncle too. Santha, bring your Bul-Bul-Tara—That makes the hall resound with life and fullness.

"The whole party was going on merrily when I heard some tinkling music from the other side of the Hall. Uncle calls out 'Sarasiya, you are a sly cat; somebody must pull you out. Come out, child; with your *Jalathrang* Deene will simply be delighted, I am sure. Won't you, Deene?' asked uncle.

"Absolutely, uncle," I said. In fact, veena, violin, *mri-thang*, sitar and bul-bul-tara and *Jalathrang* and vocal; with lovely dancing too.

I thought people generally enjoyed a good laughter at the monstrous attempts to make up Indian Orchestras, as the originators call them, but Indian Atrocities, as we call them. But that uncle should assemble them under his own roof! But it was different here. I couldn't believe my own eyes. When again uncle calls out, 'Aravinda, why not you bring out your flute? You sit with your sisters and join them when you think suitable.'

"Aravinda took her seat, when Neela and Usha too were

summoned out for emergencies, every child of uncle's began to pour forth music—for it ceased to be melody after the advent of the fourth and other partners.

"I was wondering what uncle meant by this crowd of daughters—I could hardly believe they were all of them, the eleven of them, my cousins. And the music was such that you could easily hear them a furlong off without any of the aids and appliances that Science has given for bringing distant sounds nearer.

"And how does uncle—and poor aunt too—endure this mass music day in, day out? And yet such good people too!

"And, Damu, I swore as I saw my poor uncle and aunt enduring their daughters' music, that I would not for all the world, come what might. So don't you think my uncle has been hard hit with such a crowd of girls, though that Doctor Goldsmith might say what he please?

"I looked blank astonished at the sight of this tiny army of daughters. Uncle says, 'Deene, you look blank and moon-struck. What is the matter, Deene?' 'Only this, uncle, it is not how you brought up so many of my cousins, but how you found the names for them all,' I confessed. 'Right you are, good boy, I got a friend of mine to give me about fifty names and we go on labelling each child as they come in. With the list with us we have had no difficulty at all' with a loving simplicity.

THE NOISIEST BIRD

The scream of the peacock can be heard a mile away, but the noisiest bird in the world is the cockatoo. A single bird can make a din which would drown a dozen claxon horns and dim the sound of a steam whistle.

A white bird at the Zoo, half from Brazil, is runner-up to the cockatoo. This is the bell-bird, about the size of a pigeon. It lifts its head in the air and makes a noise like the bang of a hammer on an anvil.

A teacher asked a Maharashtra student the name of German king at the time of Great War.

The student was looking elsewhere and asked the teacher 'Kai Sir' (meaning what sir). The teacher said 'yes, Kaiser' and asked the boy to sit down.

S. M. Krishnan.

"Any complaints?" asked the officer. One man stepped forward and declared excitedly that he had been supplied with a ginger ale that contained no ginger, but benzine and that he had drunk half of it.

"All right," replied the officer. "You had better not smoke for a few days."

Sundar:—Fortune knocks at everybody's door, sometime or other.

Krishna:—But doesn't appear to have knocked at your door even once.

Sundar:—No. You are mistaken, my dear friend. It did knock once; and then, I was away. Since then she has been sending his daughter Miss Fortune who ever since she arrived never leaves me either for money or love.

E. N. Balakrishnan.
Bangalore.

Teacher:—(to boy) Say 'Yes Sir' when you are replying to your master.

Boy:—Yes Sir.

Teacher:—(asking question) What are the natural Regions of Burma?

Boy:—Yes Sir.

Teacher:—(angry and showing red eyes) Don't say yes Sir always. You don't seem to obey your teacher?

Boy:—I obeyed, yes Sir. Did you not tell me to say yes Sir.

Y. M. Seth, Rangoon.

"PLAYING THE GAME"



"I am Mr. Woodborough, Mr. Seth....."

GUNDULU SETTY or Gundul Seth was a prosperous merchant with all the marks of prosperity.

For example:

He spoke of bad trade to his friends to avoid applications for this charity or that. And from being a measure of self-defence or precaution, it had become a universal habit of his to talk of bad trade, —a habit to which there was no exception: he would speak of bad trade, worse business and worst losses to every

body—no matter whether it was the income-tax sleuth or his own wife that put his sales and collections into the iron-safe.

BY
66 ARBELA 99

Further:

Gundul Seth was as corpulent as his position and his property and bank balances entitled him to be or as the public had a right to ex-

pect such a wealthy man to be. For, it is a well-known maxim, or even a moral law, in the business world that the man who starts a business and makes plenty of wealth out of it, ought to grow proportionately in body as in his tens of lakhs: So did Gundul Seth.

And also:

Charities too did the Seth spend on. And as befitting one of his vast wealth, his charities were as meaningless as they were lavish; because money kings like Gundul Seth

cannot be expected to spend away their earned wealth on relieving the poor: they cannot be expected for two reasons. Firstly, what does the Seth know of what learned men call, "the pangs of poverty?" Further, why does every man, that is not rich himself, expect every fellow who makes money to distribute all his wealth among those that haven't?

The fact is Gundul Seth and his brother lakh-pathies and plutocrats often beguile their spare moments by asking the question, "How are miserable fellows entitled to expect wealthy people to give away? Is it to see that wealthy people should come down to their level? simply diabolical—such demands," they would say.

So that, without multiplying justifications, it might be said Gundul Seth was a wealthy merchant with the fullest claims for the title.

He dealt in costly and rare silks and his splendid staff of experts turned out Caps for men and women in styles as varied as they were artistic. There were caps for a poet like Rabindranath Tagore or a World-mother like Rukmani Arundale or a World Teacher like Krishnaji, or for a young graduate just fresh from the University with his newly-won laurels and who wants a cap decent enough and distinguishing enough—all these could find something to soothe or satisfy their soul artistic.

So that to go to Gundul Seth Cap Wearorium, as Young College bloods called it, is to come out with something that would mark you out as a poet or scholar or seer, that has not got rid of his

artistic sense to make room for spiritualistic or metaphysical or some lore equally far and away from the vulgar crowd.

It was one noon; the weather was not quite so hot, nor yet quite pleasant: it was stuffy and unpleasant though you could not make out a formal charge against it.

Gundul Seth sat under the E. F. which was running for all the voltage it was worth and vaseline would permit. Gundul was glancing over his account books while he was—because he had the knack of—chewing a chock mouthful of pan. He let off sharp and short grunts and nods of head of dissatisfaction—which his own staff knew how to interpret—that is, they knew that the Seth was really pleased with the way business was going on—and that the Seth expressed it in his own fashion—that is in a manner which he thought others could never understand him.

He now plugged in a nicely folded *beeda*—a chew of pan leaves and scented areca nuts. He started chewing afresh with the new *beeda* when;—

"Hullo, Good Morning, Mr. Seth," was heard.

The Seth looked up.

"I am Mr. Woodborough Mr. Seth. Have you heard the name before?"

Mr. Seth, nothing about him moved quick—he was the very antithesis of Speed-mania—whether in thought or word or deed.

The Seth gently turned his greasy neck in its silk socket and focussed mildly a pair of eyes encircled by fat, at the

figure that shot out the question.

A grunt was all that the Seth could vouch by way of reply.

"Well, you seem to have splendid satins and silks?" the gentleman asked.

"Please take your seat, Sir, Ramu, give gentleman a chair," spoke the Seth.

"Well, Seth, all that is your stock; is that so, Sethji?" asked the gentleman.

"If you want more patterns—some very lovely things—something which Maharanees and Loka Mathas order for—we have plenty in our godowns. Ramu, show gentleman our Volumes of specimens," ordered the Seth.

Most sumptuous sets of volumes of silks, satins and brocades were placed before Mr. Woodborough, who feasted his eyes with a treat that they had never enjoyed either in fancy or fact.

"But, Sir," continued the Seth, "these are not mere sample books which are not backed up by stocks. That is a joke which mighty military Governments often play by issuing paper money without sufficient bullion, but with plenty bullets to put into your belly if you question. No Sir, not so in my business. Of every sample here in each book, I can give you thousands of yards here on the spot. God only knows how many tens of lakhs are laid and locked up in these silks just for the pleasure and beauty of the great people of our country," poured out Gundul Seth.

"I quite believe you, Seth. And those large halls running

up to the other side of the street are all, I believe, your own stores. That is simply splendid," expressed Mr. Woodborough.

"There are halls leading from the sides, Sir; our whole business is a 'Dreamland of Silks'. Never was such collection seen in the East except in the days of the Great Emperor Jehangir, as my great grand-father heard his ancestors talk in the family, Sir," went on Gundul Seth.

"Well, Sethji, I am really proud that our City can boast of a Business Magnate like yourself. You are really justified in your happiness. It is an honour to you and to us that such a business should flourish in our City, Seth," said Mr. Woodborough.

"You are going to give me an honour, Sir? You mean some title, Sir?" asked the Seth.

"We will come to that presently," assured Mr. Woodborough.

"I thank you, sir, for your kindness. But I don't think I want any honours. Not that I mean any disrespect to our benign rulers, sir."

"Are you, what they call, an Independent Nationalist Swarajist? Don't you want any honours or titles, Seth?" asked Mr. Woodborough with a bit of stare in his eyes.

"No, no, Sir, Far from it. I have nothing to do with such people. But what I want to say is that I have already given thousands for this charity and that and every time they said the Governor would give me a title. But to this day, no Governor or Collector has sent for me, Sir. What kind

of silks do you want, Sir?" asked the Seth coming round to business.

"Sethji, I suppose you have got the License for all these costly and rare things, have you?" asked Mr. Woodborough.

"License, Sir?"

"Yes, Seth, License."

"Ramu, what does our gentleman want? Is there a License for our silks?" asked the Seth.

"You seem to be a set of funny people. You don't know about the License at all," said Mr. Woodborough.

"No, Sir, never heard of one," answered Ramu the English-knowing assistant who attended to English Ladies and Gentlemen.

"You know the Super Luxuries License Dept. of our

City Corporation, I am sure," went on Mr. Woodborough.

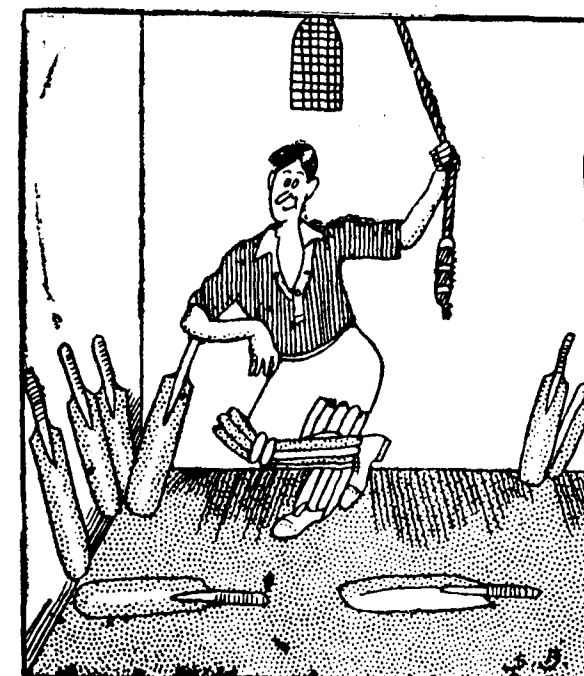
"No, Sir."

"Well, well, that is the surprise and joke of it. Of course, the smaller shopmen are all taking out Licenses for the small stock they hold. But the larger firms, away up on the Mount Road and the Marina, they seem to think they can snugly sleep while the Imperial Govt., mind you, my man, the Imperial Govt., itself has authorised our Corporation to levy an all round 40 per cent on all stocks of Super Luxuries like Cars, Silks, Wines etc. Of course, we are suitably dealing with defaulters. But you seem to be good people, I can see," almost threatened Mr. Woodborough.

Ramu, the assistant, looked after all such complex and delicate situations.

"Gentleman likes some of our latest Mohini Resham

BATS IN THE BELFRY



designs, Sethji," hinted Ramu.

"Ah, the Mohini Reshams," laughed Gundul Seth, "they are our best. The only pity is we cannot cope with the orders. The Looms of Paris work day and night along with those in Italy. But we don't get sufficient supplies. But, Ramu, give gentleman all those Mohini Reshams. Only people of very high taste fancy that quality. The Visvabarathi people want them; our Adyar people of the Esoteric section want some of them. But they must wait. We simply can't help it," asserted the Seth.

Ramu then packed the lot and placed it in the car of Mr. Woodborough, who left the Seth assuring him of his help in the matter of the License.

It was to a friend of Gundul Seth, "Lucky we escaped

from Mr. Woodborough. These fools did not get the License," gloated the Seth.

"Who the dickens is that Woodborough?" asked the friend of Seth.

"It appears he is the Super Luxuries License officer of the Corporation, Woodborough by name," answered Ramu.

"Woodborough be blowed! You are a set of wood-apples. Take it from me, Seth, and Ramu, you have been nicely taken in by some clever swindler."

"Oh, swindle is it?" cried out Ramu.

"Pure and simple," answered the friend.

"Yes, but you gave him all the Mohini Reshams, isn't it?" asked the Seth.

"Yes, sir," said Ramu.

"Well, you mean those pieces—"

FUNNY MAGNIN

"Yes, Sethji, which you wanted to be thrown away because they had become rotten and unfit to be sold."

School Teacher: "And now if I were to be flogged what would that be?"

Pupil: "That would be corporal punishment."

School Teacher: "And if I were to be beheaded?"

Pupil: "Oh, that would be capital!"

Tom: "Dad, I've got good news."

Dad: "Have you passed your exam?"

Tom: "Well, I didn't exactly pass, but I was top of those that failed."

He (hands over her eyes): "If you can't guess who it is in three guesses I'm going to kiss you."

She: "Jack Frost. Davy Jones. Santa Claus."

Irate Brother: "Look here! I want you to quit keeping company with that fellow Mac Tavish. For twopence I'd kick him right out of this house!"

Sister: "You needn't. For twopence he'd leave of his own accord."

"I'm a mind reader."

"Can you read my mind?"

"No. I left my magnifying glass at home."

"That was a slave bracelet you gave me, wasn't it?"

"Yes, I had to slave for five months to get the money to buy it."

Teacher: "Now, can any little boy or girl tell me why a mother bird sits on her eggs?"

Little Girl: "Please, miss, because she hasn't got a chair."

She: "What do you suppose I should do if you tried to kiss me?"

He: "I haven't the faintest idea."

She: "And haven't you the faintest curiosity?"

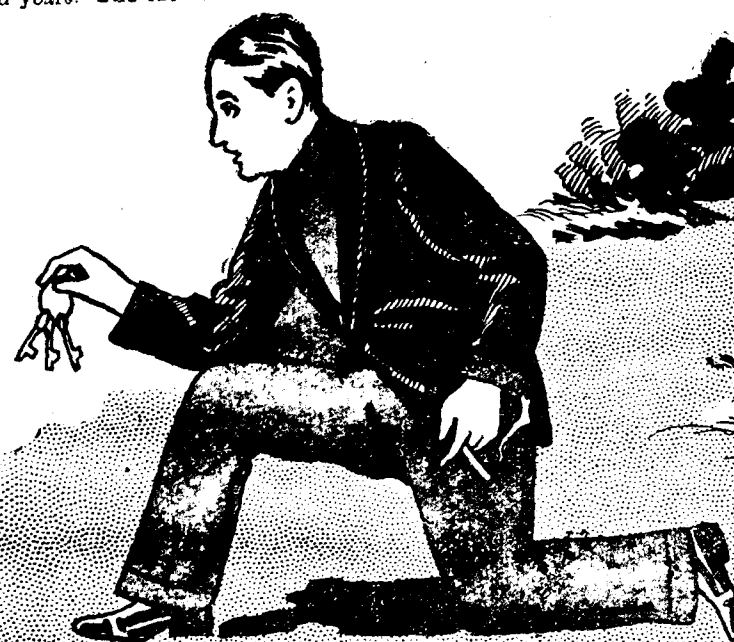
JULY 20, 1934

THE GHOST

By

Jayachari.

It was early in April. I was returning home after having sat for the literature honours exam. I had enjoyed the pleasures and dissipations of that wonderful city—Madras—for three uninterrupted years. The idea of



Out came from my coat pocket the ghost.

"Home! Sweet home" was uppermost in my mind.

The train arrived at my native town at an unearthly hour—two in the morning. I was not the same Jayam that left that town three years ago. Then I used to be a tufted young boy, clad in *dhoti*, an ordinary jubba, and an unostentatious coat. Now in place of that detestable ugly looking tuft, a neatly cut American crop adorned my head. I was dressed in milk white satin trousers, pointed Oxford shoes and a silk shirt with upturned collar. A maroon blazer was thrown carelessly over my left shoulder. I got down

from my carriage with an attache-case in one hand and a tin of Craven "A" in the other, and between my lips dangled a white cork tipped cigarette. This "virtuous" change was wrought in me by Madras.

I leisurely walked up to the station-master's room and interviewed that venerable old gentleman, who, by the way, is one of my father's oldest friends. I offered him a smoke which he refused rather curtly. Anyway I lighted one and I inhaled the smoke slowly and tranquilly and emitted it in light and placid clouds, and sometimes taking the cigarette from

my mouth I let the fragrant vapour curl about my nose. After a pretty long conversation with him I started home. The way to my bungalow lay thro' cultivated and uncultivated fields and there was only a foot-path leading up to it. But my friend the station-master was simply shocked at this proposition of mine. "No! No! Jayam! You mustn't go home now. It is impossible to go by that foot-path so full of thorns and that too at this time of the night. What have you forgotten all the ghostly incidents connected with it? Why! It was only a couple of days back thal

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my porter Muniappan was beaten by that "Muni" which lives in that Palumkanar. No, no, no!"

"I know all that, sir, let me tell you frankly that I don't believe in these stories. Do you mean to say sir, that I have not got over even such superstitions in these three years? No, no. Let me see if that ghost comes near me."

"That may be Jayam. But please stay here for the night and go early in the morning. Why take the risk?"

"There is no risk whatsoever. I know how to treat these ghosts, for they are only imaginary and I have got the nerve to tackle them properly."

"Have your own way then. Take a porter with you. Hey—Kanni, boy", called out the good-natured station master.

"No thanks," said I and started and walked off only to find that, that blessed Kanni was running up behind me. I couldn't help it and allowed the porter to accompany me. But the spirit of obstinacy in me grew stronger as I went along and just a furlong from the station I dispensed with the services of the porter, and went on alone.

As soon as he was out of ear shot my heart began to quake. The many stories about ghosts which the station-master had told me rushed back to my recollection. The more I thought the more afraid I became. I searched every nook and corner of my brain to find out all the thousand and one ways my grandma had told about preventing a ghost from approaching me. I had heard that ghosts were afraid of fire. So I lighted a fresh cigarette and began to sing a popular tune I had heard at the Roxy.

I had finished the better part of a mile when I began to feel the strain of walking, unaccustomed as I was to it. Anyhow I had finished half of my journey and I felt I had accomplished a Herculean task.

With the air of a Mussolini I took out my 'hanky' and wiped my face. I tied the silk kerchief around my neck after the fashion of Jardine and his jolly band of mighty cricketers. Then I walked along.

Hark! What was that? There was a ching kling sound behind me. I turned back.

Empty space!

I argued that the noise, was but a fantastic creation of my fancy or frenzy! I started walking again. There it was following me at that same steady pace. I was unnerved!

I did not know what to do. I shook like a girl of fourteen. I ran wildly, awfully frightened and lost my way. All the while the ching kling jingling sound followed me at my own rapid rate.

I suddenly stopped.

It also stopped with a jingle.

I was perspiring, thirsty and tired. I tottered on at a slow stumbling pace.

There it was all the time.

After a few minutes, which seemed like years, I saw a tank at a short distance. It was providential! My first impulse was to get down at once and drink deeply of the pure, crystal water.

But are not ghosts fond of drowning their victims? Should I risk it? I was desperate. I slowly approached the bank of the tank, swaying this way and that. The ghost also followed me making exactly the same sound as before, and taking a zig-zag path like me.

What could I do? Was I to die of thirst or by drowning? Better to die in a couple of minutes by drowning (of course I didn't know to swim) than endure this unbearable torture, I thought. Slowly, hesitatingly, I went down step after step. Step after step came the ghost also making the same jingling noise. Every moment, I expected to be pushed in with that airy jerk which only a ghost is capable of.

The fatal moment was delayed indefinitely. It was tantalizing.

FUNNY MAGZIN

After an interval which seemed an age, I arrived at the brink of the water, and at the God-given gift I lost all fear. With a bound I reached for the water and with the eagerness of a penniless, avaricious miser coming across a hidden treasure, I tried to drink off the whole tankful of water in one handful. Oh! How good are God's gifts? To what insignificance does man's artificiality pale by the side of Mother Nature!

I relished this plain drink of pure water better, a thousand times better than all the viandas I had leisurely sipped at the Aquarium Restaurant. The ghost had stopped behind me. I stood up. Ching—kling—ling! What! shall I be drowned now that my thirst was appeased and I could afford to roam along some more distance trying to get home or back to the station? With a bound I regained the topmost step. Kling, ling, ching! Out came from my coat pocket the ghost (which had followed all this distance) which had given me so many ghastly moments—a bunch of loosely tied keys. But my kerchief which was placed on the bunch in my pocket when I started from the station was around my neck.

Discontented Wife: "Several of the men whom I refused when I married you are richer than you are now."

Husband: "That's why."

Frenchman: "I'll drink to the day I win the woman I love!"

American: "I'll drink to the day I make my first million!"

Irishman: "G'wan with yez! I'll drink to the day I die!"

KEEP THIS COPY OF THE
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JULY 20, 1934

THOMPSON IN TROUBLE

— BY 'WINDELT' —

FOR me of course, the novelty of music and musical instruments have worn off long ago. But not so for Mr. Thompson. He is still keen on Jazz, Symphony in C Minor, Boateruto and Bits from Beethoven. I am afraid I don't know what all these mean, but they sound frightfully exciting.

Last week, being marooned on the platform of Tinnevely Junction, for I had missed the train to Trichendur, and lacking something to do, I decided to pay a sort of surprise visit to the place of my birth, namely Palamcottah.

Leaving the road, I took to the fields, and splashing through the mud, came to a clearing near the church. And there on a fallen tree trunk sat Thompson strumming on uke.

I stood and listened, for the tune seemed somewhat familiar and may be it would come to me in a minute.

"Tum ti—tum-ti—ti-tum..... why of course it was *Andi Pandaram*. With a whoop I was about to join in vocally when he turned round and saw me.

"Well strike me pink, if it aint our Edwin!" he said. Well. How do you do, Satan? I thought I could practise alone, and here you come like mother's ray of sunshine" I apologised, and offered to go away at once adding that I had stopped merely because *Andi Pandaram* sounded quaint on the uke.

"But it ain't *Andi Pandaram* or any such rot," Thompson interrupted. "It is 'Makin Whoopee' and I am practising it for our 'Glee Club's' annual day. You listen," and he strummed away, making beastly noises.

It might have been 'Makin Whoopee' or perishing plantains for aught I knew. However, I applauded, and Thompson's face split open in a satisfied grin.

"I'll tell you what," he said. "Let me take you to the 'Glee Club.' You can see all Palamcottah's fast society there. Karuna, Saguna, Helen, Kamala and the rest of the belles who have made Palamcottah famous, will be there."

"What do they do there?" I enquired.

"Why sing, of course. Don't you know. I've taught them the guitar, piano, violin, and have been instrumental in forming the Glee Club. A club, my boy, that would make the B. B. C. look like beginners."

Well that was that, and in less than a minute I found myself in the Club.

There was the ravishing Karuna in a corner singing, to the accompaniment of a pusillanimous little chap dressed up like a doll, the opening bars of an appoggiatura from Grigauldis' concert in B minor. At least that's what Thompson told me for I am not musical by nature as you may have noticed and I did not have the faintest idea as to what Asia Minors and Bee Flats meant. My education, I am proud to say, was sadly neglected in this respect. True, I used to have an uncle who was the organ plover at the church, but I don't think that counts.

A little later Helen dropped in clad in a Sea-Green Karachi Saree, with her husband. Humming 'Looking on the bright side' Helen took a cigarette and calmly lit it.

I was naturally surprised and Thompson went up to her and whispered that it was not proper and all that. The only reply was a series of lovely rings of smoke. Words followed. Hard and horrid words, but Helen was adamant. She had been thinking it over she said, and come to the conclusion that a cigarette improved one's throat. And if the white folks could smoke, why not a Palamcottah girl?

But the Lady's President and Thompson finally prevailed and the curtain fell, and every one was happy thinking that the affair was closed. But seated where I was I could see a gleam of light in Helen's eyes and I knew that the gleam bode something bad for Mr. Thompson.

Then arose a lively conversation, about the unemployment problem, dowry system, Dianchand Singh, the paddy crop and how Frank's wife could play the guitar ten times better than Nick Lukas. After a while the conversation flagged and Thompson left, and the whole crowd melted off.

Having had a tired day after the journey I felt sleepy and soon I was in the land of Nod. Three hours later I woke and made my way to the canal to have a dip.

There in the middle of the canal, stood Thompson up to his waist in water.

"I say, Edwin," he began. "I'm afraid I'm in rather a mess" he said.

"Come out and spill it," I said.

"But I can't. It is your advice I want."

"If you're looking for pearls of wisdom and bright snappy ideas, you have rung up the wrong person. Such things are out of stock here. And why do you stand in the middle of the canal? Finish your bath and come out," I said.

"I've finished, but I can't come out. Some blasted cad has pinched my trousers, also my shirt, shoes, socks and coat."

"Well, what do you expect me to do? strip myself bare?" I queried.

"Oh God!" said the involuntary nudist, "do something. The water's awfully cold."

I felt a twinge of pity, but still couldn't find a way out.

Precisely at this moment, Helen, Karuna, Saguna, Kamala, and Alice, came upon the scene. They were in a happy mood. Joke followed joke and quip foiled quip, as the town's belles came upon us.

Poor Mr. Thompson was in an awful predicament. Common decency expected him to come out or go further away, so that the girls could bathe. But it was impossible as he was as naked as a baby just born. He

blushed and glanced entreatingly at me. I could think of nothing. So I made signs to him asking him to wait till night fell.

The girls waited patiently for a few minutes and as Thompson did not come out nor go away further down, went away disgusted remarking on the average modern man's behaviour, to a place further up.

After four and a half hours in the water, Thompson came out, the darkness helping him, tying my coat around him he walked towards the Glee Club premises to get his ukelele.

There on the door step was the missing garments!

Up to this day he is still in the dark as to the identity of the perpetrator of this heinous crime. But I who had witnessed Helen's smile and the gleam of light in her eyes earlier in the day have my own suspicions.

"Sometimes I think my husband's got tried of me, Mrs. Smith."

"What makes you think that?"

"He hasn't been home for three years."

Customer: "I suppose I can sit here till I starve!"

Waiter: "Sorry! No, sir—we close at ten o'clock."

Villager (proudly displaying parent to a visitor): "Aye, she's goin' to live to be a centipede, hain't you, Mother?"

Mother: "Oh, go on with you. You wouldn't say so if you 'ad my feet."

"And so your daughter is about to marry. Do you really feel that she is ready for the battle of life?"

"She should be. She's been in four engagements already."

A small child was talking to a kitten which she held tightly in her arms. The mother sitting near, heard the child say: Kitty, I know all your brothers and sisters, and I know your mummy, but I ain't never seen your daddy. I s'pect he must be a commercial traveller."

Not a Pure Matric!

IN the good old days, there was a District Forest officer, in one of the Districts of the Madras Presidency. He had come to India just as a raw young recruit to the Forest Service from England. Naturally, in the beginning of his official career, he was not conversant with the rules and regulations relating to the admission of candidates into the Public Service. Suffice it to say that he was actually in the guise of the Head clerk of his office in all matters pertaining to the routine conduct of the office. There was then a vacancy of a clerk's post in his own office. He had invited applicants for the same all grades of applicants. From matriculates up to graduates offered their services.

A few of the selected applicants had been ordered to appear before the officer in person. One of those applicants who appeared before him was a graduate with high credentials obtained from the then Principal of the Presidency College. The following conversation took place between the D.F.O. and the graduate applicant:—

D.F.O. to Candidate: Who you?

Candidate: Sir, I am an applicant for a clerk's post in your Honor's office.

D.F.O.:—What are your qualifications?

Can:—I am a graduate of the Madras University, sir,

D.F.O.:—Have you passed the Madras Matriculation Examination?

Can:—Yes, sir. I submit once more that I am a graduate of the Madras University.

D.F.O.:—What if you are a graduate? I do not want to know all about those things. Answer to the point. Have you passed the Matriculation Examination?

Can:—Yes sir, I have already submitted to you more than once that I have passed the B.A. Degree Examination which is the highest Examination qualification required under the rules.

D.F.O.:—What is all the nonsense and the damnable rot that you utter? I think you are unfit to be entertained. I ask a question and your reply is not to my question. Once more I want

to know if you have passed that Matriculation Examination which I know is the best qualification for admission into the Public Service.

The graduate was at this stage a little perplexed. He was at his wits end how to reply to the D.F.O. convincingly and appealingly. Instead of giving himself up to despair, he summoned up all the courage which stood by him all his scholastic life till he became a full blown graduate and answered the District Forest officer once and for all, in the following strain:—

Sir, I have passed the Matriculation, the F.A. Examination and the B.A. Examination also. I am to add sir, that of all these B.A. is the highest and as such I am the best qualified candidate.

Even after the long interview the D.F.O. could not make up his mind to admit him. There was still that doubt brooding over him. He then consulted the Head clerk of his office who assured the Forest Officer that the candidate in question was the best fitted by virtue of his qualifications. He was then entertained! though the D.F.O. felt that he was not a pure matriculate as he was a graduate as well.

Cook: "Did they say anything about the cooking?"

New Maid: "No, but I noticed them praying before they started eating."

"You see that girl? She's just got £100 for a short love story."

"That's a lot of money for a short story. Did she sell the cinema rights?"

"No. Told it to a jury."

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JULY 20, 1984

FUNNY'S FILM STORY

"AMEENA"

(KALI FILMS PRODUCTION)



A Scene from Ameena.

There is no place like Barzakh City in Arabia, hence the story commences from there. Mansoor was kind, noble and generous-hearted—though a slave dealer—a profession, which had come down to his hands from his ancestors—a function observed by both the rich as well as the middle-classes and Mansoor too used to sell the slaves by public auction.

Ameena was a slave girl brought up in the household of Mansoor and was regarded as one of the family members. Mansoor loved Ameena and was in turn loved by her. Their love was pure, unsophisticated, sincere and inevitable—they loved together—lived together—breathed together.

One morning Mansoor was preparing to go to the market and the towel

he was using was dirty. He pulled Ameena's 'dopta' (Headgear) to dry his face, to which Ameena childishly remarked that she was feeling superstitious, for this action of Mansoor might lead to their separation. Mansoor casually ignored this remark but the elements had visualised and Ameena's words echoed and re-echoed in his ears all along the road to the market.

Rustom the chief of the Amir in Barzakh City was a great friend of Mansoor. He used to buy slaves casually for the Amir in exchange for 1000 'DINARS.' Mansoor stoutly refused the offer to which Rustom swore vengeance.

The law of the land forbidding any slave dealer to refuse to sell any slave for whom a fair price was well-known to Mansoor and he naturally became very cautious. The day was bad for him as the superstition of Ameena was going to be materialised, but he was not a person to let go the matter so easily and for this he was even prepared to renounce the world.

He gave up his profession and openly declared that he would marry Ameena, but Rustom ever alert disguised himself as an astrologer and accosted Ameena by the side of a well. The astrologer was supposed to be a master in the art of reading the past, present and future and he easily beguiled the womenfolk into believing, him completely. He declared that Mansoor was a false impostor, vile and vicious and not so noble and generous-hearted as they took him to be. He even foretold that Ameena was destined to be the queen of Barzakh City and that she should await a caravan bearing the Amir's message next morning.

These words produced the desired effect in Ameena's mind and she sought the Astrologer's advice. The Astrologer advised her to forsake Mansoor and go to Amir where a bright future awaited her.

The next morning at sunrise Rustom came along to Mansoor's house leading a caravan and Ameena was so firmly convinced about the truth in the Astrologer's predictions that she readily refused the marriage proposals of Mansoor and consented to be the Queen of the Amir.

At the palace the Amir fell in love with Ameena at first sight. Her witty words, easy and polished manners, clean character impressed him so much that

he openly declared that he would marry her.

The Queen became jealous of Ameena and began to contrive means to get rid of her. She disguised herself as a messenger and went to Mansoor's house to tell him that Ameena was seriously ill and that she wanted Mansoor by her death-bed. Mansoor came hurriedly to find to his surprise that Ameena was well. Ameena scented danger and fervently requested Mansoor to leave the palace. While they were thus engaged in conversation in came the Amir highly incensed and ordered both Mansoor and Ameena to be put to death next dawn.

This trend of events did not ease Begum Sofia who apprehended betrayal from the hands of her maid Nargis, the only witness to her misdeeds. She poisoned her and dragged her to a cell to be decomposed there automatically. But the agonising shrieks of Nargis reached the ears of the soldier on guard who brought her out of the cell and took her to the Amir. There in the presence of the Amir Nargis declared that both Mansoor and Ameena were innocent and that the real culprit was the Begum herself.

The Amir was taken aback and hurriedly despatched messengers to the prison with royal messages not to kill Mansoor and Ameena, but to bring them to the court with due courtesy. The divine love of Mansoor and Ameena made a great impression upon him and he made the supreme sacrifice of handing Ameena over to Mansoor.

Thus ended the great love story of Ameena and Mansoor with glory.

A recent dinner was attended by sixty big-game hunters. It is said that the camembert gave itself up without a struggle.

"It costs a lot to have a building demolished," remarks a writer. Looking for a gas leak with a lighted match is much cheaper.

Adjacent advertisements on London's buses:

USE LESS WATER.

BEER IS BEST.

GEORGE ARLISS

George Arliss.....born April 10, 1868



George Arliss.

in Bloomsbury, a section of London.....father, a printer and publisher...worked in father's office for a year, but dabbled in amateur theatricals in the evening.

Made theatrical debut as a "Super" in London Stook company... followed the season in musical comedy...admits he can't sing...soon graduated to West End Theatres and finally an engagement with Mrs. Pat Campbell.

Met Florence Montgomery whom he admired because she had nice arms... caught in a sudden rainstorm with her he proposed and then they were married...credits to her with important decisions that have governed his career...she persuaded him to come to America with the Campbell company...came for four months and has stayed twenty years.

Success in America even greater than in London...played in Pinero's "Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and "The notorious Mrs. Ebbemith"...is engaged by Belasco for "The Darling of the Gods" with Blanche Bates...leading member of Mrs. Fiskie's company for

several seasons...first starred in Molnar's "The Devil" opening in New York August, 18, 1908...first outstanding success was "Disraeli"... followed by "Paganini," "Alexander Hamilton," "Green Goddess" and "Old English."

Made his screen debut in 1929 for Warner Brothers in "Disraeli" has since played in the following pictures "Green Goddess," "Old English," "Successful Calamity," "Adopted Father," "The King's Vacation," "The Working Man," and "Voltaire"...first picture for 20th century will be "House of Rothschild" to be followed by "Sentenced."

In private life is seldom seen without his monocle...is a meticulous dresser...only jewelry he wears is a small diamond ring and a large gold chain across his vest... picked up a little gold pig when starting on his honeymoon and has always worn it since as a goodluck charm...has a predilection for antique watches... has one 250 years old which he keeps on his dressing table, wore it in "Alexander Hamilton."

Fond of reading biographies...likes animals, especially dogs...is a strict vegetarian...plays golf badly, but his contract bridge is good, stands five feet six inches tall...weighs around 140 pounds...has gray eyes and brown hair tinged with gray.

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FUNNY MASKS

JULY 20, 1934

Hollywood News

— BY M. V. V. R. —



A Scene from Roman Scandals

Elsa Lanchester Will Make American Film Debut Shearer Film.

Elsa Lanchester (Mrs. Charles Laughton) will shortly make her debut in American films with Norma Shearer in *Marie Antoinette*. Irving Thalberg will produce the colourful historical document for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Charles Laughton is also in the cast.

As Ann of Cleves, King Henry's fourth wife in *Henry the Eighth*, the actress scored a personal hit.

Miss Lanchester will play the role of Countess Gabrielle de Polignac in the film transcription of Stephen Zweig's glamorous biographical novel. History describes the countess as a faithless and beautiful friend of the stormy queen.

Miss Shearer and Laughton are currently playing together with Frederick March in the star's new vehicles at M. G. M. *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, also produced by Thalberg.

Unique Camera Used in Sequences of "The Merry Widow."

A camera that crawls along the outside of a hotel along the walls to peer through the windows of different rooms is a new effect in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's talkie version of *The Merry Widow*.



A Scene from Roman Scandals

The scene shows the suite of Jeanette MacDonald in a Paris hotel and the camera first "looks into" her windows, then travels to another floor and looks into Maurice Chevalier's in what technicians say are the most amazing "moving camera shots ever devised."

Special mechanism, and a special setting of suites on two floors of a Paris hotel are used for the effect.

Ernest Lubitch is directing the new Irving G. Thalberg products with a cast headed by Chevalier and Miss MacDonald and including Edward Everett Horton, Una Merkel, Minna Gombell, Sterling Holloway, George Barbier, and many others. The original Franz Lehar music of the Operetta, Albertina Rasch ballets, elaborate costumes and settings add colour to the lilting Continental Romance.

Do You Know That?

Jimmy Durante began earning his way when he was so small he had to stand on a box in his father's New York barber's shop to lather the face of the customers.

The propeller of the aeroplanes which Wallace Berry cracked up in *Hell Drivers* was salvaged as keepsake and now propels the star's new plane.

The guitar Ramon Novarro is using in the Pagan is now accompanying the star on his South American concert tour.

Lewis Stone commutes 15 miles a day to the M. G. M. studios from his self built ranch, where he raises thoroughbred stock and agricultural

products achieving the life of country gentleman.

Oliver Marsh Cameraman on the MERRY WIDOW at the Metro-Goldwyn Mayer studios, is the inventor of the green rubber pads used over typewriter keys.

Short Feature News.

Charley Chase will be seen in at least eight additional fun films during the ensuing twelve months. The popular comedian and Hal Roach have renewed their agreement for another year during which period Chase will again appear as star in a series of comedies which he will personally direct.

Henry Ginsberg, vice-president and general manager of the Hal Roach studios, returned from New York bringing with him a prediction to the

effect that double bills or two-feature programmes will be a thing of the within six months. The executive declared that exhibitors have come to appreciate the value of the diversified programme and that already many of them have abolished the second feature in favour of comedy shorts, scenic and other entertaining features.

When an admiring friend sent Oliver Hardy of the comedy team of Laurel and Hardy a Gila monster recently, little did he realize the trouble he was brewing for the rotund comedian. Highly venomous and a "choosy" eater the reptile proved to be a proverbial white elephant until a zoo consented to take over the "pet" which was sent to Hardy by Fred Brown of Arizona, collector of desert animal life for Zoological gardens. During the interim that "Ollie" had

to nurse the poisonous lizard he equipped himself with steel gauntlets and a long forked stick and fed it by "remote" control. It was one of the happiest moments of my life when the zoo sent for "Oscar" and I could resume a normal routine of living, declared Hardy.

A set made entirely of imported lace stretched on frame was built to represent Jeanette MacDonald's boudoir in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production of the year, THE MERRY WIDOW.

Joan Crawford is amusing the three hundred extras in the theatre scene of MGM'S SADIE MCCREE with the antics of her two litters of Scotty pups.

"Your pulse is beating very irregularly. Do you drink?"

"Yes—but very regularly."

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Our Kine Corner:



A Scene from Catherine the great

WELLINGTON

Sorrel and Son

The powerfully emotional appeal of Warwick Deeping's famous story "Sorrel and Son" which made the silent film of that name a world success five years ago is even more apparent in the talkie version. H. B. Warner's performance is as moving a characterisation as the screen has seen for many years. Warner simply tugs at the heart strings from the beginning of the film to the end; the downright emotion of his Captain Sorrel seems certain to make the world weep as satisfyingly as did the silent film.

This story of devoted parenthood and selflessness tells of an ex-captain who cannot find a job after the war. When his wife leaves him because of his poverty, Sorrel devotes his life to the upbringing of their son allowing no consideration of mental work or poor pay to deter him. No sooner has the boy started brilliantly his career as a surgeon than his father dies from a disease which no surgeon can cure.

Warner's superb portrayal is backed by all round strength in the remainder of the cast among whom Hugh Williams, Margot Grahame, Ruby Miller, Donald Calthrop, Winifred Shotter, and Evelyn Roberts give character studies that are no less than excellent.

The settings are excellently and uniformly good, and the director Jack Raymond has obviously been at great pains to find some of the richest beauties of the English countryside for his outdoor scenes.

Raymond's direction is admirable throughout notably for his well-judged restraint in the most emotional sequences.

SORRELL AND SON is unquestionably one of the greatest pictures that has come from a British Studio.

THREE CORNERED MOON

(Paramount Production)

Featuring:—Claudette Colbert, Richard Arlen, Mary Boland, Wallace Ford, Tom Brown, Lyda Roberti, Joan Marsh etc.

Director—Elliot Nugent.

This play has been adapted from the stage play by Gertrude Tonkonoy and it has very much improved in its film version. This film marks a personal triumph for Mary Boland as a totally vague and irresponsible widow with three grown-up sons and a daughter, who gets involved in the depression and is perfectly unable to understand why she is becoming penniless. The story deals about a totally irresponsible household which lives well and suddenly faces the prospects of poverty. This sudden change of situation forms the basis of some excellent comedy and brilliant characterisation. Claudette Colbert is at her best as the daughter Elizabeth, who turns her affections in favour of a doctor who occasionally helps the family in times of difficulty and strain. Hardie Albright as the parasite lover gives a sound and convincing portrayal and the part of Richard Arlen as the clear thinking doctor is really admirable. While Wallace Ford is boisterous and funny, Lyda Roberti gives a very clever and little characterisation of a Polish maid whose knowledge of English is negligible and who clings to the family.



A Scene from Catherine the great

because she really does not understand what is happening.

In fine this is a masterpiece of Elliott Nugent and it is no wonder Mr. Dixon ranked it as one of the world's best ten.

ROXY

S. O. S. ICEBERG

(Universal Production)

Featuring:—Rod La Rocque, Leni Riefenstahl, Stapp Rist, Gibson Gowland etc.

Director:—Tay Garnett

The most outstanding feature of this remarkable Universal production is its unique camera work and its scenic qualities. The sequence which depicts the birth of an iceberg is remarkably fine and apparently ought to have been filmed at very great risk. As a matter of information we may state here that this phenomenon has never been filmed up till now. Though the drama of the film is lacking in human interest, yet the spectacular background redeems every defect that could be found with the picture. It offers the public a better idea of the

iceclad region than Eskimo itself. The artistes have had but little chance to exhibit their talents. Add to all these there is the Aeroplane doing all its wonderful work. This is a picture of which the Universal could really be proud of.

Midnight

(Universal Production)

Featuring:—Sidney Fox, O. P. Heggie, Henry Hull etc.

This picture deals primarily with the mental anguish of a man after he has brought a woman to the electric chair. The picture opens in the Jury foreman's home and though he maintains that it is his duty to insist on the woman's death yet he is not quite at home. His nerves are not all right and he himself cannot find peace of mind. At the same time the criminal is put to death his daughter murders her own sweetheart and the father sticking to his principles swears that his daughter too must pay her penalty. Just at that time the district attorney is convinced through some feasible arguments by a young reporter that he had not better proceeded with the case.

FUNNY MAGZIN

The crime is subsequently concealed and the heroine is made to believe that she only imagined the murder. The acting of O. P. Huggie and Sidney Fox is very good but the atmosphere is very sombre and few picture-goers will relish such things. This picture offers but limited entertainment.

"One of my girl friends is hear at the beach looking for her husband."

"What's his name?"

"Oh, she doesn't know yet."

"Oh, come on, sweetheart, let's patch things up and go on a second honeymoon."

"Okay! I'll patch up my old blue serge suit and you patch up your grey suit and sports dress."

"My wife comes home from the office too tired for words."

"Gosh! Do you suppose my wife could get a job in that office."

Lass: "That good-looking army officer managed to kiss twelve of us girls at the party last night."

Lad: "Gosh, how did he do it?"

Lass: "Very nicely"

JULY 20, 1934

THE FEARFUL SCENE

— BY E. N. B. KRISHNAN. —

ONE day Ramoo came to my room. He was then reading in the second year M.B.B.S. class in the Madras Medical College, so that his brain was then full of science of Osteology. He waxed eloquent on even a hint to the subject. It may be due to my ignorance in the subject but it was a fact that I had no harm in his usual elaborate lectures in the Medical Science.

That night, notwithstanding my unwillingness, in response to a slight hint of mine, he began to narrate an incident of his own experience.

He began "I live in a small single room in the hostel. My room-mate, Rasseels is also a second year student. Among others our room was rather full of skeletons, bones, &c. Particularly there was a skull of a human head on my table that night. It was summer and the day was possibly the hottest day in the season. Both of us retired to bed at the same time after reading some of the portions of the second year lessons. As far as I remember now it was 12 O'clock when I went to sleep. I slept soon after. I may mention here that usually we used to keep a light dimly burning in our room the whole night.

I woke as a result of a heavy push by Rasseels. He pointed towards my table and whispered in a quite fearful tone that the head was moving to and fro itself. From his tone I perceived him to have been quite nervous. I was also too startled at the idea. However, I plucked up courage and to embolden him, I laughed out saying that it was stupid imagination of his excited brain. But even as I had finished saying that much, the head really started up moving from one extremity to the middle of the table and stopped.

Seeing was believing. I saw before me that a mere skull was moving on the table quite of itself. It was dead of night. All the others in the hostel were asleep. Our room was bolted from inside. In that closed room, in that unearthly hour of night—the skull of a human being without any possible moving force to propel it was moving on the table. The experience

was as novel as fearful. My friend Rasseels closed his eyes and sat behind me in extreme fear. The hairs of my body stood up.

I am not able exactly to tell you as to how long I remained as though spell-bound and tongue-tied. I was so for minutes together. All science of Osteology vanished from my head.

Even with the pause of my thinking I saw the skull was moving once again and this time towards us. I was not myself then. In my horror and dismay I dashed backwards so violently that I pushed my friend who was then behind me like a corpse down upon the floor from the bedstead.

This new scene perhaps diverted my attention, even though for a moment and relaxed my mind from the iron grip of the terrible situation. I, for the first time, thought of giving a severe blow on the skull. But to materialise my thought into action I needed first to go to the table where there was a whip to strike with. I had not the boldness to approach the skull quite alone and without any sort of weapon in my hand. My friend had by that time again got up on the bedstead, and keeping as close behind me as was possible for him. With his touch at my back I felt I was not alone and that there was another to help me in need. Even such a suggestion meant a lot for me then. I asked my friend to accompany me to the table so that we two could fight successfully with that skull.

My friend quite pathetically apologised and said that his knees were knocking against each other with fear and as such it was never possible for him then to help me in any way.

I then suggested to him to strike the skull with the whip while I shall be catching it firmly with both my hands so that he had no fear from it. My friend denied even so much; I was in a fix. But possibly due to the talk we exchanged between ourselves, I felt more courage than before. I then thought of catching the skull with my hand firmly at first and then dash it against the wall.

With this bold idea I preached a sermon to my friend condemning his effeminate way and that with so weak a mind he ought not to have joined this profession. After my sermon I thought I must show him my superior courage to him.

I resolved to catch the skull and strike it against the wall. Courage came to me. I got up. And as if with one undivided self I threw myself on the table and caught hold of the skull with both of my hands. But when I was going to strike it against the wall lo! there was a rat within the concave of it. The rat jumped down from the table and indeed it fled away with fear."

RE COLLECTORS.

Few idiots are entitled to claver on the same form with the bibliomaniacs; but, indeed, to be a collector of anything, and to be an ass, are pretty nearly equivalent phrases in the language of all rational men. No one collects anything of which he really makes use. Who ever suspected Lord Spencer, or his factotum, little Dibdin, of reading? The old Quaker at York, who has a museum of the ropes at which eminent criminals have dangled, has no intention to make an airy and tassel like termination of his own terrestrial career—for that would be quite out of character with a man of his brims in like manner, it is now well known that the three thousand three hundred and thirty-three young ladies who figure on the books of the Seraglio have a very idle life of it, and that, in point of fact, the Grand Seignior is a highly respectable man. The people that collect pictures, also, are, generally speaking, such folk as Sir John Leicester, the late Angerstein, and the like of that. The only two things that I have any pleasure in collecting are bottles of excellent wine and boxes of excellent cigars—articles, of the first of which I flatter myself I know rather more than Lord Eldon does of pictures; and of the latter whereof I make rather more use than old Mustapha can be supposed to do of his 3333 knick-knacks in petticoats—or rather, I beg their ladyships' pardon in trousers.

A writer says an unshaven man always feels uncomfortable in a railway carriage. Especially if a fellow-passenger absent-mindedly strikes a match on his face.

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LUCKY LATEEF

BY "NOORMAHAL."

YOU have all read about Lateef—and most of you, no doubt, are Lateefes. Here is one about my friend Lateef who, though late in all things, is also lucky.

With some people luck is as rare as a reasonable wife. But with Lateef luck was as liberal as the said wife's tongue. Of course, Lateef never did anything honest—but then, what is the use of luck to honest people?

I can dash off whole volumes of instances of Lateef's peculiar luckiness. But I don't wish to send up the price of this magazine, for I will need so many papers to write off the instances that the cost of paper might go up and affect the price of this magazine too. So I will just relate one recent episode and reserve the rest till you scream for more, as do all porters and rickshawallahs.

And now for it. The other day Lateef ran across me near the Central, looking as pleased and excited as a school-boy who has kidded his master. He slapped me on the back with such vehemence that I automatically bumped into the dangerous end of a near-by smoker's cigarette. You can see the result of this forced contact to this day on my face.

"Never mind the little warming, old fellow," consoled my friend, "I have great news for you!"

"What is it?" I enquired coldly, feeling tenderly the spot on my cheek which was not cold.

"Guess!" he challenged.

"Have you won the Derby?" I asked, bitingly.

"Something better than that, my lad. It is bound to please you too!"

"Perhaps the Principal of my college was struck down with apoplexy and we will get holidays?" I offered, hopefully.

"Nix, my boy. One more guess!"

I gave my old brain an extra twist. And just as the pain in the cheek also gave an extra twist, a bright idea shook my frame.

"Eureka! You went to office punctually!"

He made a wry face, as if swallowing castor oil.

"Out again, my friend, though near-it in a way. You see, instead of going punctually to office at 10 a.m. according to Standard Time, I went at 10 a.m. according to my watch which struck work a couple of centuries ago. And for that I have been fired! Now we can both go to matinees and what not. Think of it, my boy, and jump with sheer delight!" he exhorted, and set the example by jumping on the corn-toe of a very military-looking passer-by. What the military-looking gent thought of it (aloud) is believed by friend Lateef to have been in Chinese.

There is no need to be surprised at Lateef's jollity at being dismissed from his job. Lateef liked working as much as a turkey welcomes Christmas.

"Let's celebrate this occasion, my boy!" proposed Lateef.

"How?" I enquired, gathering up cheer.

"Let us go to Tobbinwar's and buy a few clothes for ourselves!"

We arrived at Tobbinwar's Gents' and Ladies' Wear Shop. Lateef imperiously waived aside the obsequious salesmen and said he would inspect the goods for himself. While exploring through the various articles, I realised how poor Ulysses should have felt when he sighted the Sirens. But for the price tags on the articles and the vacuum of my purse, I am sure I would have purchased the whole lot of them. As it is, Lateef ordered goods worth fifteen rupees.

Suddenly Lateef halted before a full-length wax model that displayed a shimmering serge suit. He cast wary glances all around and before you could say "Jack Robinson", or "Lateef, look out, don't do it," he exchanged hats with the model, and nonchalantly strolled towards the exit. With a heart that urgently wanted to pop out of the mouth, I accompanied him.

Arrived at the table where one forks out the cash, an attendant placed a wrapped packet on it, and banded Lateef's bill for fifteen rupees.

manager—(or whatever the bloke who collects the cash is called)—was busy counting over the money in the drawers. A gentleman had, just as we reached the table, laid some notes and a bill on the table and gone out. A corner of his eye fixed on the manager's movements, Lateef extracted one tenner from the pile, added a five from his pocket and clamped down both with the bill on the table. Then, taking up the packet, Lateef strolled out as innocent-looking and easy-minded as—as—as—anyone but the editor of this magazine. I, of course, accompanied him, my heart making rapid ascents and descents all over the body, and my body perspiring as if letting out the water into which the said heart was slowly melting.

"A new hat for an old one, and ten rupees saved! Not bad!" cooed Lateef, in self-appreciation.

"And a stay of three or four months as His Majesty's boarder will surely round it off, for both of us!" I voiced, bitterly.

"Cheer up, man. Don't moan like a sick cat!" he encouraged.

I cast apprehensive glances over the shoulder and wished a tram or 'bus hove into sight. Just then a giant commissioner in uniform emerged from Tobbinwar's and clapped his hands. My heart stood still and silent. Even Lateef turned back, uneasily.

"Now we are in for it!" I almost sobbed out, as the commissioner doubled up to us. What fierce whiskers, I thought. How menacing he looks!

He came up to us and halted. Then, saluting us, he said, "Sir, you have forgotten your packet. There were two for you and you came away with one while the other was being tied up. I came running to stop you. Ha, there comes the other attendant with your packet."

Indeed, another attendant came up just then with a parcel. I felt so relieved that it was with great difficulty, I restrained myself from giving the whiskers a violent kiss. As for Lateef, he smiled benignly and tipped them both.

Of course, we reached home safely. Now, if this ain't an instance of Lateef's luck, I bet my 'Jap' pen a mouse can swim.

Anyway, it will be a long time before I will ever persuade myself to go shopping with Lateef, luck or no luck.



'Give a man liquor, and he becomes very talkative.'

We know of some persons who, from whom if we take it away, will have a lot to say!

'How fast can a mosquito fly?' asks a reader.

Too fast for him to retaliate!

'It is a very unnerving business to propose to a girl!'

She might accept him!

A college professor says that the price of civilisation is insanity.

If he thinks the present brand of it is worth going insane over, he is crazy.

'I confess that girl's figure completely bowled me,' says a reader.

Body line or leg theory?

The fact that a young lady in Madura, who recently received a number of blows on the skull from a violent burglar, is said to owe her life to the possession of a fine tressers of hair will, it is thought, revive the long hair fashion.

In a certain Cinema journal, we saw the eyes of a famous actress.

This is a new departure and soon, no doubt, we shall have pictures of the tongue of a great speaker, the ears of a distinguished musical critic and the nose of a prominent sanitary inspector!

'Why is that there are so many bald men and so few bald women?' asks an inquisitive reader.

The answer, we suppose, is because women consider baldness does not suit them.

'Circumstances alter cases.' So do many railway porters.

'I am anxious to find story that will satisfy average woman—Editor.'

So are! most husbands!

"Prisons," says an eminent man, "are the Universities of Crime."

Hence we suppose the expressions "Murder in the 1st degree" and "Murder in the 2nd degree".

We hear that in the Egmore Bench Court, a Magistrate requested a man who was troubled with a severe cough, to leave the Court. He further remarked that it was a Court of Law and not a Hospital.

As a matter of fact, we understand, the ignorant fellow had imagined that it was a Variety Theatre.

A Bus driver in Madras says, that there is more in the so called superstition that 13 is an unlucky number, than some persons think.

Obviously, he says so, because he has been find a 14th time!

A naturalist says that spiders live to a good old age.

Yet, its life often hangs on a thread!

Miss. Komala complains: "He said if I looked like that again he would kiss me."

Did you manage to keep up the expression?

On a Razor

— BY "CRISNON" —

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself bath said."

"The razor is a thing which I can never really avoid." Time was then it was the barber's pride and monopoly but alas "the times are out of joint" for him. Now it is here, there, and everywhere. And particularly the table of a fashionable gentleman is incomplete without a razor. It is as indispensable to him as a walking stick, the only difference being that he keeps the one inside and the other outside. The razor has, indeed, a wide clientele in all parts of the globe. Without distinction of caste, colour, and creed, all, to avoid the bristling ridicule of bearded growth, submit to its universal sweep.

I wonder if the universal craze for the razor is due to man's desire for self reliance. If it were really so, he can be self-reliant in a wider measure by growing a sharp nail which is according to the ingenious Chestertonian discovery, a potential razor, or does the razor owe its unrivalled popularity to a man's sense of economy? Perhaps so. But in that case, the volume of discontent is bound to swell to dangerous dimensions to this woebegone country. We have unemployed doctors; we have heaps of unemployed lawyers; we have hosts of unemployed graduates. Shall we, in all seriousness, perpetuate a system of self-shaving and establish a class of unemployed barbers? I invite every expert in self-shaving to consider this aspect of the question under qualms of conscience.

Be that as it may, the razor has come to stay even in a conservative country like India. It enjoys a long monarchical flight over land and sea, and appropriately enough, the privilege of a retinue: the soap-stick, the brush, and the soothing 'Snow'. It makes the beard smooth and soft and imparts a youthful hue to the face. And in short, if it is so pleasing to you, it wipes off "the shoe-brush stuck beneath the nose" and carries you back to "the days of the Romans and the clean shave."

An assiduous apprenticeship to the razor seems to be necessary before one can be confident of its use with perfect ease and dexterity. One has to pass through a few trying and critical moments before one can say "the razor is mine." Otherwise it is quite on the cards that his would be the plight of Hodges in the poem, who,

".....in a passion, stretched his jaws,
Vowing the direst vengeance, with clenched claws,
On the vile cheat that sold the goods;
Razors! A base confounded dog!
Not fit to scrape a bog!"

Poor Hodges! He tried one and found it wanting!

"'T was a vile razor! Then the rest he tried,
All were impostors....."

What a warning to all those who are uninitiated into the mysteries of self-shaving!

In his fretful experiments, the novice "unbeathes" the razor, draws it a few inches up and down the cheek, looks into the mirror at times, an inconvenient and un-

palatable truth-teller, and finds that he has left behind one or two dark patches and crimson streaks. Then begin the shaking of the hand and the palpitation of the heart. He may be induced to try that dainty instrument with an appendage of blades but he is apt to find, as, indeed, I once did to my cost, that the safety razor has all the attributes of the adjective and none of the qualities of the noun. He might like to rush to the saloon but the fear of public gaze pulls him back.

Nor is the saloon in any way a piece of tonsorial paradise that it is advertised to be. Let a cultured friend of mine who was victimised there narrate his "bleeding" experiences:—

"In the din of much crooning melody, I was soaped to ears and eyes. The barbers were lustily independent in their way and I went away musing thus:—

It is hard to part with friends
While our hearts are full of hope
But it is harder still to find a towel
When our eyes are full of soap.

And how I get uneasy at the sight of that little boy who dusts us with a dilapidated brush!

What an agony all this is! Verily, as Mr. Chesterton observes: "It would be good if we would be shaved without annoying anybody."

Oh! how happy is the woman, the beardless wonder of creation, who is not confronted with the problem of the razor!

The Young man whose cigarette-lighter worked.



THEIR NEW YEAR DAY GIFT

— BY K. S. G. IYER. —

THE day dawned. It was the Tamil New-year day. But Jaya had only three rupees and six annas with her. That was all. And fourteen annas of it were in quarters. Quarters saved one and two at a time by bull-doing the grocer, the vegetable man and the rice-seller, until one's cheek burned with the silent imputation of niggardliness. Three times did Jaya count it. Three rupees and six annas. And the day was the New-year day.

There was clearly nothing left to Jaya but flop down on the little shabby wooden-cot that lay in a dark and dreary corner of the room, and howl. So she did it. The house was an old and weather-beaten one. It brought only an annual rent of Rs 30.

On the wall above was an old clock that would not go and in the corner below was a heavy box—a lid-less one. And appertaining thereunto was a label bearing the name, "Mr. Chella Ram."

Once these Chella Ram and Jaya were happy and prosperous. Then he earned Rs 80 a month. But that former period of prosperity was short lived. A sudden breeze of misfortune flung them off. They fell into a sea of poverty. He had to abandon his job and by other means

barely earned Rs. 20 a month. But the love of Jaya towards her husband as well did not suffer any retrenchment. Though his income was shrunk, her love only increased. Whenever Mr. Chella Ram came home and reached his door, he was called "Chellam" and was snugly hugged by Mrs. Chella Ram.

THEIR expenses had been greater than she had calculated. They always were. And Rs. 20 a month doesn't go far. Jaya had only three rupees and six annas to buy a present for Chellam, Her Chellam! Many a happy hour had she spent planning for something nice for him.

Suddenly her eyes turned and settled themselves on an old harmonium placed neatly on an old bench. All the things in that house were old—as old as the hills.

Now there were two possessions in which they both took very great pride. One was Chellam's gold watch that had been his father's and his grandfather's. The other was Jaya's harmonium that had been likewise her mother's and her grandmother's. Had the Maharani of that country lived in the house opposite to hers, Jaya would have some day played on her musical inst. as skillfully and vigorously as she could in order to depreciate Her Highness's jewels. Had King Midas been the door-keeper with all his gold piled up in the basement, Chella Ram would have pulled out his watch every time he passed, just to see him pluck his beard (if ever Midas had had any!) from envy.

So now Jaya looked at the harmonium. She went near it and rubbed the dust off it with womanly tenderness. For a minute she stood still

while a tear or two trickled down her cheeks and fell on the worn and rough ground.

Soon she was dressed in what dress she possessed. Taking her beloved musical instrument she straightway went to a shop which bought and sold second-hand goods. She could not talk much of it. It had been too sad and too terrible a trial for Jaya.

Twenty rupees she got for her harmonium. Soon she was ransacking all the shops for Chellam's present. She found it at last. To her it looked as if it was made for her Chellam and no one else. It was a golden chain for watches. It was even worthy of the watch that Mr. Chella Ram possessed. As soon as she saw it she knew that it must be Chellam's. Twenty-three rupees they took from her for it. She hurried back home with the remaining six annas and her gift. With this chain on his watch Mr. Chella Ram wouldn't mind looking time for the hundredth time in any company. How glad would he be to replace the old and shabby leather strap with a new gold chain!

Food was ready by seven o'clock and she anxiously waited for her husband with a throbbing heart. Her thoughts were always running on her

THEY ARE ALWAYS
PICKING ON ME.



husband's watch with the new gold chain fastened to it.

Chellam was never late. He was always punctual. There came the sound of footsteps at the door. With a loud beating heart she slowly opened the door and there in front of her was her much-expected Chellam with a big packet in his hand. What it contained Jaya knew not. Soon they were seated side by side on the wooden cot.

There was not the harmonium in its wonted place. Chellam looked about the room curiously. Then his eyes were fixed upon Jaya with an expression in them that Jaya was unable to read. It was not anger or surprise, disapproval or horror, nor any of the expression she had been prepared for.

"Chellam, darling!" she cried. "Don't look at me in that way. I had sold the harmonium because I couldn't have lived through this day without giving you a nice present. Say, 'Happy New-Year day!' Shall I bring you food?"

"You have sold away the harmonium!" exclaimed Chellam. "You say, you have sold it?"

"You needn't look for it!" said Jaya. "Dear, I have sold it in order to buy you a New-year day present. Be good to me, for, it went for you. Shall I serve you the food?"

What if twenty rupees or twenty thousand million pounds be the monthly income when such is the love!

Chellam pointed at the packet. "Don't make any mistake about me, dear Jaya," he said. "My love for you would be never lessened because you have sold away the harmonium. But if you unwrap the packet you would know why I went out some hours ago."

Slowly with trembling hands she unwrapped the packet and there is the thing! An ecstatic scream of joy and then alas! the feminine change to hysterical tears and wails. For there lay before her the box—the black ebony one, with jewelled rims—that Jaya had worshipped, for which

Jaya's heart had been craving and yearning with the least hope of ever possessing it! And now it was here! —But the thing it should contain she had sold away.

She bent low and kissed it. "We can, if God pleases, buy another harmonium." She was able to say at last.

And then Jaya leaped up and taking out the gold chain held it out to him eagerly upon her open palm.

"Isn't it nice?—Very nice, dear Chellam!" asked Jaya. "Give me your watch. I want to see how it looks with the gold chain on it."

Instead obeying Chellam only sat grimly on the cot and put his hands under the back of his head and smiled.

"Jaya!" said he. "For a while let us keep away our New year day gifts. They are too nice to use at present. I had sold my watch to get money to buy you the box you loved most. And now you may bring me food."

Of all the wise men and women that gave gifts on this day, these too were the wisest!

JULY 20, 1934



'FLEX & 'FLIX

"Police graft is when criminals and detectives go hand-in-hand" defines a writer. Police craft, of course, is when they go wrist-to-wrist.

A company promoter, who sold worthless shares that he maintained would be valuable in years to come, is now in prison. Anyway, that's a safe look-up.

A kangaroo which escaped from a private zoo has evaded all efforts to capture it for a week: The artful bouncer.

It is reported that a British film company is searching for a realistic desert waste near London. We know of one, but we're not sure that we'd be altogether keen on camera-men taking shots in our back garden.

"A sudden plunge into cold water when you are warm can be very harmful," says a doctor. Particularly when you are endeavouring to prove to the fair occupant of the punt what an expert you are with the pole.

A man who fell from the third storey in a New York hotel was uninjured. Nevertheless, he has decided to use the lift in future.

A London man claims to know every bus route in England. He should write a handbook for hikers.

During hot weather, a small electric fan is placed on each table in a certain London restaurant. The chef proudly claims that his omelettes are so light that they are frequently blown off diners' plates.

The head of a matrimonial agency says he often receives visits from men for whom he has found wives. He doesn't worry unduly, however, as he employs a good strong bodyguard.

"When a girl has celebrated her twenty-first birthday she generally finds that the following anniversaries fall rather flat," remarks a writer. After all, the first twenty-first anniversary is always the best.

It is suggested that nudists should be able to take out special insurance policies. The idea appears to be to provide them with some sort of cover.

Summoned for pulling the communication cord in a railway compartment, a man pleaded temporary loss of memory. He is now suffering from the permanent loss of five pounds.

A cinema news-reel features bathing girls running a race. No doubt the competitor clasping a handkerchief, who came in last, explained that she was carrying twice as much weight as the others.

In a controversy between two French newspapers, one has just described the other as being "written by a lot of sheep." The sheep are now dashing for their pens.

Hostess: "My husband once made a bottle of whisky last from one year to another."

Guest: "How did he do it?"

Hostess: "He started drinking it at five minutes to twelve on New Year's Eve."

Jeanette: "Don't you dare try to kiss me or I'll yell for my father."

Stanley: "Where is he?"

Jeanette: "In South America."

"I was just figuring out what a big salary my wife gets."

"Why, I didn't know she had a job."

"She hasn't. I have."

Two small boys, who had been fighting on and off all the evening were eventually sent up to bed.

"And don't forget to say your prayers, both of you," said their mother.

There was silence for a few moments and then one of them called out: "Mummie! Will you come up and speak to Jimmy? He keeps on asking God to bless me, and then says things under his breath."

"Are you a hero worshipper?"

"Oh, no. Sometimes I hate myself."

A church organist complains that he never gets a holiday. Always minding his keys and pews.

"There is a lot of luck in bull-fighting," depends on who wins the toss.

"In a German contest, a man drank beer for three solid hours," we read. Or rather, three liquid hours.

A fellow who combines business and pleasure—the wrestler who is always throwing a party.

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THE HARE AND THE HEDGEHOG

— BY N. K. MOORTHY —

One beautiful morning, just about harvest time, the sun was shining, the sky was blue, and the bees were buzzing above the flowers. A little hedgehog stood in his door way looking at the passers-by. He had his arm folded, and was singing as merrily as little hedgehogs can do on a pleasant morning.

While he stood looking out, amusing himself, dutiful little wife was busy washing and dressing the children. So he thought he might as well go and see how the field of turnips was getting on.

They were really Farmer Brown's turnips, but Mr. Hedgehog had fed on them so often that he thought of them as his own. So he shut the door and started off.

He had not gone far when he met a hare, who was going to look at Farmer Brown's field of cabbages, but Mr. Hare too had fed on them so often that he thought of them as his own.

When the hedgehog saw the hare, he wished him good-morning very pleasantly.

But the hare, who was very proud of himself and not very good-tempered, took no notice of the hedgehog's greetings, but very proudly, "How is it you are running about the field so early in the morning?"

"I am taking a walk," said the hedgehog.

"Taking a walk!" laughed the hare. "I don't think your bandy legs are suited to walking."

This made the hedgehog angry. He hated to see people laugh at his bandy legs, so he said, "You think your legs are better than mine, I suppose?"

"Well, I rather think they are," said the hare.

"I should like to prove it," said the hedgehog. "I can beat you in a race."

"That is a good joke," said the hare. "To think you could beat me with your bandy legs! However, if you wish it I will race with you."

"What will you give me if I beat you?"

"A golden sovereign," said the hedgehog.

"All right," said the hare, "Let us start at once."

"No, no," said the hedgehog. "Don't be in such a hurry. I must go home first and have something to eat. In half an hour I will be here again."

The hare agreed to wait, and away went the hedgehog, thinking to himself, "The hare trusts his long legs, but I will beat him. He thinks he is a fine gentleman, but he is only a stupid fellow after all."

The hedgehog went home and said to his wife, "You must come right back to the field with me."

"What for?" she asked.

"Well, I made a wager with the hare that I could beat him in a race?"

"Why, husband," cried Mrs. Hedgehog, "You must be crazy. What are you thinking of?"

"Hold your tongue," said the hedgehog, "and don't worry about me. What do you know about a man's business? Get ready and come with me."

So Mrs. Hedgehog got ready and went with her husband. As they went along, he said to her, "Now listen to what I say. You see the large field? Well, we are going to race across it. The hare will run one furrow and I in another furrow. All

FUNNY MAGN

you have to do is to hide yourself in a furrow at the opposite end of the field from which we start, and when the hare comes up to you, pop up your head and say: 'Here I am'."

As they talked, the hedgehog and his wife reached the place in the field where he wished her to stop; then he went back and found the hare at the starting-place ready to receive him.

"Do you really mean it?" he asked.

"Yes, indeed," replied the hedgehog. "I am quite ready."

"Then let us start at once."

And each placed himself in his furrow as the hare spoke.

The hare counted, "One, Two, Three" and started like whirl-wind across the field. The hedgehog only popped down in the furrow and remained still. When the hare, at full speed, reached the end of the furrow the hedgehog's wife raised her head and cried, "Here I am". The hare stood still in wonder, for the wife was so like the husband he thought it must be he.

"There's something wrong about this," he thought. "However, We'll have another time."

So he turned and flew across the field so fast that his ears floated behind him. The hedgehog's wife, however, did not know, and when the hare reached the other end, the husband was there and cried "Here I am".

The hare was very angry and said, "One more try, one more." "I don't mind," said the hedgehog. "I will go long as long as you like."

Upon this the hare set off running, and actually crossed the field seventy-three times. At one end the husband said, "Here I am" and at the other end the wife said the same.

At the seventy fourth time the hare's strength came to an end, and he fell to the ground and owned himself beaten.

"Memorial Unveiled to Soap King," runs headline A tablet of course.

A Race Horse is named "Mother-in-Law." She is a good stayer, no doubt.

JULY 20, 1984

AT THE COST - - OF MY LIFE

MY friend, Kala, has a nasty habit of having fun at my expense. Once I was very anxious to learn to ride a push bicycle and he suggested that he would teach me.

Trusting him implicitly—regretting later—I hired a bicycle for about three hours. The time chosen was between 11 A. M. and 2 P. M., when the sun was at its zenith. Kala asked me to have my head shaved and some oil applied to it. He recommended me to wear a shirt and a cloth only.

After the bicycle was hired, Jaya sat on the seat and started pedalling slowly. He told me to sit on the luggage carrier. I wondered how I could sit when the bicycle was moving. He asked me to do a jump and sit. I thought of my school days and of the high and long jumps. Well! I made a high and long jump from one side of the bicycle, went right over it, and did a somersault on the other side. Kala came to my help like the good Samaritan, and brushed the dirt from my shirt and cloth. He told me that I had mistaken what he meant. He began to demonstrate the best way to sit on the luggage carrier. Asking me to hold the bicycle, he stood with his back to the luggage carrier and jumped backward and sat on it in comfort. I thought that it was child's play after all. When Kala got on the bicycle

and started pedalling, I stood with my back to the luggage carrier and jumped backward. Alas! My shaved head struck the ground with a crash. I

By
"SOCKS"

was thinking whether to turn back home and to end my learning to ride, when Kala brought the bicycle near me and held it tight. As the

bicycle was now stationary, I sat on the luggage carrier without difficulty. He got on the bicycle and pedalled, first slowly and then fast. When we went about two-hundred yards without any more adventures, my cloth got caught to the rear wheel and was getting itself untied from my waist. Alas! What was I to do? I asked Kala to stop but he pretended not to hear. I shouted, I cried, I entreated, I begged, and what not, but to no purpose. I did the most possible things; and that was, to jump down having a good hold on my cloth. But I fell down in the attempt and was dragged along the ground. Then and then only did Kala turn his head back to see

GETTING HER HAND IN



what had happened. He immediately stopped the bicycle and raised me from the ground. As if he was very innocent, Kala told me it was all my fault. I was compelled to sit again on the luggage carrier, and he pedalled on as before. We covered another three hundred yards without any incident or accident, or whatever it is called. I was congratulating myself for learning, at last, to sit on the luggage carrier when the cycle went over a large stone and I was violently thrown head over heels into a nearby drain. Luckily the drain was dry and thus I escaped being drenched with muddy water.

I told Kala that I had learnt enough of sitting on the luggage carrier but wished to learn riding the bicycle. Saying that the public roads were dangerous and that he would take me to a quiet road where the vehicular traffic would be less, Kala asked me to follow him on foot, as I couldn't sit comfortably on the luggage carrier. So I had to follow him on bare foot. The tarred roads were burning my feet while the midday sun was scorching my shaven head. He took me to Macaulum Road. It is a long and broad road with the

Beral lake on one side and the railway lines on the other. It is, in fact, a quieter road and the traffic is less. I prepared in good earnest to learn to ride the bicycle. Kala held the bicycle and asked me to sit on the seat. Twisting my body first up and down, then to one side and another, and then in all possible directions and degrees, I managed to sit on the seat with the greatest difficulty. Holding the bicycle, Kala started pushing it slowly. I held the handle of the bicycle with one hand, and with the other I gripped Kala's shoulder very tightly. I lost my balance many times, and would have fallen down on one side or the other if not for my deathly grip of Kala's shoulder. After some time, when I was able to sit on the bicycle all right, Kala asked me to hold the handle with both hands. I did so. He pushed the bicycle, first slowly and then a little fast. I practised pedalling, now and then missing foothold and losing my balance. Kala started pushing the bicycle fast, and then faster and lastly fastest, leaving hold of the bicycle. The fear of Moses came unto me. I knew not what to do.

I let go of the handle in despair. The bicycle went by itself and collided against a telegraph post. My head struck the post while my feet went up as if to catch the sun, and then my head, feet, and all came down with a thud.

I then wanted to learn to get up on the bicycle. On Kala's instructions I kept my foot on the pedal.

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When I was about to get up I missed my foothold and nearly fell down. On my second attempt I overbalanced and fell over the bicycle. After few more attempts I managed to get up all right.

Let me pass over the other incidents (such as knocking against a pedestrian, a railway gate, A bullock-cart, etc.) and come to the last and important one.

I was by this time (more or less) an expert cyclist. So I pedalled as fast as possible. But when I perceived a motor car coming towards me at a terrific speed, I was so excited that I turned the bicycle handle to the left to avoid a collision, and the bicycle ran right into the Beral lake without my permission. I was a very bad swimmer and therefore I thought that my time had come to give up my ghost. Kala took off his shoes and came to my rescue. He tried to catch my head. Alas! there was no hair to be grabbed and the head was very slippery. He then pulled me by my ear. It gave me such a pain that I shouted out. He let go of my ear and caught my nose. I couldn't breathe. Water was entering my mouth. Oh God, what a plight! My suffering had no bound. But nevertheless I was brought to land safely. What do you think of my condition then? I was 99.99 per cent lifeless. Did I give up my ghost? No. By Bhai Funzin's grace I am living to-day to write this history. Are you asking me what happened to my bicycle? Well! It was fished out later.

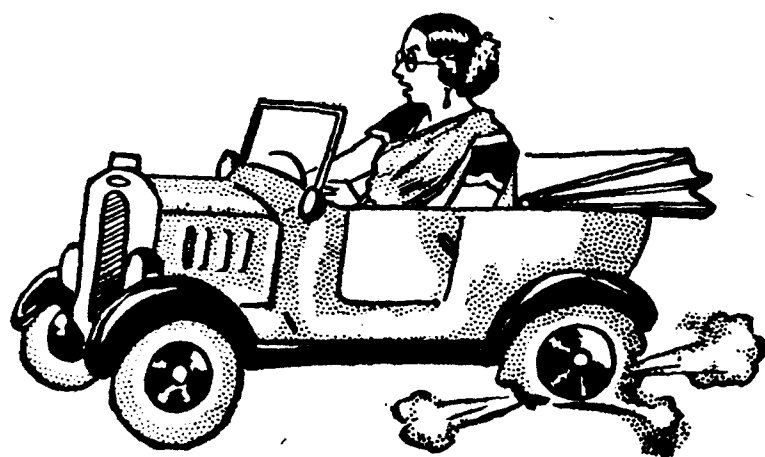
If any of you wish to learn to ride a push bicycle, I can recommend to you my friend, Kala, and can guarantee that he will give you a black eye, a dislodged limb, a broken head, or, in short, you will find a quickest way to go to heaven or hell (whichever way you wish to go).

Brides make strange bread, fellows.

"ORIENTAL people," says a writer, torture themselves for years upon end, "And here we have the instalment plan."

"A WOMAN is generally well dressed if she has good finger-nails," says a writer. Obviously, for only by using them at sales can she secure the best dress bargains.

THE BU'ST OF VENI



THE GIRLS OF THE WEST

You may talk, if you please,
Of the brown Portuguese,
But, wherever you roam, wherever you roam,
You nothing will meet
Half so lovely or sweet
As the girls at home, the girls at home.

Their eyes are not sloes,
Nor so long is their nose,
But, between me and you, between me and [you]

They are just as alarming,
And ten times more charming,
With hazel and blue, with hazel and blue.

They don't ogle a man
O'er the top of their fan,
Till his heart's in a flame, his heart's in a [same]

But though bashful and shy,
They've a look in their eye
That just comes to the same, just comes to [the same].

No mantillas they sport,
But a petticoat short
Shows an ankle the best, an ankle the best,
And a leg—but, O murmur! I
I dare not go further,
So here's to the West; so here's to the West.

Charles Lever.

READING "FUNNY MAGZIN"!

(AS MAY BE SUNG BY MAURICE CHEVALIER)

Another month, another cheer,—
This good old Mag again is here;
The firms stop working,
Their duty shirking,—
They're readin' "FUNNY MAG."!

A lot of jokes, a little spice, (!)
It's full of fun, and really nice,—
It's not amazing
That all are praising
While readin' "FUNNY MAG."!

Picture grumpy household,
Tearing each other's hair,
Picture that same old household
After the Mag's been there;
They're gathered round
With grins and smile;
There's not a sound
For just a while,—
Then bursts of laughter,
Which must come after
READING "FUNNY MAG."!

"Cavendish"

The Pearl-Necklace

— BY B. G. GUPTA —

"Hallo!"

"Who are you speaking?"

"Sub-Inspector, Manaval. A very urgent business. Meet me at once in the Paris Villa, Beach Road."

The fact that Madras consists of many great buildings and that too in the Beach road is true. Amongst the bungalows the Paris Villa is in the first row when architecture is taken into account. A fine garden with the Paris Villa at the centre was no doubt a fine sight. Flower plants assisted the trees in giving a charm to the bungalow. The building was a vast one with three stories. Fine furniture furnished the halls and rooms with beauty. The bed-room was close to the library room in the second story. Cooking etc., was done in the ground floor. Some other buildings stood at a few yards distance from the main structure. These were occupied by the servants.

The name Sundaresan Sowcar was known almost to everyone. He was a famous sowcar. He with his wife and a few servants was in the bungalow. He was the sole owner of the plot. Krishna was the cooker. Murugesan was the gardener who cherished a bitter loathing for all housemaids and a profound contempt for society at large. For Murugesan had been once a burglar, had enjoyed the life in one of the Majesty's prisons. He had placed himself in Sundaresan's service. Ranganath was the coachman. Another, Samundi, was also working in the Paris Villa. He was the general servant. The Sowcar had no sons or daughters and though he had got plenty did not establish any business. He had enough money to control 100 poor families.

Ramesam, the great private detective was soon in his car. The engine idled over, quickened to a roar and dashed across the road. He was not serving in the Government. Whenever the police found it impossible to detect a case Ramesam was called in and certain it was that Ramesam would clear doubts and track the

criminal. The car was flying and soon the brakes were jammed. The car stood still. Ramesam entered Paris Villa.

The Sub-Inspector was a burly man. He could be recognised at a distance. He was now in a coud de sac. He greeted the detective. They were soon in the Sowcar's drawing room. It was certain that a certain calamity has upset Sowcar Sundaresan.

Sundaresan greeted them both. The Sub-Inspector told Ramesam that a pearl necklace worth a lakh of rupees placed in the iron safe of Sundaresan had disappeared and the thief could not be traced out.

Ramesam inspected the room in which the neck lace was placed. The thieves must have come through the back way and with a key that suited the room's lock must have opened, room the then opened the iron safe and must have removed the jewel. As Sundaresan was in the library room till 10 P. M. and the iron safe-room was adjacent to it, the theft must have been done after 10 o'clock.

As a clever detective Ramesam took a handkerchief with the letter 'M' printed on it. He showed it to them. The Sub-Inspector at once gave out a shout and sent for Police constables. Two constables stepped in. They arrested Murugesan. The S. I. put many a question to Murugesan. But the gardener pleaded innocence.

The S. I. then thought that Murugesan had been once a member of the jail and such a man would have done the theft undoubtedly. The Sowcar said that all his servants were innocent and they might not have the idea of stealing their own master's money. But the S. I. did not heed his words. The S. I. addressed the detective and said "I feel sorry for the trouble I have given you. These minor cases are easy for me. Good-morning."

Ramesam was amusedly witnessing the scene calmly. He saw honesty gleaming on Murugesan's face. The S. I. left with the prisoner and the constables. The detective put

many questions to the Sowcar and other servants and taking some hints left the house.

The night was dark. Rain was drizzling. A black figure was seen near the Paris Villa. The time was eleven P. M. Another figure left the place and was walking towards the road and soon was lost in the night. The black figure followed secretly and silently. The second figure entered a road where the traffic was thin and where the beer shops were many. The figure stopped at a building and knocked the door. The door was opened. The black figure cleverly slipped into the house. The door was closed. The black figure followed him closely. Soon the two persons reached a hall where there were many others. One of them was the leader. There was a conversation not a short one but a long one. The black figure overheard everything and before the figure was detected, it slipped out of the house.

The high court of Madras is crowded. Murugesan was standing in the witness box of the Session Court. The chairs and benches were occupied by darks crowd of pleaders. Mr. Manaval was sitting near a Pleader. His face was gleaming with joy. He knew that if Murugesan were imprisoned and tormented he would give away the 'Pearl necklace.' Then he would get a reward amounting to Rs. 5000. The S. I. had prepared many glib witnesses against that man Murugesan. The Public prosecutor Mr. Thariyan opened the trial. Murugesan's vakil was a famous one called Chandrasekaran M.A., M.L.

Many witnesses were examining Murugesan said that he was innocent and his innocence was known to his master. He pointed to the judge that the witnesses were false and the handkerchief with the letter 'M' was his. Chandrasekaran cross examined the witnesses and pleaded for justice behalf of Murugesan. But every one was in opposition to Murugesan. The judge was about to write a Judgement. At that moment so rapid footsteps were heard at the gate.

The whole court turned their eyes towards the gate and to their amazement what did they see half a dozen thieves with hand-

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on their wrists and about twenty constables and Ramesan. It was Ramesan's voice that rang in. He went to Chandrasekaran and spoke something in his ears. The pleader's face gleamed with joy. Manaval's face went low. Chandrasekaran cleared his throat and addressing the honourable Judge said that the real robbers were come and the case was to be carried on. He gave a small elephant made of ebony to the Judge.

Again the trial opened.

Ramesan described everything. "When I first went to the Paris Villa I suspected at first Murugesan. But soon I came to a conclusion that at least two men were engaged in that robbery and Murugesan might not have done it. For a few days I went to the Paris-villa, without being detected by others, in the nights. One night I saw a figure slipping out of the bungalow. It was no other than Samundi I shadowed him. I saw him enter a house. I also carefully entered the house. There to my bewilderment I perceived these gentlemen with the 'Necklace' on the table. I overheard their conversation. In the conversation I came to understand that wax impressions of the locks were given by Samundi and the head of the thieves, Marappan, was the fellow that has robbed. Then I saw the captain press a spring on the elephant. A small shelf was seen. He placed the necklace and carefully hid it from others' detection. I directly went to the East Sub-Police station. Mr. Teleguru the Sub-Inspector of the police station, was there. I gave a short description of my detection and said that I was urgently in need of his help. He gladly accepted my offer and we together with a small army of constables went to the house and directly arrested them and the model elephant and some records were taken."

This was enough for the judge. Murugesan was released. The gang were punished severely.

The next day there was seen a fleet of motor cars in front of the Paris villa. It was decorated nicely. A tea-party was arranged in gratitude to Ramesam.

A Wedding Invitation to the Editor.

By Socks.

Mr. & Mrs. Never-do-well

Request the dis-pleasure of the company of Mr. The Funny Editor of the Funny Magzin on the ill-occasion of the marriage of his Father's Sister's Brother's Grand-mother's Grand-son's Uncle's Nephew's Sun-of-a-son

Mr. DING-DONG-BELL Esq.
(The Record Smoker.)

WITH
Miss. GUDOO-GUDOO-JYANG
(The un-beloved daughter of her parents.)

on the 32nd day of the 13th month
in the year of our Grace 2222
at 12 midnight Sharp

Wedding & Reception at 6, Lawyer Chinnatambi
Mudali Street, Sowcarpet, Madras.

N. B.—Admission to the Hall		Re. 1
Witnessing the Wedding		Rs. 2
Hearing the Music		Re. 1
Shaking your head to Rhyme with the Music		Re. 1
Entertainment		Rs. 3
Dinner		Rs. 5
Etc. Etc. Etc.		

All money to be sent in advance by special double urgent-rate money order. Any present to bride or bride's-groom is very strictly prohibited.

DILETTANTISM OF LOVE

— BY "AHA" —

FRIENDSHIP is one of the many things to boast of in this world. It is a matter of common observation that we find always friends moving closely with friends and tied together with the bond of companionship, sometimes heedless to the differences in their sex. It is our friends that adore us; and hate us; that love us and dissolve us; that help us in times of distress and suffering to find a suitable rope or the quickest effective drug as Potassium Cyanide, the existence of which we owe to the research talents of some chemist who must have spent the greater part of his precious life in sequestered cloister of his laboratory in unravelling the mysteries of nature, and friends we have who do not even do this much of help.

Again we cannot but think of friends who smoke with us and who are often affected by the common disease of 'cleptomonia' and never return the match box to its lawful owner, who cannot afford to go in for a new one due to its increased prices and who in the end is left solitary in a state of matchless misery. The world would have no zest without the fun and frolic of our friends.

Nor did I pass off my days without them.

I had had once a friend too, who had some peculiarity in his mannerisms which it would be superfluous for narration and whose name, at present, my memory fails to recollect. He had his own commentaries on things and his own laws for laws. And Love had become the primary subject of his commentaries and others were merely secondary. He had a scientific mind as he was a professor of Science in one of the colleges where he also, like his fellow professors, had become the victim to petty pranks and mimicry of our college chums. Naturally he viewed all things from that angle. When I met him a few days ago, he talked to me in his wanton manner about a topic which I hope will almost interest our readers both young and old. He explained to me to my surprise how love is also a science and was full of science. At first I could not understand him and I thought he meant love is signs and full of signs and perhaps was his maiden attempt to Indianise the accent for the sake of convenience, like the many members of Brahmin communities putting more emphasis on R, U, T, etc., when pronouncing. But my first impression was wrong for which I repent. Then he continued his discourse sympathetically remarking how

our college students were still amateurs of this science. He continued, "There is more of dilettantism in Love than for science or art in which they wish to attain proficiency in recognition of which the University presents to them the Diploma of Letters to adorn the walls of their homes."

"THE power of understanding of this science (Love) was far greater and their senses worked more quickly. They search after not in vain but with full confidence in their undoubted success. They easily become ardent students to it. After successful search you have the re-search. What other science or art can hold the interest of Fathers of to-morrow! Our civilization has given its decent share of help for the promotion of this science producing countless books for the inquisitive to satisfy his curiosity of Love. Oh! What Science! How interesting are its process and progress too!"

After I took leave from this wonderful friend this idea remained uppermost in my mind till I began to recollect the Fantastic Romances in my own college days. At the 16th year when it was the full bloom of my youth, the real admiration for the God's fair creatures and a reverence for their structure rose in me. These fair ones had such fascinating charm on me which even the tragedies or comedies of Shakespeare fail to achieve in the class room.

Girls with rosy cheeks returning home from school in foot-paths of the tarred road lent such spectacular charm to the curious vision of my youth that it floats as a tiny boat in the haven of my memory. Their black eye brows like the archer's bow, their eyes twinkling like the stars of the moonlight night, their lips like the broken pear their cheeks like the dawn of day, all combined together in ensnaring me to such an extent that I picked up the sweet flowers that fell down from their crimson and curly hair.

Who can deny that we once easily become (or would become) the Knights to the Garters!

Tell me! I am brutally frank! Did you not many a time while loitering

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or the Higginbotham Bookstalls have any stolen glances over the pictures the Stars of Movies in coloured ate so quite prominent on the front ges, or were you not scared away hen you hung over the pages of the ude and Seminate pictures of the xrus girls of Hollywood or did you struggle and aush in the crowd to bold those photographs of beautiful are pasted at the Kinema Theatres?

Oh! By the by, I forgot all about r young bachelor scientist who said s youths had dilettantism for love. ow unjust it would be on my part, leave our young friend to his ofession of science and in his labora- ry while I am talking to you of ese pleasant things. Too had is it t!

From the day he told me that Love as also a Science I had my own upicion about him in spite of his acent behaviour, as to the experiments hat were being carried on right behind e laboratory doors. Whenever I eet him in his lecture room, his ctures seemed to be more lively and nthusiastic in the gentle atmosphere f Women students whose parents ere too obedient to the Imperial aw of the Sarada Act. These girls re too highly educated to be pertinent nd too dangerously armed with miles to accept defeat in the battle f examination. The literature and novels of the 20th Century has given hem such splendid scope for feminine rt and wit which this age is not at ll without for being practised on heir professors.

I made up my mind to clear my uspicion by visiting my friend in his private laboratory very near my house in an untimely hour. The next day at 8-30 P. M. I started off for his science room and I began to hear some gentle voice as is often heard narrating some bed-time stories. I concluded this should be the voice of one of the objects of the experiments of the professor.

So back to my house I went thinking of the pleasant time I would have had if I had been a professor.

Good Luck to our Scientist!

66 DECEIVED 99

— BY S. M. K. —

Gopalaiar, who was living in Tinnevely, had a son, an only son by name Ramu. They were very poor. Ramu while studying in the high school followed the principle of King Robert Bruce of Scotland to cross the third form. But he was the first man to prove his maxim as a false one for he passed or to the higher form in the fourth attempt. His father was unable to support him further and so Ramu was compelled to discontinue. He wandered here and there in search of some job, but all his attempts became vain.

Two years passed on and one morning Gopalaiar received a letter. Though he was not able to find out from whom it had come, he guessed that his son, who had run away some two years before, might have written it. Thousand thoughts gathered in his mind within some seconds and with trembling hand, he opened the letter.

Narsapur.

MY DEAR FATHER,

3-3-26.

Excuse me for remaining silent for the past two years. I am very glad to inform you that I have secured a handsome job in a private firm. Now I am drawing a decent salary of Rs. 500 per month. Considering some difficulties here I wish to have my marriage this year, and hope that you will make effort for it. Herewith I am sending Rs. 2000 for the household expenses. Expecting an early reply.

Yours affectionately,

RAMU.

Gopalaiar read this letter and thanked Providence for his son's good fortune and prosperity.

After two months, he wrote a letter to Ramu stating that he had arranged everything for the marriage, and an auspicious day was also fixed for the marriage. Ramu felt immense joy on seeing this letter. After two weeks, he started for Tinnevely. Gopalaiar was waiting on the platform. At first he was not able to make out Ramu. Ramu was dressed in fine tweed

suit and having a 'keep sake' on his left wrist.

The day fixed for the marriage was approaching rapidly and the marriage was celebrated with all pomp and splendour. Ramu spent one week with his new relations and started for Nagpur.

After the lapse of about two months the Ramu's father-in-law wrote a letter to him. But there was no reply. He wrote two more letters but they had no reply. Suspicion arose in his mind and he suspected foul play. He booked his Journey to Nagpur and on arriving there enquired in the city hotels and offices about Ramu. To his utter disappointment he got the reply that there was no person having that name. He went to all offices and enquired; but the replies were in negative. With a broken and bleeding heart he reached a Madras hotel to take his meals. He saw his son-in-law there, serving meals to all. Tears trickled down from his eyes. He caught Ramu's hands. He scolded him until he got tired and told the people assembled there about Ramu. But Ramu drew his father-in-law aside; and when his work was over, put into his hands 500 shining pieces gold sovereigns and sent him away deceived but delighted.

"I'd give a good deal if I had a wife like yours."

"I'll say you would! You'd be giving all the time."

Tom: "How do you like to read mystery novels?"

Jack: "With every light in the house turned on."

Conjurer: Are you quite satisfied that you can hear your watch ticking?"

Tommy: "More than satisfied. It hasn't been going for months."

And is it true, sir, that you want your beautiful book-keeper discharged because she made a mistake in division?"

"Yes, she's been dividing her kisses between me and my office manager."

Infatuated "Fan": "I'd love to marry you some day."

Film Actress: "All right, I'll put you on my wedding list."

Results of the 'Singles' Competition

Correct Solution of the "Singles" Competition are as follows:—

- | | | | | |
|----------|----------|----------|----------|-----------|
| 1. MASH. | 3. TOWN. | 5. CAPE. | 7. SAGE. | 9. TALE. |
| 2. BALL. | 4. JADE. | 6. RIDE. | 8. FACE. | 10. CAME. |

The first Prize of Rs. 30 and the additional prize of Rs. 5 has been won by the following competitor who has sent 64 entries.

MR. SREENIVASAN,
C/o, Rajamanickam Esq.,
Contractor, Bellary.

The Second Prize of Rs. 20 has been won by the following successful competitors.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. Mrs. S. SUGUNA DEVI,
C/o. K. Kallanasaami Esq.,
Shanti Kutir, Gandhinagar, Coenada. | 19. A. E. XAVIER,
16, Pandaram St. Purasawalkum, Madras. |
| 2. PADMASANI,
4, New Street, Kumbakonam. | 20. R. DESILVA,
7 Williams Road, Trichinopoly Cantt. |
| 3 & 4. M. JANARTHANAM,
Sivan Sannathy St., Nagore. | 21. T. S. SIVAPRAKASAM,
83, Andar St. Teppakulam, Trichinopoly. |
| 5. T. S. GOVINDHASAMI,
5, Madavakkam Tank Road, Kilpauk Post, Madras. | 22. T. V. THIRUVENKATACHARIAR,
School Master, Venkata Vilas. |
| 6. M. A. CANNIVELAN,
Chief Secretariat, Fort St George, Madras. | 23. P. APPADURAI MUDALI,
30, Murthy Raja St. Agaram, Perambur. |
| 7. C. R. RAMAKRISHNA MUDALIAR,
C/o, K. S. Ramanatha Aiyer, Saradha Vilas Hotel
Balagopalapuram, Pollachi, S. I. R. | 24. A. M. JOSEPH,
17-B, Tod Hunter Nagar, Saidapet Madras. |
| 8. N. KOTHARI,
Chamria Touring Talkies, Gandhinagar, Bezvada. | 25. A. PALANIAPPA MUDALIAR,
30, Gopalpilliar Koil St. Tiruvannamalai. |
| 9. G. HARITHEERTHAM,
C/o V. Venkatrama Sastry, 490 Aiyerkulam St.
Pudukkottai State | 26. V. K. MOHANVELU,
21, Olaiyas lane, Akkipet, Bangalore City. |
| 10. S. P. MANGALANAR, MARIOOR,
Narikudi P. O. | 27 to 33. S. JOSEPH,
Kens Garden Kilpauk, Madras. |
| 11. G. GURUSAMY,
C/o Postmaster, Koradacheri. | 34. K. NARAYANA MURTHY, B. E.
183, Viwesvarpur, 1st Main Road, Bangalore City. |
| 12. P. JOHN SIGAMONY,
Logie Estate, Talawakelle, Ceylon. | 35. P. V. SAMBANDAM,
C/o, The Advance Trading, Co.
87, Godown St. G. T. Madras. |
| 13. G. S. RAO,
Kanday House, Padu Bidri (via) Mangalore. | 36. A. S. GANESAN,
Kulathur, P. O. (via) Vilatekulam. |
| 14. T. V. THIRUVENKATACHARIAR,
School Master, Venkata Vilas, | 37. G. VENKAT RAMIAH, B. A.
Moolpoor, P. O. (via) Tenali. |
| 15. I. V. MUTHIAH,
Santhapuram, Manavala Curichi P. O. | 38. B. M. JOSEPH,
C/o, M. D. K. Swamy, Rev. Inspector,
Avanashi (Coimbatore Dt.) |
| 16. T. VEDACHALAM,
24, Vedagiri Maistry St Chintadripet, Madras. | 39. K. LIPAKA SESHAGIRI ROW,
Morrispet, Tenali. |
| 17 & 18. P. V. RAJAGOPAL,
17, Victoria Crescent Road, Egmore, Madras. | 40 to 48. SREENIVASAN,
C/o Rajamanickam, Contractor, Bellary. |
| | 49. VENKATRAMAN,
V. F. B. Board High School, Kulitalai. |

As it works out to a very small sum when the prize amount of Rs 20 is divided amongst the successful competitors and sent deducting the M. O. Commission, it has been decided to send 6 issues of Funny Magazine dated from 20th July to 20th September 1934, Post-free instead of the prize amount.

Prizes will be sent in due course.

JULY 20, 1934

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